

# Turnover

## Prong

Langour rises reaching, to turn off the alarm  
And there's never so much seething  
That it can't be disarmed  
You just stop it up,  
Pass it on  
Shove it to shelf it,  
To leave it off and turnover  
Lounging against your weapons,  
Until your muscles find lock  
In the ease of that position,  
A residue of tremor passes  
As some cherie amour suggests  
That maybe it was time to smash things up  
But just stop it up,  
Pass it on  
Shove it to shelf it,  
To lead it on and turnover  
I'm only sleeping

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