

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 cant 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