

# Point Mutation

Covey

Let's sit down and have ourselves a fucked up family dinner  
And convince ourselves that all of this is normal  
And that we tried our very best

No this not our fault  
It was circumstance, a mishap, a clash of personalities  
If you want to call it that

A ventricular system of personal complexities  
Without fail will hemorrhage once a day  
We beg for it all to amalgamate  
Into something worth all this silence and contention

We demand our sheer minutia  
Like we're owed some kind of medal  
For a salty bead of sweat  
Or god forbid some fucking sacrifice  
To our precious comfy lives

What an aberration  
This all turned out to be  
It's a point mutation  
A genetic anomaly

And we let it spread  
Let it sink it's hooks  
As I watched myself spoil  
I am undercooked

Am I overtired  
Or just over thinking?  
Got a knot in my chest  
That is slowly sinking  
I don't feel so good  
So I'll spill my guts  
And I'll overshare my meaningless frustrations  
Through these songs and illustrations  
About some thoughts that might not matter at all

What an aberration  
This all turned out to be  
It's a point mutation  
A genetic anomaly

We let it spread  
Let it sink in it's hooks  
As I watched myself spoil  
I am undercooked

Stay together for the kids  
What the hell does that even mean?  
Let's act like everything is fine  
And I don't have fucked up memories  
Let's act like everything is fine  
And I don't have fucked up memories  
Let's act like everything is fine  
And I don't have fucked up memories  
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