

Deep Fried Head

Ovlov

Light mirror stained in white
The glass of what's already molded
And I fear of what you said
In time we can forget the words instead
And I'll take time
And I'll take what's already mine
And I'll be fine
But you jogged the furthest line

And it's time to get in better minds
The way we stop our voices
Blue wine and something you'd find fine
I'll change the people's voices
I'm already fine
And what is here's not even mine
It's not our time
But you jogged the furthest line
And you drank every drop of wine