

Dinosaur Feathers

"Bulbs Of Passion"

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I sit queasy, jittered, uneasy
The toll that looms, the loss [cows] I dread
I buckle, when my judge clutches
Questioning my treatment of an ego underfed
Bulbs of passion
Bulbs of passion

Place it here on the bureau
Let the interests rip apart the understood
No one's satisfied with merely a cut
So they sabotage their own livelihood

The feeble structure is teetering, but intact
The parts all function but the fuse is lit
Teeth scrape on the last remaining fossil
I wanna to crumble but instead I slit

And hold it in my hand
But they're sweating
Train for now, but soon forget
The tears are flowing from the love in her eyes
The hated feeling gonna eat me alive
Bulbs of passion
Bulbs of passion
Bulbs of passion
Bulbs of passion

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