

Moist

"Underground"

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Sitting by a judas mantel
underneath where i cant tell
found the places im destroying
only hoped youd be there still
could not find a way to be it
i don't even mind this time
here wed like to get things over
life love anything at all
and when the morning comes
well sit here and when the atom
breaks well just stare
and my life goes underground
and my life goes underground
sitting by a judas mantel
underneath well ive been there
could not right
the only pieces
test out anything you will
and when the morning comes
well sit here and when the atom
breaks well just stare

and my life goes underground
and my life goes underground
sitting by a judas mantel
very well what we define
counted up the broken pieces
here we want to redefine
all dementia memory brought for
all the weakness we cant tell
understood that i discover
right here everything is well
and when the morning comes
well sit here
and when the saddle breaks
ill stand still
and my life goes underground
and my life goes underground
if i left it all the same well it
doesnt mean that its
not personal
and i never understood why the
faces faded its so irrational
as the atoms start to phase and
i knew it couldnt mean that
much to me
and i never understood where

the friends all go its

not personal now

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