Showbread "A Llama Eats A Giraffe (And Vice Versa)"

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I'm nauseous, or maybe just inspired
So truthful, I begin to tire
No less than everything
No haiku, no paper packaged thing
Patronized you harmonize, a thorax rattles so
Like idealistic jargon every self respecting hopeful should to know

I know the road to everything I know it goes right off a cliff I know the road to everything I know it goes right off a cliff

Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever

Sympathy I do indeed intake in bulk amounts For reasoning obscure it seems to numerous to count So it goes the lesser chose to crawl through narrow gates

Bulimic thin the winding road now empties into lakes A pulse is found, and so we drown, and sing for this duration

From rows and rows of teeth we're spared, these artery serrations

I know the road to everything I know it goes right off a cliff I know the road to everything I know it goes right off a cliff

Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever

Emptiness, I must impress upon you in it's granger My stagnant heart, it comes apart, as selfishness demands her

To sound a note from scores I wrote and offer them

unto thee For melodies now synthesized, your love it lives within me

Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing is forever

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