

## Psycroptic "Baby Bones"

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There's no sensation here, retarded and green.  
Scraping at the window, so raw and  
Unclean. There's a resurrection avoiding the youth.  
Emergency ingestion inevitable.  
And I know that you are the one that will guide us  
toward our home.  
Home? Home. Guess who's coming home?  
Collapse upon a heap of desires. Now here's a  
presentation for the crippled to admire.  
Avoid your obligations, we'll sever your tone. Pragmatic  
and demented, we sigh for your  
Moan. Anemic indigestion, it's not soaking in. We're  
waiting for the signal of your starlit  
Grin. And I know that you are the one that will guide us  
toward our home.  
Home? Home. Guess who's coming home?  
Collapse upon a heap of desires. Now here's a  
presentation for the crippled to admire.

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