

USS

"Hollowpoint Sniper Hyperbole"

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Thoughts seem to stumble out of my mouth
I can't seem to stop and talk to them
Fear tries, to pierce the armor of truth
Hollow point sniper hyperbole

I can't, seem
To follow a pendulum
And there must be organic cures for me
Report to base
Instrumental Case
Here's the map to my oubliette

One more,
I'm flying with Brian my friend
Hold me,
Bonavista baby
Moose meat,
Neighboured a medley of beans
Screech me

I's the boy that built the boat
I's the boy that sailed her
I's the boy the sunk the ship
You're the one that save me,
With love

You make me flow
You help me to grow
You make me glow
You help me to know

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