

Infinity Girl

Stereolab

New realities are conditions

Much too little for us to suffer

Because we don't know any better

There are a hundred ways to fall in stepNew realities are conditions

Much too little for us to suffer

Because we don't know any better

There are a hundred ways to fall in stepBecause for the past two hundred years

The wine drunk and the freedom proclaimed

Oh are dubious and laughable

Waiting to yield a new use of lifeScatter, scatter brained by the sins, sins of silence

Scatter, scatter brained by the sins, sins of silence

Scatter, scatter brained by the sins, sins of silence

Scatter, scatter brained by the sins, sins of silence

Scatter, scatter brained by the sins, sins of silenceA knife to cut the root, the root of ignorance

A knife to cut the root, the root of ignorance

Scatter, scatter brained by the sins, sins of silence

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