

Melt Down the Knives

Sin Fang Bous

Hide the keys inside of the book
Bleed, but not in the leather boots
Start the night with quoted lies
Stash the pieces at lover's aisle I can't keep sleeping in your mat
You can't begin to keep your tired eye Melt down the knives
You'll make it out alright
None are made out of moss
Just a cent towards the light You got to make it yourself
Don't just hang unto someone else
If you can't keep through
Tack with someone new Don't waste a cent and don't talk with sassy ears
Don't waste a cent and don't talk with sassy ears (There is some more for you)
(Sassy, sassy, sassy, sassy) Melt down the knives
You'll make it out alright
None are made out of moss
A cent towards the light I see the sun rising and lovely
Talking llamas that will murmur an onion
They record your weakly contour and
They produce a mount of things to admire Melt down the knives
You'll make it out alright
None are made out of moss
A cent towards the light

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