

Scissorlips

Rishloo

Where are you?

I'm lost upon this boulevard

And I'm afraid this plastic mask made room enough for all of us

Now Scissorlips has come to grips while chewing paper fingertips

That boulevards made boulevards of boulevards in endless strips

Sing your lullaby

Sing, sing, sing

I want hear it from your lips-what's it worth shining for?

Nevermind your thirst, nevermind the curses you utter vacantly

I can hear them scream from below, I still hear them screaming below

All we are is all we are, transcendental animals

Where are you?

I'm high above this boulevard

I left behind this passive mask to prove to us it's not enough

Now Scissorlips throws Scissorfits 'til bleeding's what the kiss gets

To fork the tongues of old and young, forever speaking opposites

... trying to dig up the love-you call this love?

For the love of loss, we find

For the love of joy, we cry

For the love growth, we sever

For the love of now, we never

For the love of peace, we kill

For the love of wealth, we steal

For the love of difference, confine

For the love of unity, divide

For the love of love, we hate

Who wouldn't want to disappear?

But I'm still here, I am still here

Having come out the other side wearing horrors that climb from our soul

And I am still here, I am still here

Falling facedown into the light, wholly naked I cling to these roots

And I am still here, I am still here