Baby Don't Sleep

clipping.

What the fuck is you thinkin'
Better yet where the fuck is you goin'?
Get back to no star mappin'
Out here nobody knowin'
Time flyin' and you figured
You'd fly right along with it
Not hearin' no warnings
In the morning you go get it
Like thruster throttle play that out
Move a half a moon around
A galaxy you play that down
Like it's nothing, nothing out
Of nothing leaves you wishin'
Every day that they was still around
Soakin' in the corridor corroding
While you mill about
'Bout a million miles a millimeter
Doesn't really mean nothing
'Cause your body is bone marrow
And blood can never be trusted
It won't last to the nearest
Destination because functions
You could load into the chamber
And treat sleep like it's a punch-in
Space is wavy, follow form it, analyze it spectrally
The specter in the spectrum
On inspection is an entity
You call it god, or man, or woman
Love or hope, it's all the same
A nickel-bag philosophy, a beta boost inside a brainNo home, you've been there
Clearly off safety
No destination
No time for waiting
Saviors are fiction
Memories fading like ghosts, ghosts, goBaby don't sleep
Baby don't sleep too much
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Too much 'bout the medals
Most time is spent silently
Just monitoring your levels
Scanning for the Clay Ark
And the blood pressure, and stay dark
It's off long enough so your days aren't
Just arbitrary, though they are
Nothing is familiar
So the strange become the family
Analogies are old and useless
When was the last time you had a tree
For reference or for reverence
Irrevocable amnesty
For sure, by now, you're so far gone
To track would be insanity
Ingrain all the membranes
You get conscience as a dark spot
Heavier than the other antimatters
In your stark thoughts
Can't shake what you've done
No matter how far you outrun it
Amass that with the false fact
That somebody is coming
Delusional is easier than self examination
But you gotta make a choice of where you're going
Because staying is surrendering
Since you might be the last that's not an option
Get your shit together, lover boy, stop looking at the clockNo home, you've been there
Clearly off safety
No destination
No time for waiting
Saviors are fiction
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Songwriters

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