

Mortisabstract

"Stem"

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Yo, I'm ready for my close up for little lionize girl post
ups but coast erupts small fatty nodules in mind slot
ducks As iceblinks brighten the expanses in the sky
paper clips splice vendettas from hopefuls in Christ of
anti-trust Which supposedly soothes the barren tooth
that bites down on the cobs of false philos root
Connoting slight contempt when malice is deemed an
upper hand Plucked from the sky to be bellow manners
door mat I reside in the apterium between feather
tracts on the body of a bird Undergird elevations
helping at least one wingless leave the station But tell
me to come to terms with my own lacks and...
hesitation My life's meaning is null and void in the
static pixel screening spheroid Imbibe scorn to drown
the paper with ink Teetering on the brink with insipid
parallels missing link Compounded down to the carnal
framed cookie clone barcode My corrode abode is this
bodies rest But me mental's kotic spawn Unwillingly the
stretched out rope good and evil tug-a-war on Being of
humble decent, worldly's pounce a louse too naive and
con Someone has to be the napkin they wipe their crap
on Dwelling on the five pointed symbol I wanted me to
be The "All eyes on me" square disappears like the
picture in the figure in Marty's hand Take advantage of
opportunities don't let doubt be a bind 'cause being a
candle wax is your talent and the lit fire is your time
The bulky clusters of rain drops suffice the eleventh
sign of the zodiac But behind clack doors diminish
desires a little I fiddle with ideas and aspirations of
being a star while under pressure I crack like ground
coriander in jar Citizen Kane on my death bed and
Yeshua's my "rosebud" Reliving the monotonous act of
a mouth full of cud staring long out to the sky and back
Out past the small 'S' constellation near the celestial
pole containing coalsack Clicks of human opluent one's
talk about me and mine's uncool I look down upon their
piles of riches from inside god's palm Theology
keeningly manifested Animism congested soul via
psalm Still my lacks double park in the lot of my brain
And I'ma pure white carpet with a permanent stain A
coxswain with no rowing rhythm in boat to length gain

So I sit with a puss on and a wrinkled shirt to be the un-
slept on pillow in the bed of malapert content I'm the
un-slept on pillow in the bed of malapert content I'm the
un-slept on pillow in the bed of malapert content I'm the
un-slept on pillow in the bed of malapert content.
(bridge) Still my lacks double park in the lot of my brain
And I'm a pure white carpet with a permanent stain x5
Still my lacks double park in the lot of my brain This is
how I do I try to maintain That's why I praise God
everyday 'cause if I don't I become inadequate by the
minute That's what the song's about I'm just a stem in
the tree try'na stick out x4 Out

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