

Natural Selection

Animal Collective

It's best this mess is part of the plan
The truth is moving under the ground

You're sure the steering wheel
Is resting in your hands

Tough to say

You think success belongs to the bank
You take directions into the skin

An ancient motor revving up
To keep it living on

Strings tied to the hands
Hands upon a mouth

Sneaky ways

The path is written before the act
A mode of growing seems like a choice

It feels like progress
Is a product of a hidden game

What obeys

You measure hits by stuff in the house
It's more sincerely smiles on the face

The instinct leads you if you do
Or if you don't want

Tackle on a neck
Trapped within the ring

Tough to say
What obeys
Sneaky ways
Sneaky ways