Apex Theory "Sssh"

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Hope diggy da Diggy da Ras ta dan teh

People have the tendency
Of sucking the life out of me
Try and fill me with forthcomings
Excess is the way of the wise
Even when they are left alone
One hand on rye
A thousand rambles in a second
Tiny tip is topsy turvy
So stop the torment you traitors

I can't take the squeaks anymore
Than I can't take you
I'm sure you're sick of me
Well I'm sick of you too
Haven't you gone far enough my friend
If you send we'll understand
Enter the voice and avoid the void
You're safe with the flag

Local lopsided judges lure lunacy
Over loony loud lumpy loopholes
With lingo that's loathsome
And shade shameless shamsters
Shake and shape shaggy
Young people with sharp teeth
On shelves of ship shaped
Sharpened shop owners
While customers consume large quanties
Of curiously cultivated curtains
Alongside crowds of crude oils
Crossed and crooked
Atop a crushed icemaker

I can't take the squeaks anymore
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Well I'm sick of you too
Haven't you gone far enough my friend

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I can't take the squeaks anymore
Than I can't take you
I'm sure you're sick of me
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