

Grüvis Malt

"Low Concept / High Maintenance"

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Eat your dust in sections
It hasn't left the air for days
Ever sneeze the glue that puts you to the wall
We'd watch the fires at night
On every corner
You used to cry watching television sets
You used to smile when the window was a world
But now it's closed
Waiting to grow
Curl up in tinfoil
Good reception...Bad response
Clawing at the information
Catching street noise in a jar for later
Hail the super victims
Vacuum vaccines for those who time ticks for
Ghost town politics with treats for tricksters
We watch the fires at night
In every eyeball
The hunting took too long
You were just there
Disappearing
I smell sulfur...you spell stardom

Low Concept / High maintenance
Smoke machines give tragedy a home

Cursed generations
Forgetting not to become their fathers
Every cough erases one more joyride
You'd light the fires at night
On every corner
You used to smile when the world was a window
And now you wave to and tip the window wiper
Was it too rough to stay afloat between risk and
beauty?
Would you rather have good credit?
Falling from illumination
Putting street noise in a trunk for later

Fail to catch the echoes
But grab the alarm from a tunnel of anxiety

Office politics with treats for informants
Forget the fires they're out
In every eyeball
The hunting took too long
You were just there
Disappearing
I smell sulfur...You spell stability

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