

No Trigger

"Attack Of Orion And The Left Arm Sunburn"

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Failure!

This holds no promises or look what I have done
It's holding onto something and that something's
probably flawed

I don't want a gullet full of chunks

With a simple twisted head, with a simple twisted head
This manifestos aimed at my civility and calving
grounds

And takes a look at what I found

Fort hill to Everest, carbuncle to the pacific

What fills me with positivity

Green highway signs, bright runway lights and faces I
cant recognize

The well is dry, the residents with sandstorm minds
They only hydrate the need but will they open their
eyes?

Maybe develop some plan B's?

We're working overtime, we're working overtime

Cue unrelated and blood-lined critics to start
screaming

ÃfÃçâ, -Ã... "There's nothing you can doÃfÃçâ, -Ã,Ã

I'll draw some dotted lines from here to everywhere

Then connect them all at once

I'm not the only one

The French to Yangtze

From Pine to Lyons

Always stepping backwards, lacking creativity

The dark horizon I scan for change but nothing is
happening

Let's move

It's getting harder, it's getting harder

The brink of death

One trip for total satisfaction

It's getting harder to ignore

It's all inside

One more trip and we'll still come up hated

Look what boredom has created

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