

Slackjaw Pilgrims

Futurist

Alone on a subway dreaming,
a voice recites the coordinates
and I don't speak the language here.

Sack of skin,
worn gray static bones beneath the ground.

Shipwrecked on a trap door mountain
and fenced in a frame,
hung on a wall, lost in a room.
Next time, I'd inject such theories
into the belly of a whale and watch them spray up
at the sky.

And the trust we reserve for god
in states of public debt,
It's a farce, it's blatant disregard
to the sound sound of asteroids burning
uptown, burlap bleeding hearts are sewn up,
bleeding hearts are sewn.

Don't worry, they're just your
grownup symptoms
your cashed out slackjaw pilgrims.
Don't lose your nerve and crack the hull
we've grown up restless.

It isn't often enough that I stop
and thank you
for being you.

Crowds turn dull
means to meaning
and seldom take them home.

There's no excuse or circumstance,
it's all romance, you see.
It's all romance, you see.

Lyrics submitted by Sigmund Birch.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>