

# The Abusing of the Rib

## Atmosphere

I wanna follow the footprints across my lover's stomach  
I wanna call out her name before I plummet  
I wish I had a map of the terrain so I could step around the landmines  
Avoid the beasts under the bed that bring their bad times  
I wanna find this here so-called treasure  
The pleasure, the trinkets, the never-ending weekends  
Acknowledging that I'm still just a piece of the sequence  
But seein' these different footprints got me needin' to show my weakness  
The timeline, the time zones, I cross 'em with my eyes closed  
Memorize the landmarks and learned the cycles  
The weather patterns, how the seasons affect  
The East and the West of each region learned the cycles  
Forget about the fact that many trails have been tracked  
Maybe it's a plus that there's a path  
If this was some uncharted land I'd have to be a smarter man  
Willing to travel the farthest to unravel the harvest  
The natural resources are unlimited  
Exploration only requires some desire and initiative  
Take your time and find the right way to climb  
It ain't safe to play games with nature's mind

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And if I could show you, you would never leave me

I wanna ride a train up my lover's arm, destination the brain  
Then climb out and find out what's going on  
Cut through trees and ride through rocks  
And synchronize the universal sun dial to my watch  
I've seen a lot, but not quite as much as her  
To top it off the memory and her imagination blurred  
I know she's been put through hell, I can feel it  
And I know she's touched heaven as well, trying to steal it  
It came on, it taught her the song  
And strung her along, it caught her when that guard was gone  
Now to the break of dawn she wants to feel that fix  
And all the family and friends just trying to seal them lips  
I'm not dumb, I can hear that train come from miles away  
I'm setting obstacles to stop the arrival  
I'm gonna blow up that iron and wood road  
From what I understood those be the orifice of her survival  
My recital yet another tantrum  
Because she's highly excitable swinging moods at random  
No happy endings always off to a bad start  
Addictive voyeurism to the trackmarks

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