

Deer

Ritual Smoker

Half a year and here you are again.
I go out in public if nobody ever runs.
I stay home and drink alone and hope that bottle speaks.
 Like you, like us, like me.
 Half a year again now it's a whole.
 February stationary from you on the wall.
 And I stay home and plead the throne,
 To speak to speak to me to me to me.
 Hasn't said a single thing.
 Probably too busy with your work.
Or am I just excusing you for leaving me alone?
 There's nothing in these wooden doors,

 To bring you back to keep me bored .
 I don't know what to do with me no more.
 Deer everyone I ever really knew,
I acted like an asshole so I could keep my edge on you.
 Ended up abusing even those I thought I knew,
 Now show the kingdom with the one movement now.
 It's time to move.
 Deer everybody that has paid to see my band,
 Still confusing,
 Never understand.
I acted like an asshole so my albums were never burned.
 I'm hungry, now the scraps are dirty dirt.
 I'm hungry, now the scraps are dirty dirt.

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