Sink To The Beat

Cursive

I'll try to make this perfectly clear,
I'm so transparent I disappear.
These words I lyrically defecate,
Upon songs I boldly claim to create.
Clint steps in to establish the beat,
4/4 hip hop and you don't stop.
This unique approach to start an EP,
Intended to shock, create a mystique.
A cheap strategy, a marketing scheme,
Building awareness for the next LP.
They've got a good fan base,
They've got integrity,
They've got a DC sound,
Shudder to Think, Fugazi,
And Chapel Hill, around the Early 90's.
This is the latest from Saddle Creek.
Some melodies are like disease,
They can inflame your misery,
They will infect your memories,
They haunt me.
Some memories are like disease,
They can inflame your misery,
They will infect your melody,

They haunt me.
I write these words with my motherly intuition,
I shape these sounds into harmonic apparitions.
But I can see can see through these haunting things,
My molded dreams are defaced by the same hands that shaped them.
I'll try to make this perfectly clear,
I'm so reflective i am a mirror.
These words I'm driving into the ground,
The same words I scream out over the crowd.
I'm just an air wave rollin' 'round,
I storm and crash without a sound.
There's all these islands out at sea,
I can't reach.
I'm just an airplane diving down,
I storm and crash without a sound,

Engines exploding silently out at sea.
Where waves caress unstable egos,
Where melody is completely swallowed.
Where songwriters chain their songs to their ankles and sink to the beat,
Til it stops and bursts under pressure.
Let it burst and bloom,
Hit song,
Let it burst and bloom.

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