

A wise old novelist once said that anybody could rig up their own border. Just rent a cheap trailer, a port-a-john, a little lumberbarticle over the highway, a guy in a funny suit to collect immigration material, you've got a state. These days things are kind of discinigrating, stateless is gettin' to be a scary word. I used to think it was a beautiful, beautiful dream. Fly a way like a bird, birds get shot down

Feeling kinda gray, I've been inside too long
Gotta head outside, and think it over
A plain kinda life, staring into space too long
Gotta head for the highland, see you again

Words still cannot be enough (Nooo)
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Eeexxxiiitttt
It's fate, it's fate

Going insane, living with a sweet mask(?)
Gotta get away, and think it over
I like disservice, I like it when it all goes wrong
At least I feel something

Words still cannot be enough (Nooo)
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Eeexxxiiitttt
It's fate, it's fate
Words still cannot be enough (Nooo)