

# Bland Street Bloom

Sikth

There's no ambition, told from vision  
Pre-recorded maze of wisdom  
Bland Street Bloom, a moronic feeling

No ambition, plague of pigeons  
Twisted up in your maze of wisdom  
Shake-up, make-up, fake-up  
Think you need some healing  
No ambition  
Same old wrong millenium scorn  
Maze of wisdom  
Bland Street Bloom, a moronic feeling

Pretty little birds all singing in the street  
Few trees left, bare and shivering  
In this hollow bitter street

No ambition, told from vision  
Pre-recorded maze of wisdom  
Bland Street Bloom (5x)  
As the dove rains blood (4x)

A world of wonders  
Man-made mechanical thunders  
(dove, blood, dove, blood)

Like stuffing a turkey  
Gutless, hollow  
Man-made premeditated hole

Like a rock that doesn't roll  
You are the rock that doesn't roll  
Like a rock that doesn't roll  
You are the rock that doesn't roll  
Empty coal into the fruit bowl  
Become a machine  
Just one of the people  
Welcome to the middle road  
Your soul has now been scrolled.

No backbone, just torn and thrown  
Into the show you go  
No backbone, just malignant groans  
Of what and where and now  
Of what and when and how of what  
Don't count on nothing being free  
Because when you're in the concrete sea  
Not you or me in between

I can't stand them, I can't stand this  
About as much fun as drinking a pint of piss  
Can't wear that and you can't smoke this  
Bitter as a cold brew  
Bitter as a cold brew pint of piss

A world of wonders

Man-made mechanical thunders  
(dove, blood, dove, blood)

As the dove rains blood over the streets  
Man-made mechanical thunders  
I think I've seen this thing to many times before  
Mediocrity has never been a way of life  
I've been inspired by seeing all this strife!

Bland Street Bloom (4x)

I can't stand them, I can't stand this  
About as much fun as drinking a pint of piss  
Can't wear that and you can't smoke this  
Bitter as a cold brew  
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