

Reunion Show, The "Art Of Nothing"

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Staring off, into outer-space
Stumbling, creating my entity
One that is, not belonging in my Kino sphere
I want to perfect the art of doing nothing
I want to see your paintings come alive
I want to see you smile when i say, "i love thee"

Can't believe my eyes
As my thought hit the sky
All this nonsense, all this beauty
Has truly come alive

Drive all night, middle of nowhere
Ship-wreckage, left of this page
And on the bottom, and in the top
Where are we going, maybe we should...
I don't want to write a depressing song
I don't want to hide behind my music
I don't want to see the world through these tinted
yellow glasses

Time keeps eating me
Against that time
If ever that time come
running, running

Time keeps cutting me
Against that time
If ever that time come
running, running

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