

Seafood

"Rot Of The Stars"

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The rot of the stars is creeping by
To merge in avenues while freeways glide
Caught in the shade we stumble through
To burn our way among the chosen few
You could have said
The wait is almost over
Back in the middle, stuck up in the middle again
Bruised and scarred you come to me for comfort
But I've seen the rot of the stars and they're to blame
Drift though shrinker men
To simplify again
Become what you are I hear you say
Stuck inside this shell we start to fade
You could have said
The wait is almost over
Back in the middle, stuck up in the middle again
Bruised and scarred you come to me for comfort
But I've seen the rot of the stars and they're to blame
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