

## 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?