

# The Abusing of the Rib

## Atmosphere

Atmosphere - Abusing The Rib Lyrics

i wanna follow the footprints across my lovers stomach  
i wanna call out her name before i plummet  
i wish i had a map of the terrain  
so i could step around the landmines  
avoid the beasts under the bed  
that breathe at bad times  
i wanna find these here so-called treasures  
the pleasures the trinkets the never-ending weekends  
acknowledging that i'm still just a piece of the sequence  
but seein these different footprints got me needin to show my  
WEAKNESS  
TIMELINES, timezones  
i cross em with my eyes closed  
memorize the landmarks and learn the cycles  
the weather patterns  
how the seasons affect  
the east and the west  
of each region learn the cycles  
forget about the fact that  
many trails have been tracked  
maybe it's a plus that there's a path  
if this was some uncharted land  
i'd have to be a smarter man  
willing to travel the farthest  
to unravel the harvest  
and natural resources are unlimited  
exploration only required some desire and INITIATIVE  
take your time to find the right way to climb  
it ain't safe to play games with natures mind if i  
could show you  
you would  
never  
leave it i wanna ride a train  
up my lovers arm  
stop off at the brain  
to hop out and find out whats goin on  
cut through trees  
and ride through rocks

synchronize the universal sundial to my watch  
i've seen a lot  
but not quite as much as her  
to top it off the memory and the imagination blur  
but i know she's been put through hell  
i can feel it  
and i know she's touched heaven as well  
tryin to steal it  
it came on and it taught her a song  
IT strung her along  
and it caught her when her guard was gone  
now to the break of dawn  
she's tryin to fill what fits  
and all her family and friends is tryin to seal them lips  
but i ain't dumb  
i can HEAR that train come from miles away  
settin obstacles to stop the arrival  
i'm gonna blow up that iron and wood road  
from what i understood those  
be the ORIFICE of its survival  
my recital  
another tantrum  
because she's highly excitable  
swinging a random  
no happy endings always off to a bad start  
addictive  
VOYEURISTIC to the trackmarts and if i  
could show you  
you would  
never  
leave it

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