

Suburban Tribe

"Nothingness"

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A frantic change of stride to keep you alive
A desperate race so time won't pass you by
You're feeling like arriving
Though you've never even left
The sweet illusion of your nest

On your way to nowhere
Clutching at short straws
Slip into a free fall
Sucked into nothingness
On your way to nowhere
Clutching at short straws
Slip into a free fall
Sucked into nothingness

You're nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing
Sucked into nothingness

One more blowback and you're further down the trail
A smile constrained and a crooked face, deathpale
A void on the horizon
A reflection of the past
It's tearing down your house of glass

On your way to nowhere
Clutching at short straws
Slip into a free fall
Sucked into nothingness
On your way to nowhere
Clutching at short straws
Slip into a free fall
Sucked into nothingness

You're nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing
You're nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing
Sucked into nothingness

Nothing, nothing, nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing
You're nothing

On your way to nowhere
Clutching at short straws
Slip into a free fall
Sucked into nothingness
On your way to nowhere
Clutching at short straws
Slip into a free fall
Sucked into nothingness

You're nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing
You're nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing
You're nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing
Sucked into nothingness

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