

## Walking on the Mud

Giants traces are what you make  
Walrus in the mud  
I hope my burrows don't break  
Digging in the mud  
We could poke forever  
Pushing on the mud  
We could lean together  
Eating on, eating on the mud

Walking back from an holehouse  
Crawling on the mud  
Walking back from an icehouse  
Sliding on the mud  
Feet they hardly touch the mould  
Scratching on the mud  
My siphons don't hardly make no sound  
Filtering on, filtering on the mud

Some may say  
I'm flushing my air away  
One way  
Looking on my tube with ray  
X-ray  
Nereis's a good subway  
You stay  
Until you'll be its prey

Giant pellets are what you make  
Rolling on the mud  
I hope my pincers don't break  
Soldiers on the mud  
We could grow forever  
Feeding on the mud  
We could be thousander'  
Moving on, moving on the mud

Some may say  
a lot of mud I convey  
No way  
And if it's the side I lay  
Some say  
Burrow's another buffet  
You stay  
I may  
as well trap play

Keep it up, keep it up  
Walking on the mud