

Kid Harpoon

"Late For Devil"

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I used to be a Capricorn, stolen, a mother bore me with
all her love.

Cavities, and tiny portions, shared amongst my fellow
orphans.

One always get away.

Neither eye has grown, a pupil, soggy bones, home is
where the heart is.

Wave goodbye and wish good tidings, it was good for
while it lasted.

I have been moved along.

Well I suppose, it's better than never my soul, is late for
the devil.

I must have missed him calling out.

I smile, for the first time ever, my soul, flies through
heaven.

The early bird gets the worm.

No time to lose, I am, new to experienced the ways, of
my world.

Feel an awkward breeze, the bending of my knees.

Rejoice, I am at peace.

Well I suppose, it's better than never my soul, is late for
the devil.

I must have missed him calling out.

I smile, for the first time ever, my soul, flies through
heaven.

The early bird gets the worm.

Do the walls come falling hands. Much too young to
understand.

Things don't ever go to plan, I'm upsidedown.

Again... Oh...

Feel an awkward breeze, the bending of my knees.

Rejoice, I am at peace.

Well I suppose, it's better than never my soul, is late for
the devil.

I must have missed him calling out.

I smile, for the first time ever, my soul, flies through

heaven.

Here I am reborn, again. Reborn again...

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