

Mat Musto "Conclusion"

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when the world was all material
i stood amongst a mess
observing those lines
in imaginary lines in books
and nameless pages

the sky is falling
we fell thru
and we fell through
woah; we fell through
woahh; i climbed at the top
it was there that i conclude
that we fell so short in search of the truth

when the world was a question
i stood amongst your hypothesis
analyzing the data
realizing we were never in need of a world that's a
dream

we laid amongst our pillows
with our eyes closed shut
and the door ripped wide open

my sky is falling
i climbed at the top
it was there that i conclude
that we fell so short in search of the truth
we fell so short in search of the truth
we fell so short in search of the truth

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