

Trippin' The Life Fantastic

Weatherbox

I was born in a swamp I was born with no clothes on
I was born in a swamp
I was born with no clothes on
I broke off and became something breathing
I was fast; there were packs I was leading
I was born in a swamp
I was born with no clothes on
Tripped out the devil spoke to me
Through my high fingertips
Which were in the ground
The same beneath you now
Which means I'm alive
Which means I'm not dead
This god of your holy books I do not agree with him
I will not be one more servant
I will not bow to anything
Not a puff of smoke or the flash of a turning mirror
Let's talk about your real fears
Like that you might actually be all alone
No happy heavenly home

To return to god, dispenser of judgmental pencil
shavings
He's got baggies full for you
But I've got a planet packed with proof
Oh, to understand
You must spend time alone
To comprehend
You must spend time alone
To be together
We must spend time alone
And I am the only thing that's controlling
My functions, my habits, and hands
And I'm alone in the vastness
Hollow vacuum
I take my chances
And I am holding all my horses tight
We've become breathlessly dark
And we're coming up for light
I have cobwebs for maps
I'm walking in circles again
I'm walking in circles again
I'm walking in circles again
I'm walking in circles again
I have cobwebs for maps