

## Atmosphere

# "Abusing Of The Rib"

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[Slug]

I wanna follow the footprints across my lovers stomach  
I wanna call out her name before I plummet  
I wish I had a map of the terrain so I could step around  
the landmines

avoid the beasts under the bed that breathe they bad-  
times

I wanna find these here so called treasures  
the pleasures the trinkets the never ending weekends  
acknowledging that I'm still just a piece of the  
sequence

but seeing these different footprints got me needin' to  
show my weakness

time lines, the time zones

I cross them with my eyes closed  
memorize the landmarks and learn the cycles  
the weather patterns how the seasons effect  
the east and the west of each region learned the cycles  
forget about the fact that

many trails have been tracked

maybe it's a plus that theres a path

if this was some uncharted land I'd have to be a  
smarter man

willing to travel the farthest to unravel the harvest

the natural resources are unlimited

exploration only requires some desire and initiative

take your time to find the right way to climb

it ain't safe to play games with Nature's mind

if I could show you, you would never leave it

and if I could show you, you would never leave it

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I wanna ride a train up my lover's arm

destination the brain

an climb out an find out what's going on

cut through trees and ride through rocks

and synchronize the universal sun dial to my watch

I've seen a lot  
but not quite as much as her  
to top it off the memory and her imagination blurr  
I know she's been put through hell  
I can feel it  
and I know she's touched heaven as well  
trying to steal it  
it came on, it taught her a song  
it strung her along and it caught her when the guard  
was gone  
now to the break-of-dawn she's wants to feel that fix  
and all the family and friends is tryin to seal them lips  
I'm not dumb  
I can hear that train come from miles away  
I'm settin obstacles to stop the arrival  
I'm gonna blow up tha iron an wood road  
from what I understood those be the orafice of her  
survival  
my recital yet another tantrum  
because she's highly excitable swinging moods at  
random  
no happy endings always off to a bad start  
addictive voyeurism to the track marks

and if I could show you, you would never leave it  
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and if I could show you, you would never leave it  
and if I could show you, you would never leave it  
and if I could show you, you would never leave it  
and if I could show you, you would never leave it  
(never)  
and if I could show you, you would never leave it (none)  
and if I could show you, you would never leave it  
and if I could show you, you would never leave it  
and if I could show you, you would never

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