

Husks And Shells

Volcano Choir

Owen, you're home
the sun set it on to the sky
With a long catapult
and the salt that he put to the side
And the tones he would push and the songs he would push to the
side
When it all went a fuck in the snow that gets pushed to the side
Well your heart is a bush and it's talking too, with some size
When you already put all of the soot inside
They were already smushed with a calm steady push to the side
All that your heart finds
on with your own wife
Sign
up
all your relatives
only a harbor mind
in turpentine
I'm the reaper bahn
Calm the arrival
Tear it to the night
Heart is said, you boy
Come and serve it with an omelette
and you're on it
with the carpet
you solved it
said you're corporate
set your orbit
set your coffin
said its often
that your old fits
are your old tits
on
your
hard drive