# A Llama Eats a Giraffe (And Vice Versa)

## Showbread

I'm nauseous, or maybe just inspired
So truthful, I begin to tire
No less than everything
No haiku, no paper packaged thing
Patronized you harmonize, a thorax rattles so
Like idealistic jargon every self respecting hopeful should to knowI know the road to everything
I know it goes right off a cliff
I know the road to everything
I know it goes right off a cliffNothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is foreverSympathy I do indeed intake in bulk amounts
For reasoning obscure it seems to numerous to count
So it goes the lesser chose to crawl through narrow gates
Bulimic thin the winding road now empties into lakes
A pulse is found, and so we drown, and sing for this duration
From rows and rows of teeth we're spared, these artery serrationsI know the road to everything
I know it goes right off a cliff
I know the road to everything
I know it goes right off a cliffNothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is foreverEmptiness, I must impress upon you in it's granger
My stagnant heart, it comes apart, as selfishness demands her
To sound a note from scores I wrote and offer them unto thee
For melodies now synthesized, your love it lives within meNothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever

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