

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