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The Apex Theory "Drown Ink"

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Thanks for these new sheets But I've been hanging fire from your everyday The knack for the fixed Been holding water then you're snatched away

Bells and whistles make the man Like you're a hop head, waiting to happen A welcome waiting to offend Who will buy the farm?

The sheep with the longing to share The sheep with the longing to share The sheep with the longing to share

My fellow and gone chiefs Costumes make us who we are My fellow and gone chiefs Costumes make us who we are

My fellow and gone chiefs Costumes make us who we are My fellow and gone chiefs Costumes make us who we are

So much farther than Myanmar You will always hold true in my heart

To escape the customary cycles of parables The world begins anew and we are inseparable They said you brought light The doors are always open

My fellow and gone chiefs Costumes make us who we are My fellow and gone chiefs Costumes make us who we are

So much farther than Myanmar You will always hold true in my heart

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