

Flop, A Fixed Point

A vestige of our travelling
On a road straight out to ruin
It's evidently a big surprise
That I don't know what I'm doing

Help is here somewhere
Residing in the carcasses of everybody

want to lead the people
You love god and you like to feed it
Fear and shame hold hands and hide
In the form of a real solution

Help is here somewhere

Residing in the gallantry of everybody
Waiting through the continuum of time
Your longitude and latitude collide

You say you want to lead the people
You love god and you like to feed it
Fear and shame hold hands and hide
In the form of a revolution

Help is here somewhere
Residing in the carcasses of everybody
Waiting through the continuum of time
Your longitude and latitude collide