

Papermill, Falling Boxes (They Never Really Fell)

In a corner of the world
there's a ship that's setting sail,
in a corner of my room
books are left there to bewail.

I put my hand beneath my globe
looks like the oceans are not so wide
but the feel I get is not quite like
having the whole world in my palm.

In the new world it's half past 4
and I don't know what's going on
Safe in their den it's half past 10
I'm afraid I know what's going on

I want to hear these machines cry
I'm over obsessed with control
You don't realize these machines lie
they manipulate what you think to know
I want to see these machines die
I'm over obsessed with their lives

muddled up by dull details
like boxes falling from a shelf
levelling truth, half-truth and lies
a thousand victims in any word

In the new world it's half past 4
and I don't know what's going on
There where they stand it's half past 10
I'm afraid I know what's going on

I want to hear these machines cry
I'm over obsessed with control
You don't realize these machines lie
they manipulate what you think to know
I want to see these machines die
I'm over obsessed with their lives

Most of all I'm obsessed with their lies
Lies
Lies
Lies
Lies