

Sludge Factory

Alice In Chains

Owe... Oh yeah...
Owe... Oh yeah...
Owe You insult me in my home
You're forgiven this time
Things go well, you're eyes dilate
You shake, and I'm high
Look in my eyes deep and watch
The clouds change with time
20 hours won't print
My picture milk carton size
Carton size, carton size, carton size
Call me up congratulations
Ain't the real why
There's no pressures besides brilliance
Let's say by day 9
Endless corporate ignorance lets
Me control time
By the way, by the way (echo) Once again you see an in
Discolored skin gives you away
So afraid you kindly gurgle out a date
For me Owe... Oh yeah...
Owe... Oh yeah...
Owe
Now the body of one soul I adore
Wants to die
You have always told me you'd
Not live past 25
I say stay long enough to repay
all who caused strife Once again you see an in
Discolored skin gives you away
So afraid you kindly gurgle out a date
For me Once again you see an in
Discolored skin gives you away
So afraid you kindly gurgle out a date
For me Owe... Oh yeah...

Owe... Oh yeah (I bear true and an existing witness to this barrel of monkeys. A self-proclaimed immoral success, perfected by each whereof; individually deadly, and equally so and spread about the surrendered troops, for even thousands of miles cannot tear apart their communication, or the lack thereof. Vultures, liars, thieves: each proclaim their innocence in no suggestion or rhyme, your weapon is contained in the wrecking of keeping the desired effect.

The breaking of the spirit thwarts the whole being.) Your weapon is guilt
Your weapon is guilt

Your weapon is guilt

Guilt

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

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