

Archers Of Loaf, Backwash

Killing

You choked on it

You broke it

Now fix it

And scrape the trade-off

To sink into uncertain

Sarcasm, something

To stain you the color of

failure, in method

it crushes by grinding

And washing to will something

worse for another is custom for you

And you can stamp that on my forehead

Not gonna turn on, your information

Not gonna turn it on, turn it on

Choking

You coughed it up

You took it, now give it back

Don't be held back

on the shit from a bad conversation

That's leaving to coat you the color

of boredom in method

It crushes by grinding

And washing to will something

worse for another is custom for you

And you can stamp that on my forehead

Not gonna turn on, your information

Not gonna turn it on, turn it on