

# Snuff, No Reason

No reason, round again, dirty wisdom, a dirty friend.  
What price to answer, what price to pay.  
A viscous rumour is round again.  
So if you're trying to keep it even then the effort's wasted.  
Trying to keep it even but the ground's against it.  
That burden will drag you on with the flow.  
Who's answer, who's to guess.  
A filthy bastard, a fucking mess.  
What rhyme and jingle tagged on behind.  
A viscous rumour starts to unwind.  
Trying to keep it even but the hands get tired (round again).  
Pushed too hard in all the wrong places.  
That burden will drag you on with the flow.  
So let it all come down for seventy five days.  
Everything might change.  
Who's to answer, who's to pay?  
A viscous rumour heats the day.