

Comadre "Grow Worms"

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Same shit but a not amused. Give us a way to fight these hardcore blues. A simple mind for a world so blind, I give a shit about your so called grind. So give me liberty or give me meth, same guitars are choking me to death. To all the broken up bands we dropped in our hands.

Where are you, got hunger, keep dying, like all exlovers best friends you loved more than them, be daring, feel coldness, be true. "Hello cowgirl in the sand, is this place at your command?" Goodbye suedehhead in the snow the dance hall don't fit anymore.

So make your move. Dynamite, only trust dynamite now. We're not moving. Lovers take not abandon all hope we're not moving. "You'll never die alone," still not moving. If you call your guts a home, still not moving, lesson one. You are doomed, a revolutionary stuck in '72. Lesson two. You are through Marc Bolan died and so will you.

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