

Loud Family "Cortex The Killer"

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I'm out in front of awful weather,
Trying to hold together air that barely clings
My empire and any autumn
Day are getting thought of as different things

Stained clothes cleaned with agitation
Lush earth scorched with expectation

We brought compasses and felt pens,
Strong as Boris Yeltsin when he looks and sees
That in the future we'll be modern
Former lives, forgotten old world monkeys

What we've seen that's really out there
Comes sidelong while looking elsewhere

Watch these legs work, I've been looking in every
doorway
I've hung out where I'm not liked
But Boston students still own early evening
Sacramento, these base feet offend your ground
I have let your people down

With any action
There's an equal faction who don't agree
With their jolly cheering sections,
Priapic erections, autonomy

Sextants swung to gauge the chances
Pace kept with wrong circumstances

All we brought home was the need to convince young
children
That once, this clearly was worthwhile
And for that argument, we'd need the world
As it was then
Before our crew arrived, and it came, for us, alive

How can I say without just talking
We won't ever walk on country first or last
I'm fine to reapply the steamer
Classify the lemur, wave cyclones past

When the wind's died down completely
Is all air now where it should be?

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