

Phthisis

Sleepytime Gorilla Museum

The future sticks out its tongue
in the eyes of the gentle past
It fears its own demise but knows it cannot last
 This momentary throne
 precariously formed from its ashes
It takes the time we thought was ours below to be reborn
 Throw us away like a stack of old paper
 Learn not from our scrawls
 Close your ears to our rantings
 And come against us
 Flex your hooked claws and sniff
 Like a dog at the stench of our decaying minds
 Distrust the deceitful math of our perishing eyes
 Run away from the phthisicky past

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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