Gardens

Tuigu

This garden's growing hunger like your growing fly trap smile
This coming harvest season finds it's stretching on for miles
We do or kill most anyone to be
Its do or die, it's up to you and me, G.O.D.G.O.D.We magnetize this opposite by pull of frequency
The anger grows in fields as far as naked eyes can see
Blood drops from the sky like acid rain
From tongue to nervous systematic shame
We do or kill most anyone to be
Its do or die, it's up to you and me, G.O.D.G.O.D.The blood drops from the sky like acid rain
From tongue to nervous systematic shame
We do or kill most anyone to be
Its do or die, it's up to you and me, G.O.D.G.O.D.

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