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