Between The Lines

Atmosphere

(What it tis it taint, & What it taint it tis
Its the theme of where we're goin')
[Verse 1: Slug]See the police man, notice the lonely man
How do you think he keeps his head on straight?
Can you feel his rhythm? What do you think he visions
When he squints at the line from behind those shades
Feel the summer's crest, overdressed
So much sweat, his skin begins to chafe
Its the surface sweat the nervous mess
Overbearing and jaded from carrying the weight
Irritated and constipated
And its all covered player hated,funnelled and consolidated
Into the shell of one man with a gun
Riding that thin line between the program and the sun
And I don't hate you, tryin to relate to
Wishin you could find a trap door to escape through
But if I see you, as a threat to my seedling or my sibling
Ill die to pull the plug on your machine
[Chorus: (2X)]And I just might just find somebody
And I just might just love somebody
And I just might just feel somebody
And I just might just kill myself (somebody)
[Verse 2: Slug]Can you see her?
She spends her whole day in a theater
Livin her time in the life that she would prefer
& she stirs nothing, comes & goes she wishes
Surroundings oblivious to her whole existence
But if they only knew
About the thoughts that she can't seem to stop from comin through
Comin' across
At a loss for dialouge
Walkin through the fog
With her eyes closed & her mind gone
And now she lives in the films that she sees
And daydreams that she kills us repeatedly
I'm impressed with the tolerance she brandishes
If it was me, I would snapped from the sheer overanxiousness
of waitin for the day she strolls through Muddy Waters
And slaughters sons & daughters and bloodies mothers and fathers

Lovely little *case*study castaway cutie
Masturbating in back of that matinee movie
And someday, oneday, when the credits roll

She'll hold a pocket full of gunplay for the ignorant souls
Then we'll know what depth awake touches sleep
Make me walk the thin line between shallow and deep
[Chorus: (2X)]And I just might just find somebody
And I just might just love somebody
And I just might just feel somebody
And I just might just kill somebody (my body)
[Verse 3: Slug]He used to write his rhymes and recite his lines all the time
Sometimes he'd make them up right off the top of his mind
After doin shows for years, gettin respect from peers
Killed the ego, lookin at these people like *they* weird
Road trips, turn to head trips
Became a hunger for sedatives and essentric ettiqute
Optimism needs to feed off self-esteem
But it seems as if he doesn't see it or hasn't felt a thing
Records sell well but still undergound
Travels town to town
Holdin hands with fans that love his sound
When it comes around *let*s hope you can enjoy it
Don't slow down momentum, afraid he might destroy it
When he stops to shake the hand, I doubt they understand
That here now stands only the shadow of a man
Havin a hard time with life on a drumroll
Walkin that high-wire, passin it off is humble
But it's a thin line,between screams and smiles
Seen the miles, wishin he can go home & read to his child
But tonight's the last day, put the butt in the ashtray
Locked the door and slit both of his wrists backstage
[Chorus: (2X)][Outro: Slug]Onwards,forwards contin*uos*, renaissance
Encore, ignorance wrapped inside of innocence
Onwards,forwards contin*uos* renaissance
Encore, ignorance wrapped inside of innocence
Onwards,forwards contin*uos* renaissance
Encore, ignorance wrapped inside of innocence
Nothing but love for the music and its offspring
Bouncin' off the boxsprings just tryin to make it to the cross*ings*
I just might just....
I just might just....
I just might just....[fade out]

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