

## Archer Prewitt "Leaders"

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Say hello to your leaders.  
There's nothing competing with them.  
They are tongue twist and cheaters.  
In that form they go on. -?-

The romantic monastic  
Laid his hands upon my cheek again  
You dont ask who the man is  
Of all the pretty ones,  
Of all the chosen ones.

We had a ball.  
We had them all.  
The young and small  
They dont find the god beneath my wings  
I hide them all from sinful things

Nothing seems to be so far from truth, and the natural  
laws  
Nothing seems to be so far away.  
Nothing seems to be so far from truth, and the natural  
laws  
Nothing seems to be so far away.

li-le-li-la-le-li-la  
li-de-di-la-le-li  
/ ]

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