

Hot Water Music, One Step To Slip

It's one step to slip off the edge to trip,
And roll tumbling over everything standing in the way,
That's bled dry and decayed.

All and all we walk or crawl.
Either way still covering ground,
In banners or bandages.
All and all we walk or crawl,
Dressed up right or naked and plain,
In banners or bandages.

I'll call up fears to meet
and spit them out, down in front of me,
then bury them to this beat.
And take everything with a grain of salt
to let all rubbish rot without a thought.

All and all we walk or crawl.
Either way still covering ground.
In banners and bandages.
All in all we walk or crawl.
Dressed up right or naked and plain,
In banners or bandages.

One step started every single evolution.
Then sent them spinning,
off in constant revolutions.
It's one step to slip
off the edge to go tumbling.
And I'm all for the fall.

All and all we walk or crawl.
Either way still covering ground,
In banners and bandages.
All on all we walk or crawl,
Dressed up right or naked and pain,
In banners or bandages.