

Swan Soup

Dance Gavin Dance

Oaken rod system show me sloping earlobes
The patient unlisted bit my lip sir
Basing the feeling off weed, Go!
But my Achilles is a shortly written poem

Go loco, slow from dro, broke your nose
Scraping my bristle missile, Go!

My cost is cheap, my words are deep,
Cutting right through your soul,
Sad to see the lights burn out,
Sad to see the lights burn out,
Sad to see the lights,
My words are cheap.

Another sucker punch
You were late for dinner, I was late for lunch
You wanna know the truth?
I eat alotta soup
What's it like to punch a drum
So belong and hold it tightly son
You wanna know the truth?
I eat alotta soup

Such slow stoic teeth of mine
Box him in
Uncle Leo is between your thighs
Your soak in rusting these slope driven pots n pans
No time to rush him, delete my deleted land
Yo who proves to me to believe what you need without me
Who proves to believe in me
Yo who proves to believe without me
Don't believe that you're with me, just to believe
Just to and just to and just to and just to believe

Blow out your lungs,
Let your mouth fill with blood,
Stop, hang on my every word,
Because I promise I'm coming back.

I blocked your three point shot, you get caught napping a lot
Your handles worse than Chris A. when he's high on pot
You're like an epileptic version of a ballet dancer
KG might say that you have cancer

Blow out your lungs,
Let your mouth fill with blood,
Stop, hang on my every word,
Because I promise I'm coming back,
Blow out your lungs,
Let your mouth fill with blood,
Stop, hang on my every word,
Because I promise it's gonna be your last.