

Grüvis Malt

"Destination"

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When my eyes were big
I'd rig up the make shift pictures
Fractional films to fill space where time placed holes
The goals of many tend to leave them empty
or just shut them up with VCR memories
Filling empty boxes so that you can see the floor

Maybe my eyes were never big
Maybe my head was just small
Haven't been immortal for three or four years
And that's all

When my eyes were big
I'd wake up to a low ceiling
One thousand bee stings would be tossed aside
To make space for time to place holes
The goals of many tends to leave them empty
or just shut them up with cable box memories
Filling empty spaces so that you could see the floor

A little trust, A little trust

Maybe my eyes were never big
Maybe my head was just small
Haven't been immortal in three or four years
And that's all
So good bye

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