

## O.S.I. "Bagmask"

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Chord spine the way of a splinter  
Masked bags with mixed days that didn't  
Rhyme to me or speak to me rhyme to me or speak to  
me  
Tan lines that burn in the winter  
Mixed up with masks that didn't  
Rhyme to me or speak to me.  
I cried my quarters to sleep I didn't leave them  
One on one with the woman in a magazine  
Looking at fast drying paint cans  
Looking at fast drying paint cans.  
Chord spine the way of a splinter  
Mask bags with mixed days that didn't  
Rhyme to me or speak to me  
Stuffed chokes the day in my heartbox  
Early mourning heatlamp that couldn't  
Rhyme to me speak to me.  
I cried my quarters to sleep  
I didn't leave them  
One on one with the woman in a magazine  
Looking at fast drying paint cans  
Looking at fast drying paint cans.  
I look forward to hearing from you.

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