

Mordred

"Skid"

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Sick of immortality, we've sharpened all the razors
And the pets aren't going hungry 'cause they've never
learned to feed themselves
Robbed of all connection to the world of creature
instinct
We have no regard for anything that can't increase our
comfort

Living hand to mouth with no arms to defend ourselves
from entropy
Skidding to a halt upon a road that's paved with ulcers
Breathing in the skin that covers everything in layers
Like the silt in all the river beds, we're spilling past
insolvency

Go on, put the knife down
You've been looking mighty grim, but there's no
turning 'round
Go on, take the map down
Water takes us all away, and floats us till we drown

Lacking in intensity, despite our best intentions
Go from parody to role model in seven easy lessons
Boredom is the killer and we struggle to anticipate
Just how we will be vilified by future generations

Staring down the barrel that has leaked into the
watershed
Concerned about our future infiltration of the market
So we look into the headlamp of the steam-engine of
progress
As it turns the virgin landscape into air-conditioned
cinemas

Go on, put the knife down
I've been waiting 40 days to hit that higher ground
Go on, put the map down
You've been looking mighty grim, but there's no
turning 'round

[Solo]

Go on, put the gun down

Don't you know that we've been waiting so long to set a
pattern for the higher ground
What a goddamn waste of a pretty good hand
The last of the race, now, the final land
It was all that we built upon, ripped apart
It... what we're drifting on

No way out, no way you'll ever bring it down

Though we floated round and round and round
Hoping that we'd see something that'd bring it round

No one, no, no, no one's gonna help us now
Go on
Pass the gun round

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