

Andrew Belle

"Darkmatter"

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When I was just a little boy
I threw away all of my action toys
I became obsessed with operation, oh

Hearts and minds and certain glands
You got to learn to keep a steady hand
And thus began my morbid fascination

Tore all the spines out from all of these self-help books
Made myself a gun that not only shoots
But looks real
Yeah it shoots through steel with rays of dark matter
Rays of dark matter

Just the thought of all this red and black
Thought of tongues that tasted bad
Fill you with the nausea-ausea-ausea-alation

Do you wonder where the self resides
Is it in the head or between your sides
And who would be the one who will decide
It's two locations

The noose is loosed around our necks made of DNA
And everyday it's growing tighter, no matter what you
do or say
But you can shoot right through with rays of dark
matter
Right before they kick out, they kick out the ladder
Rays of dark matter

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