

Six Hundred Cubic Centimeters

On Broken Wings

the sound of a
primate. the offensive
of attempting
to create illusions
with goals of
appearing larger to
an enemy. but can
you dance like indrid cold?
my arm hair stands
on end. i've got
some questions,
and i want them answered.
am i nothing more than an upright ape?
built in defenses,
heartbeat increases
an ape with shame,
and an ego to match

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
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