

Curl Up And Die

"God Is In His Heaven, All Is Right With The..."

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Sedation is not meditation.
That isn't what substitutes for conversation.
And who is wrong over holes burning into their heads
Or bloated sacks shifting in their stomachs?
Over feeling unloved, worn out and with nothing?
The decomposing human bodies moving in a vibrant
language.
Sending signals in unfortunate ways,
(through unstable tones.)
Just enough to know that there is no recovery.
How can I even compare?
(I'm hiding out. Shaving my head.
I'm screening calls. Covering my tracks.)
I want to form some sort of expression.
I want to make some sense out of this.
Without calculating the collective, I want to know
everything.
Sometimes I don't want to scream
And sometimes I don't want to be around here.
Sometimes I just want to pilot a giant robot,
Spending days that only exist in my head.
Instead of excuses I will be looking for reasons,
Finding passion in my own instead of convenience.

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