

Belvedere, Quicksand

When art is all but gone
Will anybody care
All creativity becomes standard fare
I think we're closer than it seems to the equator
It's burning everything
At what point does it explode
At what point do we scream
Turn the knowledge we've acquired into action on deceit

It must be closer than it seems to a total fiasco
Charcoal horizons, they're rising
The situation calls for a decision
Put your drink down slowly think it through
Option one watch yourself slowly sink in
Number two hold on for anything

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At what point do we scream

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(Always armoured) The situation calls for a decision
(Eyes forward) Put your drink down slowly, think it through
(Always armoured) Option one watch yourself slowly sink it
(Always) Number two, hold on