

Hate recreated  
A revelation  
Uh listen to me  
I'll tell you I'm about to run  
The ceiling's are undone  
Specialized victories  
For overage whores  
I felt up your feelings  
And they left me no more time  
To see what I want to find

Believe-- let it go  
And leave--the shots in closing  
Believe--discretion grove  
For it's time  
To go there  
Yea there's time, there's time, there's time  
To go there

Celt alcoholic  
Feeling past blue  
I'm tryin to get up  
From sending all my selves to you  
And in times I tilted truth  
Major alfonso  
Mind up the gold  
The ceremonial dead trees  
Told him all that he could do  
And it's all we do to run, run, run,

You're never gonna run aground until the sun is down  
You are gonna hear the sound of a crazy ship  
On an insane raid

Just crash our wind on a manic bay  
Distract the wind on a manic bay  
Scratch the wind on a manic bay