

# No Trigger

## "The Noble Purveyors Of The Third Or Fourth Coming"

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One time was not enough. Fourteen and lost, combing  
through the jungle sounds.  
The taste hit buds and got stuck like a desert island  
citizen. Irony settles the feeling  
of unease, I mean check it out, there's a decade on the  
way. It's all been done and done  
again and like hell am I changing. We got the tools you  
got the job, it's where we both  
belong. It's all been done and done again and like hell  
am I changing. We got the tools  
you got the job. It's where we both belong. Let's catch  
up. We're wading deep and smiling  
wide, pan in water, sifting what we find. We're not  
leaving here empty-handed. It's all been  
done and done again and like hell am I changing. We  
got the tools you got the job, it's where  
we both belong. It's all been done and done again and  
like hell am I changing. We got the tools  
you got the job, it's where we both belong. It's where we  
both belong.

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