

# Thrice, Motion Without Meaning

What a beautiful way to fake it  
A sort of graceful defeat  
Pound a pattern out on the pavement  
Sound the siren out through the streets  
Advance in perfect nonchalance  
To the stacato of the rifle report  
Don't marvel at our confidence  
It's just bravado that a blindfold affords

Tell me that you wanna stop the war  
Baby you can't dance if there's no floor  
Motion isn't meaning  
It's just another drug  
But it's all we've got...

What a way to keep it together  
A black box, a prescription for speed  
Found a freeway that goes on forever  
Drown the demon in the deep black sea  
Shield your eyes, keep runnin' to the rhythm of the rifle repeating  
I'm paralyzed, but I gotta keep movin' if I wanna keep breathing

Tell me that you wanna stop the war  
Baby you can't dance if there's no floor  
Motion isn't meaning  
It's just another drug  
But it's all we've got...we've got nowhere to go

I'll take the life on the easy ship  
We are but gods for a moment  
I'll take the life on the easy ship  
We are the gods!