Mystery Cloud

Starfucker

Eyes like a satellite
Fills the sky,
With a mystery cloud
Why would these fantasies
Now i know there is no, nowhere to go

Eyes in the dead of night
Cries like a hand on the fire
Why would this send for me
You know
There's no, new way to go

Everybody should do in their lifetime,
Sometime,
One, is to consider death.
To observe skulls and skeletons
And to wonder what it would be like to go to sleep, and to never wake up, ever.
That is the most- is a very gloomy thing for contemplation.
But it's like manure,
Just as manure fertilizes the plants and so on.
So as the contemplation of death, and the acceptance of death
Is very highly generative of creative life.
You get wonderful things out of that

Lyrics submitted by ModKevin.

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