

Vocal Shrapnel

Archers of Loaf

Crippled by the call into complete decay.

An everlasting lost can leave a bitter taste.

Overrated, she's not faking

Idiots collect to run a losing pace. And I can't run fast enough to beat you in a simple way.

And then they come, demanding a reaction to the light of day.

The lazy voice is making noise.

The reasons clad in vocal shrapnel. Settle in the call to mark the minutes by.

A minute's thick enough to last a long, long while.

Overrated, she's not faking

Frozen into place, one million hateful smiles. And I can't run fast enough to beat you in a simple way.

And then they come, demanding a reaction to the light of day.

The lazy voice is making noise.

The reasons credit vocal shrapnel.

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