Admiral Fallow "The Paper Trench"

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All of the high rollin' and the soft focused Helps with the stock pillin' of your wooden self Only in high rollin' and in soft focus Do we ever ask "Is there not more than this?"

Holy Moses and holy cow Leviticus roots are comin' out

It's the trench and the cult and the culture It breeds, only serves to feed one side and crush the rest

Those that siphon the green from the air that we breathe

To line fat pockets with the residue

We suffer in silent mothball fury
Trees that have long since shed their rings
As if to rub out the ballpoint memory
Of a thousand sins

Holy Moses and holy cow Leviticus roots are comin' out And my sinew fingers throw them away A ring per sin, a ring per sin

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