

Argonne Forsette

"I Am Technology"

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I don't want a lover, but I'm weary of sleeping alone
And so, it seems the seasons have changed
The flies are all fucking
The children are running and talking and planning their weekends
While the raindrops explode on the pavement
The seagulls being their long journey across the bay

I felt the clouds in my rear view mirror
But they scaled as I drove
They enveloped the passenger seat
They were close enough for me to count every droplet
That comprised their shapeless mass

I'm growing constantly more unaware of my surroundings
On the bricks are a set of alphanumerical characters I can't read
A girl in decoupage dreams of a shoreline
And writing her name in the sands of its beach

They run to the fields in attempt to recover their friends
and their fathers
Who were lost in fistful of fires that burned up the family parish

I don't want a lover, but I'm tired of sleeping alone
And so, it seems the seasons have changed
The flies are all fucking

We tried to bottle Martian air
Turns out that it was atropine
The calm, collected anvil is dropping names
He's jovial

They watch the paper vacillate and shift in hue, until one remains
It then begins to sing a song
The language in which still befogs
Dissimulates and execrates out souls
Until they're satiate

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