

Punchline

"Into The Mouth"

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Something is wrong.
Hell on the rise
Into the mouth
Hands at our sides.

Nothing to hide.
Where east becomes west
Where we lost our heads.

Still proud to be
Delightfully pleased
Delightfully pleased
Politefully dead.

Back when I was a giant that scared the sun away
I never thought I'd face him again and felt comforted in
that
And then he emerged, so quick into the ground
And when happens next is anybody's guess, but we'll
always be around

So nothing is wrong,
Nothing is wrong,
Nothing is wrong
Nothing.

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