Cannibal Resource

Dirty Projectors

Look around at everyone Everyone looks alive and waiting The wind is up, the stars out The sun is calm, the light is fading But we are

Still counting on cannibal resource Ok, open your eyes I think you're more than a terrified witness Behind the arbitrary line

Can it ask a question? Can it sing a a melody? Can it be interpreted? Or is it more than what the eye can see? Maybe not

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I'm cyrin', I'm cryin'

Still counting on cannibal resource Ok, open your eyes I think you're more than a terrified witness Behind the arbitrary line The arbitrary line The arbitrary line The arbitrary line