

# Molasses

*Hiatus Kaiyote*

Might not get, might not get any better  
Might not, might not get, might not get any better (x3)

You the born hunter  
Relic with an armored heart  
Color of sulfur  
Banished to a single arc  
Porcelain smolder and don't forget you're state of the art  
Buried deep in the soil, selfless or daft

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  
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  
Running with my eyes closed  
Finding omens in the woodwork  
I see cold cold braille  
Mechanical and frail  
How do I tessellate, filter the rage

You the born hunter  
Relic with an armored heart  
Color of sulfur  
Banished to a single arc  
Porcelain smolder and don't forget you're state of the art  
Buried deep in the soil, selfless or daft

Might not get any better, get any better  
Oh better, better  
Might not get any better, get any better  
Oh better better

Better Better Better (beaucoup de fois)

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  
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