

## Goggles

Melvins

Of weak intensity of sheer velocity  
Silver boy gone but he left his heart  
Happy to chain  
Leave all his things  
Get right and heave it  
May be taste a few

Disguise dis all of you  
Violence try to make me follow  
I'm not a dog  
But yes I will

Until my visions clear I'll not fight here  
The last thing I need is time to feed