

Recoil

Tomahawk

Would you hang when there's a hung jury?
Will you freeze in justice's snow flurry?
It's so quiet here that you can hear a mouse pissing on cotton

Back and forth, your father says, "recoil"
Snakeskin stripes never back up from the soil
Back and forth, your father says, "recoil"

Frontier lies pistol whipped
Married to the will-o'-the-wisp
Tumble wasted
We pass torch into a flames of folklore
To the apoapsis of the Sun
WHAT did I do wrong?
What DID I do wrong?
Did I do wrong?

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Snakeskin stripes never back up from the soil
Back and forth, your father says, "recoil"

Give our gangsters their reflective glow
Show us where the stupid people go