

# 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 withe 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.

Lyrics provided by

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