

# Unsheathe

## Live

The baby's not screaming enough  
The singers not singing enough  
Ramana's not breathing to us  
Behold the unsheathing  
It's loveThe blade is not ready  
To cut  
It's dull from our thinking  
It's roughFree love is a world  
I can't linger too long in, yea  
Free love was just another party  
For the hippies to ruin  
YeaBehold the unsheathing  
It's love  
Behold the unsheathing  
It's love  
(Love)Free love is a knife through  
The jugular vein son, yea  
Free love, I can't afford to add up  
What you fuckers are made of?  
No  
(Come on, come on, come on, come on, c'mon)Free love is a world  
We can't linger too long in, no  
Free love was just another party  
For the hippies to ruin  
Yea  
(Come on, come on, come on, come on, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon)

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