

Catacombs

At the Drive-In

Lark throated spit through beaks tonight
These gagging chirps were written in disguise
What's that sound?
Caskets floating

Hey you, did you ever intend to sleep inside my tomb
And you would you ever attempt to kick from inside this womb
Hey you, would you ever attempt the excavation of these fossils
And in case you haven't noticed, we're already dead

This gravity is a quadriplegic horse and carriage
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Pendulum swing through tantrum slits
This scalpel's gaze untamed won't feel romantic
What's that sound?
Caskets floating

In laymen's terms sewn through matrimony

Hey you, did you ever intend to
Hey you, did you ever intend to
Hey you, did you ever intend to
Hey you, did you ever intend to

This gravity is a quadriplegic horse and carriage
This gravity is a quadriplegic horse and carriage

What's that sound coming?
What's that sound I hear coming?