

# tchaparian

## Post rock

I'm looking for a face to attack.  
It could be there, a kiss and you're licked.  
You will not know because I'm laid back.  
So watch yourself, I come with a smack.

I've hit you hard, it's time for some bounce.  
I've left a scar, there's blood in our dance.  
I rock the claustrophobic dance.  
Now fix yourself, your heart's in my lungs.

Sip on something sleepy, wanna get a little bit overdosed-dosed?  
Sip on something sleepy, wanna get a little bit overdosed?  
Sip on something sleepy, wanna get a little bit overdosed-dosed?  
Sip on something sleepy, wanna get a little bit overdosed?

What can you find in parade?  
What can you found in a raid?  
What can be drunk in a dream?  
What can be dreamt in a dream?

It's all attack, it's all a tone talk.  
I'll spell it out, just pass me the chalk.  
If I could teach, you soon would be taught.  
We're looking for something to report.

What can you find in parade?  
What can you found in a raid?  
What can be drunk in a dream?  
What can be dreamt in a dream?

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