

## Husks And Shells

Volcano Choir

Owen, you're home  
the sun set it on to the sky  
With a long catapult  
and the salt that he put to the side  
And the tones he would push and the songs he would push to the  
side  
When it all went a fuck in the snow that gets pushed to the sid  
e  
Well your heart is a bush and it's talking too, with some size  
When you already put all of the soot inside  
They were already smushed with a calm steady push to the side  
All that your heart finds  
on with your own wife  
Sign  
up  
all your relatives  
only a harbor mind  
in turpentine  
I'm the reaper bahn  
Calm the arrival  
Tear it to the night  
Heart is said, you boy  
Come and serve it with an omelette  
and you're on it  
with the carpet  
you solved it  
said you're corporate  
set your orbit  
set your coffin  
said its often  
that your old fits  
are your old tits  
on  
your  
hard drive