

# Siberian Breaks

## Mgmt

Sleep as the goer  
The bridge that watches the light-speed through  
And cries while the spirit stumbles  
The inside missile for the protection of you  
Maybe it's silent  
The voice can't bear anymore strain  
But speaks without even knowing  
And streams outside in the direction of truth  
There's no reason, there's no secret to decode  
If you can't save it, leave it dying on the road  
Wide open arms can feel so cold  
So cold, feel so cold  
Balance the books, the ledges, the loons  
The disappointed look on the faces that squint at the moon  
Let's see it, with shadows enhance  
And then vote to decide who'll advance  
Silver jet plane making a turn  
Exciting the brain that expects it to crash and then burn  
It's not the life lesson I'd have guessed  
If you're conscious you must be depressed or at least cynical  
But someone might still eat the steaks  
Even if they're tough  
Spending the day chewing the fat  
Floating away isn't rough but it's not enough  
Oh Marianne, pass me the joint  
The sandpaper's tan  
Go-getters are surfing the point  
And London's a catch on the lens  
It's over before it begins  
Silk 'round her neck falls down to her shoulders  
The older I get, the more I suspect there's a trick  
But really there's no trip at all  
That doesn't result in a fall or a faltering  
But something could spit out the bait  
Even if it's real, rolling away missing a spoke  
Close to the ground like a wheel  
But it's not a joke  
Holding the line, clutching the phone  
Nobly wasting the night but it isn't right

It's not right smelling for blood, praying for rain  
Running away isn't rough but it's not enough  
The low tide is telling me when it's over  
To breathe in everything exposed  
And comes back to cover me with a blanket  
Being here's always changing tunes  
The empty sky surrounds me but I can't see at all  
Wide open arms can feel so cold  
And you can sit beside me and tell me what it's worth  
But I hope I die before I get sold  
I hope I die before I get sold  
I'd rather die before I get sold  
If you find the soul that you lost  
Frozen in a starry void  
Take it within and hope the sight of blood  
Can will signs of life to return  
Back to the way that it was  
Long before it made a noise  
To keep on quietly reminding you  
What's never created or destroyed  
Wake as the swell peaks  
The close-outs drowning the birds with roars  
And howls scare the new unkindness  
That picks and laughs at the carrion scene  
Forces you see  
Breath can always go into hiding  
And wait 'til it passes over  
Or stay far gone for all eternity

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