

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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