

# No Trigger, Attack Of Orion And The Left Arm Su

Failure!

This holds no promises or look what I have done  
It's holding onto something and that something's probably flawed  
I don't want a gullet full of chunks  
With a simple twisted head, with a simple twisted head  
This manifestos aimed at my civility and calving grounds  
And takes a look at what I found  
Fort hill to Everest, carbuncle to the Pacific  
What fills me with positivity  
Green highway signs, bright runway lights and faces I can't recognize

The well is dry, the residents with sandstorm minds  
They only hydrate the need but will they open their eyes?  
Maybe develop some plan B's?  
We're working overtime, we're working overtime  
Cue unrelated and blood-lined critics to start screaming  
There's nothing you can do  
I'll draw some dotted lines from here to everywhere  
Then connect them all at once  
I'm not the only one

The French to Yangtze  
From Pine to Lyons  
Always stepping backwards, lacking creativity  
The dark horizon I scan for change but nothing is happening

Let's move  
It's getting harder, it's getting harder  
The brink of death  
One trip for total satisfaction  
It's getting harder to ignore  
It's all inside  
One more trip and we'll still come up hated  
Look what boredom has created