

Chris Korda

"Into The Night"

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Into the night
Into your mouth
Through the back of your head
I see you
Through the night

Squeezing golf balls through my weenie
The pain disease laughter everywhere

Birds away
Drop your load
Into the night
Bombs explode

The cold stink of a plan gone awry
Choppers and coppers everywhere

Everywhere through the night
Everywhere into the night
Everywhere the sirens through the night
Into the night

Into the night
Into your mouth
Through the night
Through the back of your head
Into your mouth
I see you
Into the night

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