

Bomshel

"Roslyn"

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Up with your turret
Aren't we just terrified?
Shale, screen your worry from what you won't ever find

Don't let it fool you
Don't let it fool you... down
Down's sitting round, folds in the gown

Sea and the rock below
Cocked to the undertow
Bones blood and teeth erode, with every crashing node

Wings wouldn't help you
Wings wouldn't help you... down
Down fills the ground, gravity's proud

You barely are blinking
Wagging your face around
When'd this just become a mortal home? Now

Won't, won't, won't, won't

Won't let you talk me
Won't let you talk me... down
Will pull it taut, nothing let out

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