Level Tools

Yoke Lore

Hold me, don't let light in through the cracks in the tile
I won't cross breed the silence all night
I miss all the warmth in the creatures we despise we all learn to make sense of the fire

I've been doubting all those fools saying that we're all alone,
 my gut's the only level tool I own
So don't be hit or miss when you wanna get where you're going,
just fix yourself to kill your own son

On a loan I float my hopes, call me slow but time will change w
ith my notes, creature blur caught in my stern
Holy waters only help me burn

Holy ghost beneath my bones, help me hold my own

To record this I rely on my willing to stay up
I feel like the rattlings I eat through to see you, you won't b
e sent to safe so call home

The verdicts are curling their wings round my ways up
And it looks like the worst they got us but spared you, we all need to make sense of the truth

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