

## Invisible Ink

## Made Out Of Babies

Lights bright sounds loud  
City streets are so clean

The trash is even so pristine  
The worlds all move away

Worlds all move away  
To faces like their own  
The rising filth a welcome mat to  
All worlds move away

And crawling on the floor  
Has never been less fun  
A dirt free proposition

All signs of those who left

Worlds all move away  
To faces like their own  
The rising filth a welcome mat to  
All worlds move away

Just the same they speak  
The fair-haired rule this place  
And all the sighs  
Build up like walls of staggering heights  
And crawling on the floor  
They move away

And crawling on the floor  
Has never been less fun  
A dirt free proposition

All signs of those who left