

No Bones

Yeastayer

My mind is a colour to get out my mouth
My tongue is a pill that I can't spit out

Make no bones, about it
We're older now, than I like to admit

My midnight image casts no shadow
An overturned city as our grass will grow

Make no bones, about it
We're older now, than I like to admit

Suppose it's the right time
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Suppose it's the right time

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Each steps on a snake fills my lungs [?]
Allison, my slip of the tongue
No thoughts no turning back I
She knows me better than I
No blots no semen it's energy wasted

Make no bones, about it
We're older now, than I like to admit

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