

Whitevan

Ohgr

Just around the clock
Cars screaming around the block
The boy is scared and looking around
He's feeling a little bit anxious
I think he's searching for his mother

What did your mind
Far away man

Shadow government?? (Two words from the tour but censored and blurred on the album)

Facing this prospect I set out for today's
Over introspection I feast upon decay
Around me is misfortune my avenue out bade
Digging all the so called out diggers digging his own grave
Meet me Mr. Indecision watch his machine cave
In the corner his self crunch crunch Then it to I will wince away
The seats are best from over there out in the shade
My diggers in their dirty coats their attitudes of spade

Passing the inspection, No!
Now this is everyday
Special Forces special boots
The stock mark comes to pay
Fancy men over suited for the final days
Keep the prince in timely tints
Ring out the betting child at bay
Hissing me disaster at least that's what I say
Into which the thing determines witch may tea decays
Keeping loads of sunshine I love the job I play
Digging out this whole shitty world digging it today

White world

And after that
What else did you find?
It's not color blind

Dead dead dead ...

Feeling negation my vindication
To know nothing exists
Opens out in "what and if"
Portion in my emptiness

Sitting by the open door
Looking up to take it out
Settle in to catch a show

Residuation dead indication

Feels like the clock I hate
Ticking in this toxic state
Ready for an occupant
Suck it up you sniff the fate
Snifing out the weakest link

Rising from the righteous thing

Cease emulation speak
To take a piece of me
Hold my two walls of life
Pull the chain burning bright
In a copter raise the rope
Firmly placed around my throat
Aging worm at sanding counters
Slipping through my finger burn
Is a seclusion my own intrusion
Upon my waking state
Each of us must face their fate
Rolling we can grow some more
Broken body pray on more
Pulling through to face a fraud
Pushing back to push some more