

WELL DONE!

Earl Sweatshirt

Bells rung
Sent the mail up high to the sky home that I fell from
Bail us out the bond, mask over my eyes just like a welder
Tailspun outta binds, baptized in the fires of flaw and failure
s
I tried to tell ya
You never gon' get a rise out of a real one
Tough like rye or spelt, Orion-
sized heavyweight titles on the belt, son
Flying in on the wide eye of the maelstrom, wild side that I ha
il from
I see you ain't moved in a while
Ain't gon' lie, you probably should get your sails up
Time will tell who the hell won
Promise I don't know who assailed ya
Bear cubs, head hunt, voilà, they probably do it for breadcrumb
s
Providing shelter (Shelter)
Dug well enough to find us some kind of wealth (Yeah)
Mining through myself, gumboots
The bottom started to melt some, I felt stuck
Steel-cut knives showing the shield love
Spill blood

From this action
We see the priest's responsibility towards the congregation as
towards the gods
Sta-