

Uniform Motion

"Storm Eye"

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Sawn off shot home,
No one left to mop up.
Bright-eyed dull look,
The joke's on your book.

Standoff nearby,
A storm on it's way to look.
Storm-eye sulking,
The joke's on your book.

The sounds are like a calling, like an urging, like the
screaming of the prey you watched in awe for hours in
the previous life.

We'll get our fists out, 'cause there is nothing coming
out of this hopeless southern call.
I'll show my wrist low, before their empty guts, there's
something going foul.

We'll get our fists wet, 'cause there is nothing coming
out of this hopeless southern call.
I'll show my wrist low, before their empty guts, there's
something going foul.

Standoff nearby,
A storm on it's way to look.
Storm-eye sulking,
The joke's on your book.

The sounds are like a calling, like an urging, like the
screaming of the prey you watched in awe for hours in
the previous life.

I saw the sword I used to cut the stainless sheets and
calling chords, good luck.

Sawn off shot home,
No one left to mop up.
Bright eyed dull look
The joke's on your book

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screaming of the prey you watched in awe for hours in
the previous life

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