

# Molasses

## Hiatus Kaiyote

Ohhhhhh

Ohhhhhh

Ohhhhhh Ahhhh oooooooooohMight not get

Might not get any better, might not

Might not get

Might not get any better, might not

Might not get

Might not get any better, might not

Might not get

might not get any better

You, the born hunter

Relic with an armored heart

Colour of sulfur

Banished to a single arc

Porcelain smoulder and

Don't forget your state of the art

Buried deep in the soil

Selfless or daftIt could be a compass, rare and so bountiful

It could be the opposing opinion

It could be the point of traction, bound to all

It could be the point of letting it go

It could be a compass, rare and so bountiful

It could be the opposing opinion

It could be the point of traction, bound to all

It could be the point of letting it go

Running with my eyes closed

Blinding the lens with the focus

Runningwith my eyes closed

Finding omens in the woodwork

I see cold, cold braille

Mechanical and frail

How do I tessellate?

Filter the rageYou, the born hunter

Relic with an armored heart

Colour of sulfur

Banished to a single arc

Porcelain smoulder and

Don't forget your state of the art

Buried deep in the soil

Selfless or daftMight not

Get any better

Get any better

Oh, better, better

Might not

Get any better

Get any better

Oh, better, better

Better, better, better

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