

Page Tommy

"Death To Birth"

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From ripe
To rotten
Too real
To live

Should I lie down
Or stand up
And walk around again

My eyes finally wide open up
My eyes finally wide open shut

To find the found(fount) of sound
That hears the touch of my tears
Smells the taste of all we waste
Could feed the others
But we smother each other with the necter
And pucker the sour
A bittersweet weather

It blows through our trees
Swims through our seas
Fly's through the last gasp we left
On this earth

Ohh Ohh Ohhhhh

It's a long lonely journey
From death to birth
It's a long long lonely journey
From death to...
It's a long lonely journey
From death to birth
Oh It's a long lonely journey
From death to birth

Yeaah...

Should I die again
Should I die around
The pounds of matter

wheeling through space
I know I'll never know
Until I come face to face
With my own
With my own
With my own
With my own cold dead face
With my own wooden case

Yeaaah...

Pucker the sour
Sugar sweet weather
Blows through our trees
Swims through our seas
Fly's through the last gasp we left
On this earth

Ohhhhhh

It's a long lonely journey
from death to birth
It's a long lonely journey
from death to birth

What should I die again
Should I tell you when
The pounds of matter
wheeling through space
I know I'll never know
Until I come face to face

It's a long lonely journey
from death to birth
It's a long lonely journey
from death to birth

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