

# Stoned

## Shiner

I fastened down the nails, thick and overgrown  
and wrapped up like an embryo, it's turning into red from  
monotone.

When the party died, we sang until we cried.  
Celebrate the bleary eyed. The king of everything has  
been dethroned.

It makes us stoned. It keeps us stoned.

It's always the same way, involving the same lines.

When the bon fire died, we hung them out to dry.  
The chaperones to supervise could not contain the riot,  
so they let it roll.

It makes us stoned, and keeps us stoned.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>