

"What's there to lose?" Said the General
Selling our dead meat by the pound
Accidents of existence
Will make us all feel duty bound
To send along their one or to pursue a new curriculum
With stinky fingers takes a chair
Tum ti tum ti tum tum tum

A door is opened up for me
I think again and then decline
The need be not so great
If all descent in perfect peace of mind
Some consider childish dreams a matter of necessity
I almost screw myself to the point of my lifes expectancy

"I'll break off all of your charm!" says World
Her egg will burst and will arrive
A man who calls his own tune
Thinking it's so good to be alive
Says, "If these are the best what are the rest to be life?"
As for me I struggle with words and wisdom accusing
"It's you, it's me, it's him", you see
For all I know it's coming fast
To colonise my infancy
The space is clean but in between
It's coloured with anxiety
The failing clause is "Victory Complete with Words"
It's hard to see
That after all it's over
And done with supreme variety
A friend indeed is all I need
To show me to an open door
I can only trust myself
I should of thought of that before
They need a catch before I'm under
I will give myself to the war

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