

Deconstruction

Fanfarlo

Thoughts are mounted like specimens
We have to explain what we find

But the wasteland of possibilities
Is playing tricks on my mind

So I look away
I look away sometimes

Where's the focus and direction
These currents are dragging us away
Aimless and numb
Just drift along a little while

Just look away
Just look away sometimes
It goes away?
It goes away sometimes

So come on let's dissect it
Let's cut it up till it's gone
Let's break it up into pieces
Throw away what we don't understand

It comes together again

It comes together again somehow

It comes together again
It comes together again in the end

Motives and means
Now they seem like a dream within a dream
Concepts and ideas that don't
Seem to be making any sense

It goes away?
It goes away sometimes
Just look away
Just look away sometimes

So come on let's dissect it
Let's cut it up till it's gone
Let's break it up into pieces
Throw away what we don't understand

It comes together again,
It comes together again somehow

It comes together again,
It comes together again in the end