

Collector

Cultfever

I am a collector.
I lay my head away in what the ancients made.
I go back to catch myself up.
Been a colossal art to curb the motor parts.
And I dont know whats better:
You sewing up your craze, you line your suit for days.
I cut the waves to keep my head up
I couldnt stitch the bend, so awful permanent. A stack of loose leaning narratives, I dont care what state youre in.
A stack of loose leaning narratives, I dont care what state youre in.
I dont think anyone else here is new. I put that waltzing haunt on the shelf
It nearly buried my health.
You knew as well as anyone else,
I wasnt asking for help.
I let the offers fall by the side
In a mean fit of pride.
And, yes, the wrecker of my eye
But I feel funny inside Just thinking maybe if I watched the sea long enough I could pick it up
Or even maybe if you turned to me long enough I could be enough A stack of loose leaning narratives, I dont
care what state youre in.
A stack of loose leaning narratives, I dont care what state youre in.
I dont think anyone else here is new. I asked if death was fake
Just an honest mistake
Just our agrarian seduction to the next place
Do you think wed be ok?
And maybe fill the space?
And maybe then be even less afraid of earthquakes? And as the buildings age,
Well tell them all the same:
That well commemorate the good ones by a good name.
And if its all the same, well, Ill still probably waste... away. But darling bricks and stones would make our
homes if we were anyone, anyone else.
Hey darling bricks and stones would make our homes if we were anyone, anyone else.
Bricks and stones would make our homes if we were anyone, anyone else.
Bricks and stones would make our homes if we were anyone, anyone You started guessing at my heavy lending.
Were right to question all the time Im spending.
Was picking up but then I saw the ocean.
I wasnt mad enough for constant motion.
I shouldve known youd be the first to notice
That I was trying to get back my focus. Ah, that part.

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