Broken Telephone

Rock, Paper, Cynic

We
Could play
Broken telephone

Until the words
We say make up an ancient arcane poem

To wake The Kraken from its slumber,
Put Cthulu on his throne,

Didn't mean to bring the end times,
They just got here on their own

Language is a hermit crab who's always changing homes

We're homophones
With phony homes,
This broken telephone

Lyrics Submitted by Elle

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