

## Find It of Use

Radiation City

Find it of use,  
I'll find it of use.  
Cry at the news,  
Like it's the moon.

Of a dream  
I'm told so.

Bury your body there,  
Don't listen to what I have said,  
Ain't no mind, no.  
Birds cracking out the clue,  
Whisper me that why don't you.

Get buried, buried,  
Ten more long breaths,  
I go incepts, make sure to make love.  
Is buried, buried,  
Get the car keys,  
Although you know it might just kill you.