

God Is In His Heaven, All Is Right With the World

Curl Up and Die

1) Sedation is not meditation. That's isn't what substitutes for conversation.
And who is wrong over holes burning into their heads or bloated sacks shifting in
their stomachs? Over feeling unloved, worn out and with nothing? 2) The decomposing human bodies moving in
a vibrant language. Sending signals
in unfortunate ways, (through unstable tones.) Just enough to know that there is no recovery. How can I even
compare? (I'm hiding
out. Shaving my head. I'm screening calls. Covering my tracks.) I want to form some sort of expression. I want
to make some sense out of this.
Without calculating the collective, I want to know everything. Sometimes I don't want to scream and sometimes
I don't want to be around here.
Sometimes I just want to pilot a giant robot, spending days that only exist in my
head. Instead of excuses I will be looking for reasons,
Finding passion in my own instead of convenience.

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