Gooey Rework (feat. Chester Watson)

Glass Animals

o I've been gazing at the stars for a minute
Never could connect the constellations
But I liked the way they all kinda shimmer
City light, pollution's in the vaults, not waiting
In black coals, strips walls in the matrix
Leave me an enigma, food for thought, I'm the top chef
And in the box lost profit
Speak to the cosmos before thoughts processRun a little cold today, I wanna take a chance
Wanna sip the smog air, can't get in the sand
I said I told you so but you just gonna cry
You just want it all, those peanut butter highs
Pray, pray, I can't, I can't pray
Pray, pray, I'm not falling again
PreachMeaning's my end language
State super beings under trees of the land and space
See the sharks in the distance, watch me swim in their direction
Archbishop of the new world, curled and the best found
Pearls in the wreckage, found them
Run a thousand ships to arm the armada
Garments aren't posture slick
Onyx and jade weapons in cold breast plate
Blessed with the crest wind, then goArrive cold close
Let me show you everything I know
Jungle slang
Hit it while my head is out there
Oh, my, all soar
This is ain't going to war
I might think it works
Now just stay this way
I can't get this place
So I can't get this way
I just wanna go where I can't get so strange
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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