

## Three-Dee Melodie

Stereolab

Hideous on the edge of a precipice  
The cavity filled up with forgetfulness  
Beyond there's no retribution only war  
Her society overtly  
The meaning of existence

Can't be supplied by religion or ideologies  
Left to all our creativity we must find  
The real significance that wouldn't be mystified  
The sense or non-sense that will emerge on a precipice  
Is only the impact of the creative activity