

# Matisse, Mind The Gap

you're a painful void as ever  
to be a void is always sad  
your ideas are wet weather  
and your bodies made of mud

you were told to enjoy your flight  
but the plain is out of sight  
vultures resting on its wings  
waiting for the holy night

if you let them entertain you  
it's one way ticket to the gap  
you are sure to stay forever there  
as they never give you a map

to all passengers on board  
we'll be flying underground  
to all passengers on board  
stay calm and praise the Lord

mind the gap between the verses  
mind the gap between the lines  
mind the gap between our bodies  
that's where life always runs