

Fistful of Hollow

Swingin' Utters

Come inside, I can show you another room.

Step aside I've the keys to an empty tomb.

It's private and quiet.

A darkened respite for me and you.

Give it up for the craft you've cut yourself for.

Scare up the ghosts and confess.

Don your scars and scorn.

Mind over matter.

Dizzy and battered no more.

The cream of the crop is corrupt.

It's low brow at the top end.

The cream at the top's hyped-up.

And over exaggerated.

Obvious and jaded to no end.

Channel it all into a manuscript.

Or divert it all into one clenched fist.

Mind over manners.

A visceral splatter.

Let's all burn all the banners.

Whistle and hum all the hymns as we go.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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