

Black Lung

Pond

Sugar, tea, and mutton, flour
Clotted cream and blood and power, yeah
Even dreaming makes you sour
See the pearly gates from the water tower

Give me sweet, sweet nothing
Whispered with a forked tongue
I'm thirty-five and I might start LARPing
If I shake this black, black lung

Fall in circles in the yard
Don't speak without my mask
Fighting fire to a void
Coke Zeros for the boys

All that's left here is gold
And all that twinkles is fear
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