

The Sainte Catherines

"Ocean Of War"

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Psychedelic waves in the ocean of war
Nothing was learned from that leasson before
We're a traveling mass with a memory loss
While the army men roll but still gathering mossnothing
was learned
Every highway has turnedon to winding avenues
To a black wall they're carved on tonow to earth the
land is at war
With each whittling birth behind every door
They'll do unto you what they've done to meso not to let
go means not to be free
Nothing was learnedevery highway has turnedon to
winding avenues
To a black wall they're carved on to

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