

Twelve Tribes

"Killing Tonight For Every Love's Money"

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And so i'm kneeling with two arms in the wind one hand
short
Changed inhaling purple dust murder the other nursing
love's one
Tunnel six chambers cold metal warm fingers lost gun
to my chin
It's tonight for my sleep and dreams, forget dreams as
feathers to
Flowers and petals to wings and angels to flying brings
red dust to
Fields and flowers are pistols when bullets dream me
killing tonight,
Tomorrow dies. the water is laughing the fire is
heartache killing
Tonight, tomorrow dies. and see me now no hands no
face ten
Dreams missed everything, everything.

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