

The Grand Silent System "At Close Quarters"

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Try our new pollutant.
It's binded by law.
It's all above board.
Be aloof or be bested.
Enemies carry tempests.
They're candid recourse coming up from water tepid.

Jealousy brings out beautiful tones to mirror the
wicked.
Is it safe to breach, To bow out?
This admission of guilt is undeniably animal.
Sentence me and now become what I loathe.
A gift or a weapon?
In the shoes of a hypocrite, jealousy brings out.

The recluse keeps nesting the arrogant call for
All provisions borne by the under privileged.

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