

## Eagle Vs. Crows

Dance Gavin Dance

It's that one type of night with the bright white ice pick.  
Slipped up signature, wrestle till I scribble shit.  
Who in my space smell khaki leather pants?  
If my brain go missin, I'll be damned.  
The one ripped by the wind.  
Instant implant.  
How we see what we thought was nothing before.  
Now the lost and the waste can slide beside them.  
Perform the custom of hissing lisp adorn.

I've had a little bit too much.  
Don't wait for me.  
I'll wake up on my own tomorrow.  
I took a little medicine love to lubricate my flow.  
Don't wait up for me cuz I'll be coming home tomorrow.

I'll crush a mound up on your birthday cake, with your whole family there watching or at your Aunt Viv's wake.  
Line up some blow on your titties and blow the rest in your face.  
If you're not turning up, then your whole life's a disgrace.  
I like the self-destructive girls, where the fucks be all missin' when you get home and I'm high.  
I don't wanna hear no bitching.  
This is the modern man, modern plan, future transition.  
Worship the work and the product, American joy division.

I know them and I know what.  
I think I'm a start this up.

Eagle vs Crows.

We all suck. We were born to fuck this up.

I know them and I know what.  
I think I'm a start this up.

Eagle vs Crows.

We all suck. We were born to fuck this up.

Like the fastest object overgrowth, like a basket lobbin egg and yolk, I got the bombest little habit.  
Watch my head explode like the plant lion synthesized this shit  
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