Bland Street Bloom

Sikth

As the dove rains(x2)There's no ambition, told from vision
Pre-recorded maze of wisdom
Bland Street Bloom, a moronic feelingNo ambition, plague of pidgeons
Twisted up in your maze of wisdom
Shake-up, make-up, fake-up
Think you need some healing
No ambition
Same old wrong millenium scorn
Maze of wisdom
Bland Street Bloom, a moronic feelingPretty little birds all singing in the street
Few trees left, bare and shivering
In this hollow bitter streetNo ambition, told from vision
Pre-recorded maze of wisdom
Bland Street Bloom (x5)
As the dove rains blood (x4)A world of wonders
Man-made mechanical thunders
(dove, blood, dove, blood)Like stuffing a turkey
Gutless, hollow
Man-made premeditated holeLike a rock that doesn't roll
You are the rock that doesn't roll
Like a rock that doesn't roll
You are the rock that doesn't roll
Empty coal into the fruit bowl
Become a machine
Just one of the people
Welcome to the middle road
Your soul has now been scrolled.No backbone, just torn and thrown
Into the show you go
No backbone, just malignant groans
Of what and where and now
Of what and when and how of what
Don't count on nothing being free
Because when you're in the concrete sea
Not you or me in betweenI can't stand them, I can't stand this
About as much fun as drinking a pint of piss
Can't wear that and you can't smoke this
Bitter as a cold brew
Bitter as a cold brew pint of pissA world of wonders
Man-made mechanical thunders

(dove, blood, dove, blood)As the dove rains blood over the streets
Man-made mechanical thunders
I think I've seen this thing to many times before
Mediocrity has never been a way of life
I've been inspired by seeing all this strife!Bland Street Bloom (x4)I can't stand them, I can't stand this
About as much fun as drinking a pint of piss
Can't wear that and you can't smoke this
Bitter as a cold brew
Bitter as a cold brew pint of piss

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