

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