

## A Better Place

clipping.

If ever you find yourself beaten and broke  
And can't feel the whip for the weight of the yoke  
And fear that the night will not turn into day  
Remember the darkness will show you the way  
It's a long way away, it's a long way away  
And I'm all alone along a long  
Long long long long long long way

Inside the mind of a man is a massacre  
Made up of many a miniature message  
And misses the most of it  
So convoluted, design for disaster  
It's making the best of a universe  
Far too expansive to cope with  
And he never chose nor was chosen  
By metrics that make any sense  
And the senses are numbed by emotional stresses

There must be a, better place to  
Be somebody, be somebody else

Who got time on a string, on a finger?  
Nothing to remember but the passage of it  
Who got time to let anything linger?  
Where it hovers, surely you will learn to love it  
Who got time for this love shit anyway?  
Gotta survive, isn't that mess enough for him?

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Set a course, it's a bet upon an endless  
Roulette wheel odds are ungodly  
As are the odds of the body  
Making it through and surviving the gravity shift  
The gravitas of which is lost  
From the lost thoughts of a being ch-ch-chopped  
To a bite size in the light eyes  
Beggin' don't eat the messenger  
The messages and SOS and other S's  
In the language where it goes

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And somebody gotta keep watch where the watch stops  
He talks about his pops in polarity  
Fingers fantasize of rocks there will never be  
"Land ho!" likely  
Lest a hole in the mantle of Heaven  
He's demanding the evidence for something  
That maybe never was for anyone  
He's missing something pretty  
He's missing where the air tastes gritty  
He's missing the splendor and misery  
Of bodies, of cities, of being missed

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Flesh is weaker than the metal, it is true  
But the metal's being moved into a thing it doesn't do  
Circuitry is only serviceable as much as it is used  
So why don't you use it? 'Til you use it up, abuse it  
It is strong, it can take it if you can't  
Your sinews are more intuitively designed for dance  
Well, it set up a random course safely away from suns  
Four-hundred and twenty-three  
By a hundred and twelve by fifty-one

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Inside the mind of a man is a mystery, made up of these centuries  
Of mistakes he believes are important to be  
Part of his DNA, calls it history  
Species with memories longer  
Don't bother with sweating the old shit  
Maybe it's this time-bound conscience  
That keeps him out pushing through nothing  
With only the hope brought on by this belief that

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Are you ready to go? Are you ready to go yet? Let's go  
Are you ready to go yet? Let's go  
Are you ready to go? Are you ready to go yet? Let's go  
Are you ready to go yet? Let's go  
Are you ready to go? Are you ready to go yet? Let's go  
Are you ready to go yet? Let's go

There must be a, better place to  
Be somebody, be somebody else

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