

Sonny Landreth

"Mora"

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Take a step off of that silver bird from your planet
And you brought a little bit of that cold with you
Now wring me out like you would your bastarding
father
And you're so quick to stick to that scum
Hungry like a piranha

Swallow a little of that sea
Now taste a little bit of the salt in me
Throw up a little bit of it on your knees
Now doesn't that bring you back to the beginning?
Before you poured your elements away
Now sink back to the bottom of it all

Seal your lips with the black stitch of a secret
Parade with that speechless dryness of the desert air
Lay flat under the lime light you feed off all the fiction
Cold callus and boiled between the bleak deep of your
dirty hands
Kiss your son now kiss your bible
And you know I never wanted to see your face
I just wont believe it

Swallow a little of that sea
Now taste a little bit of the salt in me
Rub a little of it on your knees
Now doesn't that bring you back to the beginning?
Before you poured your elements away
Now sink back to the bottom of it all

Swallow a little of that sea
Now taste a little bit of the salt in me
Throw up a little bit of it on your knees
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