

The Surface

The Dodos

Tired, almost out of ideas
I might be starting to think
This was an accident
Surface tension
How do I fake my death
At the top of the edge
Lies none of the consequence

What an ineffectual way to think
Is it over our heads, looking for
A theory of everything
And I can't help notice
You're always asking, what do I get
No imagination in it

From the top of the chain
To the bottom again
When you thought you were done
You scratch the surface
What'd you think you would gain
If you go it alone
When again and again
You scratch the surface

Endless cycle of generate
But it's all you've been fed, consensual
Acts of vanity
What an intellectual argument
'Cause we haven't been here quite long enough
To have these conversations

And I can't help wondering if
This is the only way there is
To get through to you
And all of this happened so fast
You and I are close but not as far away

Where do we go from here?
The question
It's not the one to answer
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The question
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And it feels this might be
The actual death
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The actual death
And it feels eventual

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