

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

It's what's not there
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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What it is