

Batteries

Come to where oblivion counts you in
Come to where your time is not running out
Come to where regrets are deemed as sin
Come to where no question are allowed

Pack your bags and quit
The luxuries of life
That never seem to fit
Pack your bags and quit
The luxuries of life
The race of walking batteries

The race of walking batteries
The tales of talking batteries
What a nice evening, what a nice conversation

Just when you align your symmetry
Just when you could swear it can't get worse
Just when you dump into absurdity
The center of an unborn universe

Pack your bags and quit
The luxuries of life
That never seem to fit
Pack your bags and quit
The luxuries of life
The race of walking batteries

The race of walking batteries
The tales of talking batteries
What a nice evening, what a nice conversation

The race of walking batteries
The comedy, the never-ending line
We're gladly waiting in

Your comedy
Your interim arrangement

Your unforgotten past
Your interim arrangement
...interim arrangement