

# The 3rd Time We Opened the Capsule

## Kitchens of Distinction

Go good and gentle men  
I'm falling asleep again. Take my sins and take my tablets  
Have these notions culled from oceans (of experience). Hide them well in fear  
I'll abuse them wake up with an unchanged whim. Take my sins and take my tablets  
Have these notions culled from oceans. The third time we opened the capsule everything went.....Here sings the innocent  
He's turning water into brine. Take my words and take my language  
Have these notions culled from oceans. Hide them well and let them rust  
Falling asleep with more to trust. Take my words and take my language  
Take my words and take my language. The third time we opened the capsule everything went.....I want a light to  
shine in my eye  
Holding secrets in controlled flight to make it easy  
Breathing big take these truths and dig dig dig.

Songwriters

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