

Canines "Dry Land"

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Feed me make yourself proud
Fill my mouth up until I drown

You pull me onto dry land
And choke me out with the same two hands

We die and never come back
And each of us has to learn from scratch

So I'm left to follow my gut
But who in the fuck can I trust when my own blood
Lies to me
Leads my mouth to drink
And then punishes me in the morning

I have no
Kind of hold
To pull myself from cold grief
That fills my heart with warning
So I fight but I can't stop the bite of these teeth

Don't you flatter yourself
We give or we take but we're only selfish

Just blinking counting our days
Watching the shadows upon this cave

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