

## Pagoda "Death To Birth"

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From ripe  
To rotten  
Too real  
To live

Should I lie down  
Or stand up  
And walk around again

My eyes finally wide open up  
My eyes finally wide open shut

To find the found(fount) of sound  
That hears the touch of my tears  
Smells the taste of all we waste  
Could feed the others  
But we smother each other with the necter  
And pucker the sour  
A bittersweet weather

It blows through our trees  
Swims through our seas  
Fly's through the last gasp we left  
On this earth

Ohh Ohh Ohhhhh

It's a long lonely journey  
From death to birth  
It's a long long lonely journey  
From death to...  
It's a long lonely journey  
From death to birth  
Oh It's a long lonely journey  
From death to birth

Yeaaah...

Should I die again  
Should I die around  
The pounds of matter  
wheeling through space

I know I'll never know  
Until I come face to face  
With my own  
With my own  
With my own  
With my own cold dead face  
With my own wooden case

Yeaaah...

Pucker the sour  
Sugar sweet weather  
Blows through our trees  
Swims through our seas  
Fly's through the last gasp we left  
On this earth

Ohhhhhh

It's a long lonely journey  
from death to birth  
It's a long lonely journey  
from death to birth

What should I die again  
Should I tell you when  
The pounds of matter  
wheeling through space  
I know I'll never know  
Until I come face to face

It's a long lonely journey  
from death to birth  
It's a long lonely journey  
from death to birth

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