

Split Shift

"The Great Nothing: Iii: Come Up Breathing"

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Come up breathing
Up from the water
Man, he was so submerged
Where's the feeling?

It must be way under
Far from the spoken word

No, no - no corporate ladder
No hometown parade
The fat cats just keep getting fatter
What does it matter
The thing must be played

One note timeless

Don't let the buzz get you down
Don't lose your memory or you'll sink fast and drown
But you can't seem to sleep for the thoughts in your
mind
Since you can't stand to think you have one hell of a
time
Hanging with submergers you drink yourself blind
You think it's fine
You've got time

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