

Faded Paper Figures

"Metropolis"

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Metropolis

Loud, subaltern city streets,
Bellies wild with discontent;
Tall, glass buildings, where we meet
Watching classes in descent.

Whoever made these robot angels,
Made these urban trash crustaceans;
They occupy the same streets,
And we fill the day with locusts and magazines.

Just south of here, utopia
For sixty bones, euphoria
They're keeping cartoon main streets lit.
And all these puppet cultures learn
Every first world has a third;
Only love escapes this glass metropolis.

Now information without flesh
Means your body's just a drive,
Loading up with life and death:
The after-human has arrived.
Melancholy and relief
For the things we never know,
A constellation of defeat
In this sidewalk shadow show

Whoever made these robot angels,
Made these urban trash crustaceans;
They occupy the same streets,
And we fill the day with locusts and magazines.
Just south of here, utopia
For sixty bones, euphoria
They're keeping cartoon main streets lit
And all these puppet cultures learn
Every first world has a third;
Only love escapes this glass metropolis.

Let your eyes go
To Llano

Out the window
To the last maypole

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