

Find It of Use

Radiation City

Find it of use,
I'll find it of use.
Cry at the news,
Like it's the moon.

Of a dream
I'm told so.

Bury your body there,
Don't listen to what I have said,
Ain't no mind, no.
Birds cracking out the clue,
Whisper me that why don't you.

Get buried, buried,
Ten more long breaths,
I go incepts, make sure to make love.
Is buried, buried,
Get the car keys,
Although you know it might just kill you.