

## Cultfever "Collector"

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I am a collector.  
I lay my head away in what the ancients made.  
I go back to catch myself up.  
Been a colossal art to curb the motor parts.  
And I donâ€™t know whatâ€™s better:  
You sewing up your craze, you line your suit for days.  
I cut the waves to keep my head up  
I couldnâ€™t stitch the bend, so awful permanent.

A stack of loose leaning narratives, I donâ€™t care  
what state youâ€™re in.  
A stack of loose leaning narratives, I donâ€™t care  
what state youâ€™re in.  
I donâ€™t think anyone else here is new.

I put that waltzing haunt on the shelf  
It nearly buried my health.  
You knew as well as anyone else,  
I wasnâ€™t asking for help.  
I let the offers fall by the side  
In a mean fit of pride.  
And, yes, the wrecker of my eye  
But I feel funny inside

Just thinking maybe if I watched the sea long enough I  
could pick it up  
Or even maybe if you turned to me long enough I could  
be enough

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what state youâ€™re in.  
A stack of loose leaning narratives, I donâ€™t care  
what state youâ€™re in.  
I donâ€™t think anyone else here is new.

I asked if death was fake  
Just an honest mistake  
Just our agrarian seduction to the next place  
Do you think weâ€™d be ok?  
And maybe fill the space?  
And maybe then be even less afraid of earthquakes?

And as the buildings age,  
Weâ€™ ll tell them all the same:  
That weâ€™ ll commemorate the good ones by a good  
name.  
And if itâ€™ s all the same, well, Iâ€™ ll still probably  
waste... away.

But darling bricks and stones would make our homes if  
we were anyone, anyone else.  
Hey darling bricks and stones would make our homes  
if we were anyone, anyone else.  
Bricks and stones would make our homes if we were  
anyone, anyone else.  
Bricks and stones would make our homes if we were  
anyone, anyone

You started guessing at my heavy lending.  
Were right to question all the time Iâ€™ m spending.  
Was picking up but then I saw the ocean.  
I wasnâ€™ t mad enough for constant motion.  
I shouldâ€™ ve known youâ€™ d be the first to notice  
That I was trying to get back my focus.

Ah, that part.

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