Flux

MoOg The Artist

If your right hand is causing you pain
Cut it off, cut it off
If your colors have started to run
Let them all run, run away from you
There is lightning in this room
Above our heads, waiting to strike
I'm a thinker, not a talker
Put your faith, your faith in God
We were hoping for some romance
All we found was more despair
We must talk about our problems
We are in a state of flux
I'd kill for an adventure
Just you and I in the Curzon Bar
Dancing till we knew
So all that we've learned disappears
When you shouted at me
I saw my father in the second grade
Concerned and kind
Yet unable to reach me
We were hoping for some romance

All we found was more despair
We must talk about our problems
We are in a state of flux
(State of flux)
(State of flux)
(State of flux)
(State of flux)
(We are in a state of flux)
(We are in a state of flux)
(We are in a state of flux)
(We are in a state of flux)
We need to talk
We need to talk
We need to talk
We need to talk
We need to talk
We were hoping for some romance

All we found was more despair
We must talk about our problems
We are in a state of flux

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