

Attack of Orion and the Left Arm Sunburn

No Trigger

Failure!

This holds no promises or look what I have done
It's holding onto something and that something's probably flawed

I don't want a gullet full of chunks

With a simple twisted head, with a simple twisted head
This manifestos aimed at my civility and calving grounds

And takes a look at what I found

Fort hill to Everest, carbuncle to the Pacific

What fills me with positivity

Green highway signs, bright runway lights and faces I can't recognize
The well is dry, the residents with sandstorm minds

They only hydrate the need but will they open their eyes?

Maybe develop some plan B's?

We're working overtime, we're working overtime
Cue unrelated and blood-lined critics to start screaming

"There's nothing you can do"

I'll draw some dotted lines from here to everywhere

Then connect them all at once

I'm not the only one
The French to Yangtze

From Pine to Lyons

Always stepping backwards, lacking creativity
The dark horizon I scan for change but nothing is happening
Let's move

It's getting harder, it's getting harder

The brink of death

One trip for total satisfaction

It's getting harder to ignore

It's all inside

One more trip and we'll still come up hated

Look what boredom has created

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