

Atmosphere, The Abusing Of The Rib

[Slug]

I wanna follow the footprints across my lover's stomach
I wanna call out her name before I plummet
I wish I had a map of the terrain so I could step around the landmines
Avoid the beasts under the bed that bring they bad times
I wanna find this here so-called treasure
The pleasure, the trinkets, the never-ending weekends
Acknowledgin that I'm still just a piece of the sequence
But seein these different footprints got me needin to show my weekness
The timeline, the time zones, I cross them with my eyes closed
Memorized the landmarks and learned the cycles
The weather patterns, how the seasons affect
the East and the West of each region learned the cycles
Forget about the fact that many trails have been tracked
Maybe it's a plus that there's a path
If this was some uncharted land I'd have to be a smarter man
willing to travel the farthest to unravel the harvest
and natural resources are unlimited
exploration only requires some desire and initiative
take your time and find the right way to climb
it ain't safe to play games with natures mind
If I could show you, you would never leave it
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I wanna ride a train up my lover's arm, stop off at the brain
Then hop out and find out what's going on
Cut through trees and ride through rocks
And synchronise the universal sun down to my watch
I've seen a lot, but not quite as much as her
The top went of the memory and the imagination blurred
But I know she's been put through hell, I can feel it
And I know she's touched having this well, tryin to steal it
It came on and it toughed her a song
It's strung her along and it caught her when the god was gone
Now to the break-o-dawn she's tryin to feel that fix
And all the family and friends is tryin to seel them lips
But I ain't dumb, I can hear that train come from miles away
Setting obstacles to stop the arrival
I'm gonna blow up that iron in wood rogue
From what I understood those be the aura fits of his survival
My recital another tantrum
because she's highly excitable swinging wings of red nova
Happy endings always off to a bad start
Addictive voyeuristic to the trackmarks
And if I could show you, you would never leave it