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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