

Oly, oly, oly, is just a pig opera when you're landing in your
helicopter
Your recent making me feel indecent
I've got a tongue in my mouth
I'd like to use it
Bit down mid-seize
You black and bruised it
Back to the wall
Did you even read at all?
I can't read at all
I do, I do
This building swallows my tongue
I cannot say thy will be done for you
Your spine is curving like a question mark
We lost it all when you unleashed infinite passions to roam with
no direction under your protection
Push, push, push us from the deepest of wombs
Build another wall through your oval room
Send you down to live in your immortal tomb
Your arms are reaching like a fruitless tree
Imagination? no, x-polynation
The orchard's emptied for you, for blood and sugary juice
Pushed from the deepest of wombs, the fruit is blackened and bruised
The tongues will bleed until you sleep in the deepest of tombs
Do we the pro-cess in our process
Do we the poses in our progress
Your fruits are falling like a gang of bombs
We lost it all when you unleashed infinite rations out
Your fruits are falling and they taste like bombs
Assassination? no, x-polynation