

# Cantatonia, What It Is

It's what's not there  
That makes what's there  
What it is

Seems like we're quite in demand  
More faint praise, well I'll be damned  
Ships run aground on the rocks  
Not all that unorthodox

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That makes what's there  
What it is

Fate cuts her cloth, ragged, mean  
You'll miss the ceremony  
He sleeps, she wakes then she tags  
Leave us to our frying pan and fires

Sculpture, sculpture feed me to the vultures  
We've been going round the bend for some time now

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