

Joey Cape, Minus

Here is the world they'll try to sell you
Here is the ache barbiturate
They'll have your eyes and they will hang your view
So high
Minus the world we'd find forgiveness
Minus the world she'd find herself
Minus the walls, she wouldn't hang her view
So low

White of their eyes
Shadow and plague
Those creatures we portray
Born into this
Unbearable mess
This bankruptcy they and I have left

Paradox, conundrum, irony

Minus need you are going cold
Minus belief we are growing old

Minus our fears she is outspoken
Minus our hands she is clean

Budding filth, we destroy purity once conceived

Sorrow and shame
Tangled and maimed
Indebted endlessly
Heir to the day
Of depravity
She'll have to make believe tranquility
Minus the world we leave