World Wings (reduction)

Yoke Lore

Hold it back I'm getting older, I'm not some son
Screaming the lord won't overtake you
Spit it out like gum, the kids rock it now with guns

And it's true they won't believe in what you do
They fear the youth, they want the world to keep cool

Just whip your wings, I'll keep you moving
Feel with your lungs, I'll keep you breathing

Wait in gates for what they call life, they sing sick songs
When they call they want your bright whites
So sing along or be my suck love gun

And it's true they won't believe in what you do
They fear the youth, they want the world to keep cool

Just whip your wings, I'll keep you moving
Feel with your lungs, I'll keep you breathing

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