

Cobra Killer **"High Is The Pine"**

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Remoted at twilight ripped hold-ups cover my face.
Eyes are sore, words are gone, poisoned blood-cells
started a race.

Nothing lasts, nobody stays, pill by pill we fade away.
All that life drips through all hands but the pine surely
will stay.

Nomore sips of wine-high is the pine
Falling of the line-high is the pine
Got the golden shine-high is the pine
Forever anytime-high is the pine

Legends got burried, even I smashed myself on the
floor.

Dusty clouds surround my mind, may your trunk know
what it's for.

Once a circle, later a square, kiss by kiss, affair by affair.
All that life drips through all hands but the pine surely
won't care.

Nomore sips of wine-high is the pine
Falling of the line-high is the pine
Got the golden shine-high is the pine
Forever anytime-high is the pine

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