Visqueen, Zirconium Gun

Sun burns the charcoal into fine glass Beneath the coral undersea grass Pearls are born in ocean's oyster sand Trapped into beautifying every hand Glamorous as any prisoner can

Diamond Bombs Away Shot dead zirconium gun

Spy ready periscopes are looking out War submarines of love have turned about Fool's gold is shaped into a band Trapped into beautifying every hand Glamorous as any prisoner can

Diamond Bombs Away Shot dead zirconium gun

Camouflage me, Kamikaze Sabotage me, glitter shiny