

Live "Unsheathed"

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The baby's not screaming enough
The singers not singing enough
Ramana's not breathing to us
Behold the unsheathing
It's love

The blade is not ready
To cut
It's dull from our thinking
It's rough

Free love is a world
I can't linger too long in, yea
Free love was just another party
For the hippies to ruin
Yea

Behold the unsheathing
It's love
Behold the unsheathing
It's love
(Love)

Free love is a knife through
The jugular vein son, yea
Free love, I can't afford to add up
What you fuckers are made of?
No
(Come on, come on, come on, come on, c'mon)

Free love is a world
We can't linger too long in, no
Free love was just another party
For the hippies to ruin
Yea
(Come on, come on, come on, come on, c'mon, c'mon,
c'mon, c'mon)

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