

Hip Tragically

"Save The Planet"

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The man 'cross the street he don't move a muscle
though he's all covered in dust
when constitutions of granite can't save the planet
what's to become of us
with a painted restraint I don't move a muscle
though a turbine roars
if the bathwater's clear and my ear's underwater
it's a tolerant hum from the core
sleep's beckoning from the depths
from the cracks and from the crevices
join the army of ghosts
the murmurs in the mist
That's when the powers of observation
come to the periphery town
and we carry their water
we don't make a sound
and after gaining our resignation
they come through the chainlink fence
your only enemy's panic
your only chance is to start making sense
Sleep plunging into deeper debt

into bunkers and black minarets

on geyser of ink

a morning voice faint and yet

and it sounds heroincredible

sound that makes the headphones edible

awake affiliated and indelible

The man 'cross the street he don't move a muscle

though he's all covered in dust

says constitutions of granite can't save the planet

what's left to captivate us

what's left to captivate us

what's left to captivate us

what's to become of us

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