

Drift Off Sober

Support Lesbiens

Weather hasn't changed over the southern territory.
Within the past five days, now east coast.
High 41 degrees so look for shadow.
But afternoon expected storms as the rain moved forward.

Too big, too strong, too domestic.
All in water, charms will never make it.
People don't think and future will generate to.
Stormy weather, something we could never live in.

No turns, no hope, no space for good signs.
But we drift off sober.
No rules, no will, no reason and no smile.
But we drift off sober.

Too big, too strong and nothing's over.
Thinking, meeting, talking, but nothing's healing.
Too late to learn, I tried, but something's awkward.
Nothing's common with justice and nothing's april fool.

No turns, no hope, no space for good signs.
But we drift off sober.
No rules, no will, no reason and no smile.
But we drift off sober.

Here are some breaking news as we returned from the west coast.
So we're expecting 21 degrees in the shade.
But the atmosphere unstable so strong winds.
And we're expecting terrible weather today.

Nothing to breathe, nothing to eat, polluted water.
Torn the ground, rule the clouds, twisted rain and poisoned over.
Kicking the earth into the balls, to the spine, although it's tearing.
Fool the yard, fool ourselves, fool our brains, and meanwhile the country has died.

No turns, no hope, no space for good signs.
But we drift off sober.
No rules, no will, no reason and no smile.
But we drift off sober.