

# Black Albino Bones

## Fucked Up

Can't sleep thinking about it  
Rubbing stones together until the magic comes out,  
Embracing the purity, the purity of obscurity,  
Try to capture the name as it spins in your mind,  
Follow it with our eyes,  
The dizzy epiphany discovered an artifact of my own,  
It's the little things that get us through life,  
Squishing flesh together until the magic comes out,  
Until we both ejaculate ride the wave  
As a little dies, the orgasmic of the fantastic,  
We well up, and then we explode!  
It's the little things that get us through life,  
I need a little escape  
Burning plants together until the magic comes  
out,  
Take it in the inhalate, inhalate what escalates,  
Hold the vapor deep down inside the toxic fumes,  
Initiate the levitate,  
We slowly start to drift off,  
It's the little things that get us through life

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