

# Ataxia, Dust

Some of the chances we take,  
To make the money we make.  
Manufacturing disease  
The creature we can see

I'm pleased it some other day  
And I've got something to say  
You don't need love  
So get under the rock

Now, I have a mutated brain  
It is the form that's been made  
You got for broke  
With your prog rock show

Don't you know what I mean?  
The sick things that I've seen  
When you don't fall down  
There's a piercing sound

It was the sky that we learned  
That we're to spy on the bird  
The clouds all feel  
Where we don't feel real

It was implied to make a caption  
"It's a pain world", is her reaction  
We've answered why it's not been action  
we blow the ghosts, is this our faction

This was the movie we made  
And we were shooting to fate  
We gather dust when you said it's a must

And in the end that we shake  
It is the function that's fake  
We don't feel real  
You don't know how it feels

Now, we've given up a lot  
And we've gone right past the spot  
We're fueled inside  
It's the must that we hide

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Blow