

Puppets Meat

"Backwater"

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And when I wake up in the morning
To feel the daybreak on my face
There's a blood that's flowin'
Through the feeling, with a knife
To open up the sky's veins

Some things will never change
They stand there looking backwards
Half unconscious from the pain

They may seem rearranged
In the backwater swirling, there is
Something that will never change

And when I shoulda been gone a long time
Laughs and says, I find ways
Just when we're sheltered under paper
The rockets come at us sideways

Some things will never change
They stand there looking backwards
Half unconscious from the pain

They may seem rearranged
In the backwater swirling, there is
Something that'll never change

Hey, I'm blind
Good, fine
Roll the time
On whose dime

And when I wake up in the morning
To feel the daybreak on my face
There's a blood that's flowin'
Through the ceiling, with a knife
To open up the sky's veins

Some things will never change
They stand there looking backwards
Half unconscious from the pain

They may seem rearranged
In the backwater swirling, there is
Something that'll never change

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