

## Grüvis Malt

### "Yes, It Hurts"

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Had to concentrate on nothing  
So that the somethings are left with no food  
Yet my mood turns the truth into prominent enemies  
Armies of sketch diaries and scrap papers  
Taper down and puzzle it together  
In present time I live by the clock  
Angrily staring at a locked wall socket I sit undertall  
Three prongs and all  
I am the source of this hunger  
I long for these things  
The mediums to create myself through  
Without the proper means to obtain such materials  
I must remain suspended in particles  
And refrain from creative thought  
Has no place but to be forgotten

I crawl through machines with anger  
Into ears with ease  
And refrain from ideas which might be forgotten

Capable yet unable  
To express what has backed up inside  
And formed a pulsating mound of rough draft material  
This is a mound of speech sound and sight  
And the written word  
And it's full while I scurry trying to find places to spit it  
out  
So I can be empty  
And have something to show for my thought  
and refrain from forgetting ideas

Looking back my timeline is a circle  
And faded in nature a turtle  
With a shell to mask the past  
Which memory came first and which last?  
I recall Texas swimming in the backyard  
in grassy agua when it rained hard  
And chasing snakes in two leotards:  
one for pants the other for head garb  
Flash forward and I'm hunting Moorlocks in Utah  
More like gremlins in description not seen

by me but by my friend Clinton safari through the  
jungleweeds in the outskirts of faculty housing all  
that resulted from the outing was a dousing in  
delousing powder  
Leap years back and I'm on the trail of snappers  
Mom did the laundry while I watched from the  
windowsill,  
a mother left her eggs buried by the picnic table  
I met evolution and when she left I smashed all the  
eggs  
I was Abel

I am hungry  
Words and pictures don't form on command  
When you are ready  
You will take full control of me again  
These times when I'm empty  
Who is getting blessed?  
Who is starving like me?  
Wondering about it  
And fearing that it won't return

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