

Zammuto

"The Shape Of Things To Come"

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Sit down, Turn around, Shi shift, when you're tongue-tied
Oh so tongue-tied

But the Moon is up, don't care what I see
It's the situation, saturation
Im'a saturated, to the locals.

Thought about it, for a long time, took a hurricane, to
make up my mind
Then I got it all

"It's a foolish game, aint no reason for, a sharp little
concept, a fabrication."
I need it anyway, cause it's the shape of things to
come.

Sat down, With closed eyes, A deep breath, under a big
sky, I was eviscerated
He pulled my guts out.
And the moon is up, there's enough to see, We're all of
the same things
For our family
And I'll feel agitated, till I cross the Mississippi.

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