

# Gardens

Soha

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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