

Too Soon

Hammers of Misfortune

Burn
Beneath a disgraced moon
Before it's May it's June
It is too late too soon

Freeze
Beneath a silent sun
(Don't look so stunned)
The deal is raw
The numbers are well done

The planes are well-adjusted as you type into the field
Hoods and shackles, sterile wings of steel
Soon a silver bird will come with rapture in its clause
To spirit and deposit you abroad

The models are corrected but the currency is strange
Nothing's different, everything has changed
They that trap themselves between the fields and the sea
Pray in vapors they can barely breathe

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