

Not One Is Upright

"Wake Up, #37, Wake Up"

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You bolt the door
And swallow the key
That's right, say you can't believe
There's no need-when you're freed-will to be
This is art.
Cannot see-can't perceive-cannot be
The coming of the end
Wince:
Strain to see-in this void-we're losing it
Is the art of man
Wrench these words from my jaws, drain, dehydrate
Because these words are fallible imperfect vessels
tossing in a sea of thought
I can't tell you the truth but I can tell you where it is.
Dilettante
Settle or panic,
Passion blurs your vision
Midst your stride,
Risk it
You start to fade
Drop anchors. I can show you where it is.
Drop anchors.
Unrefined, my paradigm
Function, form, and fashion:
I know that what I am saying is raw, but witness the
turning wheels of this global economy, grinding up
man into ever smaller pieces. I see blank eyes and
restless drawls responding to the emerging crisis of
modern life, ringing emotions out. Don't invent inside
what is out. Reason knows perfection as thirst knows
water. If you're thirsty, then believe and satisfy your
thirst. Drink from this cup. Come on bended knee. Don't
let passion brand your battle, it'll only wear you out.
Drink at the cross of redemption.

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