

Back Door Epoque

Destrage

Take me down to the intestine
Where a question isn't worth the effort
Where gravity replies a silent yes for you

We still sniff the blood scent
Big brother and crime news
To cannibal instinct give vent

We are nothing but flies on the window
Tempting the clear glass to pass
Too busy to see the answer right there
The other shutter ain't shut

Curiosity is a lot of work
Where Moozak grazes his cows
And all of it sounds
Like a sphincteric sugary white noise
Meant to anesthetize

That's why I thank you friend
For the tail pipe I thank you Ford
Back Door Epoque

We still sniff the blood scent
To really around a car accident
To cannibal instinct give vent

Follow the crowd
The river will bring you down
In the tail pipe
The sugar is brown
The noise is white