

Owl John, Hate Music

What's following me far too close to be seen?
My cutthroat friend, my kneejerk enemy?
Did you see my stone broke like a devotional tome?
Hushed and heavy as hell, it strikes a biblical toll
Please stop the rock!
Please stop the rock!
And in then to a plausible beheading
Words can't save my neck, the axe has been written
A rock-broken back arched over pleasuring hands
Do you hear him come, the half-eaten shrub of a man
Good, be gone, man
Please stop the rock!
Please stop the rock!
Please stop the rock!
Please stop the rock!