

Paper Chase, The

"Who Can Deny How Delicious It Tastes"

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hey, god you'll know Im closing in when the mountains
fell when the steeples...they bend
(you want to know how they'll bend?
) five times: the width, the glacial, the pace, etc, etc...
at least you know what id give
(now) for just one taste, a little taste of it
Never speak of my father again never speak of these
plans
Never slip what was said, what'd he say?
"you'll beg to colonize the caves"
one day with a whisk of my hand, with a cut of chin with
a wink of my eye
the fax machines come alive. another quick reply
Dont die on us my mad machine
Sign the contracts to fill the format to pick your
font types were back to square one again.
Back to the salt mine back to the ant hills,
back to the steel mills and that's the best we got
were going to settle this today

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