

End of the World

Deer Tick

Don't hang around, son, blacked out by fear
All bits of reason are lost in a smear
Led to the edge by conflated ideas
There's a world we all seek that's beginning to tear

Don't paint yourself out, we will need you here
Place of worship falling, the dogs begin to sneer
The flame is steady risin', grinnin' ear to ear
Catch a flying ember, listen to the seer

Out with the old and in with the blue
I surmise I don't have any answers for you

Rise and fall, that's the lesson in his scrawl
I ain't sure, I don't have any answers at all

Don't get yourself sink-holdin' the gun
Meditation, aggravation makes it all come undone

Out with the old and in with the blue
I've been told I don't have any graces, it's true