

## The Dismemberment Plan

### "Life of Possibilities, A"

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You dig down underground now Through the soil,  
through the cooling clay As the din fades above you  
You're moving You're secret You're nowhere It's all  
good And no lights lead you onwards No signs point  
you on your way Just earth in all directions It's endless  
It's mapless No compass No north star You're all gone  
Ã,?cause they can't find you You're lost Ã,?cause they  
don't know the way They blame themselves they blame  
each other They're angry They're sorry They're worried  
You don't care The shovels scrape somewhere up there  
They just want to know if you're OK Morse code tapped  
with hammers You hear it You know it Ignore it You're  
on your way Oh, but at some point you've gotta come  
up for air You wipe the rocks and mud and dirt out of  
your hair You're blind and queasy with a growing sense  
of despair You don't know anyone You look around  
trying to find someone you know You put your hand up  
in the air Just kinda wave hello But if they do care, oh,  
they're not letting it show This can't be new to you  
There's a feeling coming back Connected by a thread  
Pulling at your hands like a spider web Like a kite that  
isn't thereÃ,? If it's a life of possibilities That pulls you  
away that claws and tears And challenges you to stay,  
well, then If it's a life of possibilities That you've gotta  
live then Don't be surprised when they don't remember  
you Or simply don't want to, yea yea yeaÃ,

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