

Moist "Underground"

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Sitting by a judas mental
Underneath where I can't tell
Found the pieces I'm destroying
Only hoped you'd 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 mental
Underneath well I've been there
Could not right
The only pieces
Test out anything you will

And when the morning comes
Well site here and when the atom
Breaks well just stare
And my life goes underground
And my life goes underground

Sitting by a judas mental
Very well what we define
Counted up the broken pieces
Here we want to redefine
All dementia memory brought for
All the weakness we can't 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
Doesn't mean that its
Not personal
And I never understood why the
Faces faded it's so irrational
As the atoms start to phase and
I knew it couldn't mean that
Much to me
And I never understood where
The friends all go its
Not personal now

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