

Walkabouts

"Devil In The Details"

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The devil's in the dull details
The devil's in the coffin
of the details
There will be no finer day
To take my breath
survival is all parody
Contorted and extorted
For amusement
colossal youth on megaphones
please call us home
we need to come home quickly
singalong
Did this job make us crazy?
Or we're we so screwed up
we took this job?
Play dominoes with knucklebones
We feed the beast
Till he's too fat to walk
There are no devils left in hell
There simply are no devils
Left, in hell
deliver us from deliverance
deliver us, from all these awkward pauses
you are as brave as you believe
you are as brave as what you won't repeat
You are as lost as you need to be
You are as lost as what you won't admit
The future is a slow retreat
The future is a muscle you don't have
gonna shake tonight

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