

Not So Dense

Deer Tick

Have you ever felt too far gone to be a sinner
But you know yourself too well to ever be a saint?
Well it's okay 'cause the kids are making models of God out of paper mache
Why did you ever vow to take the decadent path?
'Cause you smile like a devil and shut up like a trap
Well it's okay 'cause you fixed your scruff so now you can be properly scragged

Despair and disease spread on dollar bills
Convenience, well it strips you bare of consciousness

Have you ever felt a moment of aphasia?
Have you ever met your match at the apex?
You ever fall down so hard that everything shakes
Have you ever been in the corner of the room
And it feels like the farthest corner of the world?
Did you find it hard just to be so sure?

Well there ain't no arrows on the moon
And there ain't no wishes on the stars
And there ain't no hero in your world
We got no reason to feel sure

Farmed in a factory gets devoured
And the manmade machinery gets empowered
And if you don't your milk young man
You know it will turn sour
And I watch sixty minutes go by hour after hour after hour!

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