

## Themselves

### "It's Them"

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It's them,  
With their babyfeet, hummingbirds and milky ways,  
It's them, horde your sea shells,  
Blow out the big wick,  
It's them, it's them, it's them,

No not your vitamins, or pillow or monicle,  
this one's just righteousness half full and logical  
meanwell remote absolute, and nowhere to go,  
but onward and upward,  
clasp crowns ground the heart,  
let transmission commence,  
hello, goodbye dark,

Really i wonder is this all material,  
This can't be heaven, the light is too dull  
The first time i spoke must have been

it doesn't look like an ice sculpture... or does it?  
if i really payed attention time would move faster and  
faster,  
landscapes and states of nature would gallop and sink  
before me,  
'til all was still and an orchid ne instant,  
one rich white bursting orchid  
stood in channels and the rivers deep below beauty,

grimace, flee, souls don't need shelter,

native well knowledge radiating through shone,  
what's scared smell sight,  
a swimming prizm's gray core  
which one will erect a definition  
for sheer bliss and set its sembelence sincere and  
object with pride down gently  
before a globe of judge and grudge in open forum...i  
think...  
no one,hundreds of thousands of chattering silver  
faced monkeys screech  
and find them fascinating,  
although nowhere to be found on the periphery of,

some generation, huh i'm not familiar with the term,

boiled to a crack, happy now,  
who'll be bird in hand,  
i've been mutilated trying,  
teaching myself preference, technique and  
acceptability,  
it seems your son is of consumed,  
boiled to a crack,

what do you mean there's no oar?  
all the rations?  
sound the alarm, there must be a stowaway,

a drip, bore, a crack and a trickle, soon the hull  
gathered its body,  
and they all drown to meet with a grin, stick and  
hankerchief,  
amid the flowering dust of the crossroads,

don't peter out on me now thrust your fist into the  
sunset,

texture within the footprints and an end atop the wind,  
i feel leaflike...something something to crawl on,  
sunlit small, a wren beneath the soil presence beyond  
walls,  
art is everywhere, i refuse to know where, i wonder to  
know where art is,  
everywhere i wonder to know where art is, everywhere i  
wonder...

next time i'm bored, the man's going down  
i'll stomp on anyone's brownbag and lunch...when  
they're not looking.  
it's not actually bad rap, i just don't feel it, there i said  
it.

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