

# Eggs

## IY

These tired hands are growing bored  
And they can see the end is near  
They are covered in lies again  
More than they can disappear

Wanna take off this glove  
Put another one on and run  
But I wouldn't get far, I know  
I've already begun

You are my home  
Put the gun down  
I'm laughing now  
At the tragedy  
In front of me  
So you call me blind

So maybe they'll come for us  
No eggs at the house at night  
Turn all the music off  
When I fuck you we won't fight

You are my home  
Put the gun down  
I'm laughing now  
At the tragedy  
In front of me  
So you call me blind

Just when our guard is down  
We're taking the easiest road heading for hell  
There's a hell of a party there  
You'll love heaven by yourself

You are my home  
Put the gun down  
I'm laughing now  
At the tragedy  
In front of me  
So you call me blind

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Lyrics submitted by Reuben.

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