

Thought Industry "Worms Listen"

Visit "[Worms Listen](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Please, mom, tuck my football comforter in stove warm. Gloss photo gasworks. I'll slip dreams boy seven. Destroying surface mars. Camping T. Ben Johnson. Cub scout tames autumn Michigan. We'll lleep, troop eleven catching snipes. Flashlight.

Jane's kissing my blushing cheek. I'll learn. Only ten years later cursed to see my lay dead. Dumbest fatality. Auto crash. She could do anything except save me.

Kindergarten leisure suit. Brother, stitches tin can thrown cuts. I'll sleep lofty tree fort. Shot my pellet gun. Dad, two sons fish turtle lake. Blue gills caught below the damn line. We'll sleep. Small tent

campground. Watch the heat lightning.

Jane's wearing my class ring. I'll learn. Sixteen. Driver's license. Car. She'll breath me dead. Dumbest fatality. Turned too late. They could do anything except calm her.

Now it's time to fly. Celebration. Triumphant. Jubilation. Atheist.

M-66 faint sirens. I'm left eating my steering wheel. I'll sleep. Worms will listen. Worms underground.

Whisper softly drowsiness. My turn. Tribute should be drunk and pissed off, my friends. Dead. Dumbest fatality. Burn the husk. If you do anything, think fondly of me.

Visit [Thought Industry](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.