

B

and blowing the crows, the smoke

Gm#

E

This is beginning to feel like the long

B

winded blues of the never

Gm#

E

Static explosion devoted to crushing the broken

B

and shoving the souls to ghost

[Verse]

Gm#

Eternalized. Objectified.

E

B

You set your sights so high.

Gm#

But this is beginning to feel like

E

B

the bolt busted loose from the lever

[Chorus]

Gm#

Never mind. Death professor

E

B

Your structure's fine. My dust is better

Gm#

Your victim flies so high

E

B

All to catch a bird's eye view of who's next

Gm#

Never you mind. Death professor.

E

B

Love is life. My love is better.

Gm#

Your victim flies so high

E

B

Eyes could be the diamonds. Confused with who's next

Gm#

Never you mind. Death professor.

E

B

Your shocks are fine, My struts are better.

Gm#

Your fiction flies so high,

E

B

Y'all could use a doctor. Who's sick, who's next?

Gm#

Never you mind. Death professor.

E

B

Electrified, my love is better

Gm#

It s crystallized, so m I.

E

B

All could be the diamond. Fused with who s next

Gm#

E

This is beginning to feel like the dawn of the luz of

B

forever

Gm#

E

This is beginning to feel like the dawn of the luz of

B

forever

Gm#

E

This is beginning to feel like the dawn of the luz of

B

forever