

And You're Wondering How a Top Floor Could Replace

City of Caterpillar

Waving your goodbyes with your plastic hands and century-old arctic kisses. And not a finger lifts till it all turns to shit and you all act like you're impressed. You slouch now even further down as you're wondering how a top floor could replace the heaven you once saw so well. We've built it all we've made our gods now we're locked in ourselves. Yeah! An airbag could save my life, when my lungs collapse from methane gas of melting ice caps, if it was airtight and not uptight. So laugh yourself red cause in the end I know you'll choke (if it was airtight: I know you'd choke).

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