

Flies

Death Grips

Should the opportunity arise, vomit me flies
Flies vomit me, together's unwise, sever all ties
Should the opportunity arise, vomit me flies
Flies vomit me, vomit green eyes

Half-lidded coolers, half lies as cures
Warm blanket statement, Denver air terminal patient
Rubberized, skin rubberized
For your entertainment, got two cents save it
Dozing at the helm, road paved with vagrants
Closed casket make up, lavish euthanasia
Necro Winnebago, worship on shroom in safe zones
Hilo loose brown recluse, murdered out rainbows

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Cyanide protocol, capsule wipe too involved
Can't hear answer I, try for wait signal my
Wait for my signal try, too late to whisper why
Besides don't waste this fry, had to take it all at once
As yet unknown, as yet as fuck, back in the town
Now what, know what, no rush
So what, what now, fuck now

Blackish green spirits of Kraków
Only fog I've felt with features
Exception complexion of silver drinkers
Oppressive dense fog with modest demeanor

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Demeanor
(Raise the dead, raise the dead)
1, 2, 3, 4