

Gramm Lou

"Shadow Committee"

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A Moon lighting minor down on our epic ambitions, we
are open prey for vultures
Lying out, lying within the rhyme scheme, the theme of
a lyrical couplet punctures a dream, and then in it
seeps dour realities rousing me into cravings and
caffeine.

Counter Attack

We are all deluded with grandeur, our epic ambitions
dragging us through the wars to the next birthday, now
it's only a crippling comedown away. And so you'll pray
tonight for the first time in years, call some anonymous
being, confessing a longing you're feeling so filling.

Call a deeper, lower, coma Counter attack

A Moon lighting minor down on our epic ambitions, we
are open prey for vultures
Lying out, lying within the rhyme scheme, the theme of
a lyrical couplet punctures a dream, and then in it
seeps dour realities rousing me into cravings and
caffeine.

Now all of our dreams are perforated

Keep belonging under the ether's vultures, thirty years
below a slumber lies the rhyme scheme where love is
obese Your love is obese.

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