

What about the figures?  
What about the facts?  
What about the outbreaks?  
What about ourselves?  
What about the figures?  
They don't stop climbing  
What about the outbreak?  
It keeps on spreading  
See it gaining ground  
Digging in the wound

We're in the doldrums

Quantizing is frightening  
The facts are blinding  
Time is dragging  
The facts are blinding  
We're a party in a suit  
Now the worm is in the fruit  
See it gaining ground  
Digging in the wound

We're in the doldrums

You could make it just around the block  
It's able to sneak in any lock  
On your shoulder there, is it a pock?  
Will the scales ever fall from your eyes?

What about the figures?  
They don't stop climbing  
What about the outbreak?  
It keeps on spreading  
Now the lines are converging  
To the point of no return  
See it gaining ground, amplifying the wound  
A disaster (You name it!)  
A disaster occurs  
Under your very eyes  
See it gaining ground  
Digging in the wound

We're in the doldrums

The Doldrums...  
The Outbreak...  
Disaster... The Facts... The LINES