

Sole "Nothing Fell Apart"

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Blank page, blank space between the space and timex
count down to nothing, no pop, no big bang theories of
post modernistic expression the new impressions of
devils and angels both I stand silent, I disattached
from my antennas up somehow I lost and missed the
point hence the resting out on the lowest slight chance
we'll make up the broadcast news at eleven, and
maybe see some blood inside the city gutters
And through the sewer drains I feel the discontentment
of the universal channel system that hasn't faded to
blackness, not yet. Yet not quite enough comfort to
ease the swell vision of sporadic patience for one
moment that's passed, in an unnatural semi-neutral
anti national, loose cannon now swivelling awaiting for
the happy heal giveaway
I spent my thanksgiving with a fork in my eyeball, and
stabbed my motivation (?????)
Dying cast oh we're crying it's the end of the night,
lying I swear it ain't lying, it's the end of the world,
staggered thought, staggered dream time as the
seconds tick tock, staggered rotations corroding, all
aboard to those futuristic jump ships, stop the idea,
jump ship, jump ship, we're landing in the toughened
glass body buddy finder(?), community based
whorehouse, public service reminder, leave your
impression if you're crying to rejoice (?) scream loud
and could we have a broken fucking baby, and the
dancing baby blue eyed jesus statue corrodes because
the Christmas lights have burned out the shells of the
condos, and the still standing schoolyards block the
smell of the fireworks, and the mistletoe now stinks like
a thousand miles of baby ass, and if the baby asks why
it's cause she looks cute in the oven, and that same
community whorehouse can't provide affordable lovin',
close bracket, end of idea, no end of the world has
passed now we're suspended in animated ideas, lost in
travels of a distance not reached, set up camp in the
greatest sweatshop under any omnipotent beast, and
at least we'll have a broken glock party to play with,
hence putting together for the giants, drink out the
thumbprints in silence, happily snuffed out yet easily
get slave under an empire of peasants, so we were all

left in a state of eternal entrophy and my sources
indicate there was no ending of the century, as strange
as it may seem nothing fell apart (x4)

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