

## Atoms Family

### "Nuthin Really Happens"

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[Windbreeze solo]

[Intro]

Windbreeze, the god of bliss

[Chorus]

Nothing really happens when you hold on to the wind  
Standing by the clock, grooming time, picking ticks  
My phenotype type is no longer bioluminous  
And I must buy luminous  
Objective to soak myself and objects into fluids  
If nothing really happens, it was something I was  
trapped in  
Nothing really happens when you hold onto the wind  
Standing by the clock, grooming time, picking ticks  
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[Verse 1]

I browse at palms before palms cover eyebrows  
And get in tune with the echo-like high sounds created  
by my forearms  
Yo, I've got four arms, and a boat attaches to stomach  
And I plummet into tumultuous dizziness, soon to be  
dysrhythmia  
Falling into a quick nostalgia, water bowelers from a  
shallow murmur  
Bo, wind-up figurine, big trollers and Victorian addicts  
I never settle for sleep, I just vindicate kettles for tea  
Some of em like Carmen and cinnamon  
But are like sipping the sediments and residue  
After taking apart synonyms  
In the dark is where you're living in  
And it starts with the listener, the message is that the  
[logs] be delivered on a whim  
Eyes fixed, I watched you hollow him and follow him  
And the Mignonette Circles through atmospheric  
friction [trebling]

You're obligated to take this oblique twist to test if  
you're smart enough for oblivion  
Considering lost to a wander man  
Like a sedentary nomad found, heliotrope in hand  
Trying to escape the shadows of a really dark and  
placid labyrinth  
You sang silly sarcastic banter links  
It's a mystery to he, sorta like the way the Pink Panther  
thinks  
In an open-shut episode with an extra globe, bleary  
gaze gives glance to wink  
Even the involuntary twitch was laborious  
But your brain isn't robust

There's more grass isle  
Like a grasshopper hopping over blades of grass  
While I cut blades of grass with two cut blades of glass  
Attach to the end, to make a blade-of-glass scissor  
Yo, did you hear anything about a grade, mister?  
Did you want me to kick your ass and dilute your linear  
mass until you turn into a blister?  
I'll give you a B minus or a B plus  
Any other insect in the kingdom of insectivores  
When I reflect on cloths  
Disinfectivores  
Do a diagnostic test on spores  
And a visual check on boards

Yo, for checkmate, anticipate n tissues for tears  
Absorbed by glorious, cloths  
Composed of distorted, morbid wings of moths  
When inventories unmentionable [nine years, nine  
years]  
And even my peers find it nonsensical  
The way I tantalize with tentacles  
And send ten million sickle-cell anemia amoebas to  
fight lymphatic systems  
Understood anguish, under the woods in the forest  
I'm not a fan, and you're not famous  
Then, if marriage dissed 'em, thus we can't elope  
And if we can't elope  
We eat cantaloupe  
Running with antelope  
Like ants in a moat  
Chanting with ghosts who wear the fanciest cloths so  
crimson  
Hey, and if I'm panting the most  
At least I can float through spirit to dimensions  
Without confusion, cause I'm here for maintenance  
I may incense scents?  
By my primate walks bipedal like a primate

We walk Â« by petals, by petals Â» is what we say  
After we leave the garden, with flowers in bloom  
Pollinating recessive mutations  
On plants on planets in the ethereal  
Do you drink serums for delirium?  
Diluted dialect firds (?), thus disillusional  
You're lacking innocence, unlike the Little Prince  
You'll ask, Â« What's ephemeral ? Â»  
Like the presence of gorgons on perches  
Next to Mormon churches  
And Mormon merkants keep reading from the gargoyle  
Takes precedence over the precipice  
With the precise recipe that is saliva  
From the snargoyles, into a cup of puss  
Sipping slow I doeth my body wrapped around the  
quintessence of dust  
Like Hamlet  
I can't handle it  
My phenotype is, it be no longer bioluminous  
My paws lack candlewick  
I need a brand-new opposed to amputate and Vulcan  
grip  
To grasp my many perplexed poses of focus  
Foretold to the equivalent factor of broken bliss  
But don't be mistaken  
Windbreeze is still a god of it, god of it, god of it

[Chorus]

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