

The Bell Jar

Showbread

To be common place would be unique
But we're so obscure, we're incoherent
Like tongueless vigilantes choking just to make you choke
Rattling, rattling
No nails to hold ideas in place, no expression on your face
Music and her patrons are dead and irrelevant, yeah
Like osteoporosis, she's brittle, she is broken
Brittle, broken, yeah
[Incomprehensible] Static comes through synthesizers
Megaphones and drum machines
Beauty sounds like smashed guitars
And several references to feedback
Rattling, rattling, no surgery to save your life
No promise, every thing's alright
Music and her patrons are dead and irrelevant
Like osteoporosis she's brittle, she is broken
Brittle, broken, yeah
[Incomprehensible] Languages must be organic because like flies they fall and die
Music now sleeps
Languages must be organic because like flies they fall and die
Music now sleeps with Latin and Aramaic
It's over, it's over
No more waiting for something to live for
Now it's over, it's over
Everything is dying and we want something more
Now, now, it's over, it's over
No more waiting for something to live for
Nothing, it's over, it's over
Everything is dying and we want something more

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