

## P.O.S. "Graves"

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Yeah Come on the desperation stay the same Grip tight  
to the reins, smoke lights by the chain You won't find  
no letter by my remains Not caught dead settling No  
black sweater, slacks or shoes With any pennies in a  
federal sake A steady hand ready to drop stakes  
through any bloodsucker Sick of the news, yeah eat  
him up Cover him up like headstones in the fall We  
don't stop, keeping it warm, keeping it hot Treading  
water and our lives in tide Throw it on, ride whatever  
we on Dawn whenever we wonder, we don't ask why  
Correct, the best shoe's the worst step Some tools to  
work with, confused and worthless Peruse the surface  
but don't dig deep enough Wait, they, they turning in  
they graves We, we dig them up and rearrange Aim,  
take them out the way they came Switch them out the  
frame You got to find something else to hang You  
didn't get mature, you got tame They ain't the same  
Thoughts convertible, that's what I'm on Keep living in  
your box What is that, a Scion? Cool, it's all fool's gold,  
ask me What's the goal fool? Dig deep, like six feet  
Speak, retreat, whatever, don't ask me I'm busy  
working with that shorthand shovel Fools ready to  
pound moves, bloody knuckles Keep the surface free,  
don't ask me I'm busy working with that shorthand  
shovel Fools ready to pound bloody knuckles, don't ask  
me Speak, retreat, whatever, don't ask me I'm busy  
working with the shorthand shovel Speak, retreat,  
whatever, don't ask me I'm busy working with the  
shorthand shovel Fools ready to pound bloody  
knuckles Graves, shovel, let's get to it We wrote the  
book, they'll have to remain truant We wrote the book  
by moving the blame to it We wrote the book by  
keeping the change Digging up graves, shovel, let's  
get to it We wrote the book, the hobbies will stay ruined  
We wrote the book, the hot remain stupid We wrote the  
book by checking the aim Digging up graves, come on,  
shovel and bones We wrote the book by cutting the  
dead clones We wrote the book by smashing a dead  
phone Getting a good second alone before Digging up  
graves, shovel, let's get to it We wrote the book by  
moving the blame to it We wrote the book, my civil just

ain't do it We wrote the book, now look at the fame  
Digging up graves

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