

## Between the Lines

### Atmosphere

(What it tis it taint, & What it taint it tis  
Its the theme of where we're goin')

See the police man, notice the lonely man  
How do you think he keeps his head on straight?  
Can you feel his rhythm? What do you think he visions  
When he squints at the line from behind those shades  
Feel the summer's crest, overdressed  
So much sweat, his skin begins to chafe  
Its the surface sweat the nervous mess  
Overbearing and jaded from carrying the weight  
Irritated and constipated  
And its all covered player hated, funnelled and consolidated  
Into the shell of one man with a gun  
Riding that thin line between the program and the sun  
And I don't hate you, tryin to relate to  
Wishin you could find a trap door to escape through  
But if I see you, as a threat to my seedling or my sibling  
Ill die to pull the plug on your machine

And I just might just find somebody  
And I just might just love somebody  
And I just might just feel somebody  
And I just might just kill myself (somebody)

Can you see her?  
She spends her whole day in a theater  
Livin her time in the life that she would prefer  
& she stirs nothing, comes & goes she wishes  
Surroundings oblivious to her whole existence  
But if they only knew  
About the thoughts that she can't seem to stop from comin through  
Comin' across  
At a loss for dialouge  
Walkin through the fog  
With her eyes closed & her mind gone  
And now she lives in the films that she sees  
And daydreams that she kills us repeatedly  
I'm impressed with the tolerance she brandishes  
If it was me, I would snapped from the sheer overanxiousness  
of waitin for the day she strolls through Muddy Waters  
And slaughters sons & daughters and bloodies mothers and fathers  
Lovely little \*case\*study castaway cutie  
Masturbating in back of that matinee movie  
And someday, oneday, when the credits roll  
She'll hold a pocket full of gunplay for the ignorant souls  
Then we'll know what depth awake touches sleep  
Make me walk the thin line between shallow and deep

And I just might just find somebody  
And I just might just love somebody  
And I just might just feel somebody  
And I just might just kill somebody (my body)

He used to write his rhymes and recite his lines all the time  
Sometimes he'd make them up right off the top of his mind  
After doin shows for years, gettin respect from peers

Killed the ego, lookin at these people like \*they\* weird  
Road trips, turn to head trips  
Became a hunger for sedatives and essentric ettiquete  
Optimism needs to feed off self-esteem  
But it seems as if he doesn't see it or hasn't felt a thing  
Records sell well but still underground  
Travels town to town  
Holdin hands with fans that love his sound  
When it comes around \*let\*s hope you can enjoy it  
Don't slow down momentum, afraid he might destroy it  
When he stops to shake the hand, I doubt they understand  
That here now stands only the shadow of a man  
Havin a hard time with life on a drumroll  
Walkin that high-wire, passin it off is humble  
But it's a thin line,between screams and smiles  
Seen the miles, wishin he can go home & read to his child  
But tonight's the last day, put the butt in the ashtray  
Locked the door and slit both of his wrists backstage

Onwards,forwards contin\*uos\*, renaissance  
Encore, ignorance wrapped inside of innocence  
Onwards,forwards contin\*uos\* renaissance  
Encore, ignorance wrapped inside of innocence  
Onwards,forwards contin\*uos\* renaissance  
Encore, ignorance wrapped inside of innocence  
Nothing but love for the music and its offspring  
Bouncin' off the boxsprings just tryin to make it to the cross\*ings\*

I just might just....  
I just might just....  
I just might just....[fade out]