

Everything's Not Shitty

Fear Before The March Of Flames

Everything seems obvious
From here about the earth seems soft
Seems the people get along
Seems for once we do belong
(Ah, but a closer look reveals the earth is sticky with
our greed)
Try to hold the fuck on
Stick our fingers in like seed
Coming from a cynic,
This sound's like the same old song
At least I don't just sit there,
At least I don't just nod

Everything's not shitty

No

Something's aren't so bad.
Tell me Mr. positive,
Why am I so bored?
Why am I so sad?

Everything's (not shitty).
The plants, the birds might disagree
They sing a tune quite ominous,
There must be something wrong with us
(Our fingers in the ground, our bodies stick straight
up like plants.)
Our sticky side now showing
Soon we'll be covered in ants.

And with our skin exposed
They'll chew us down to bone
Like little six legged architects
Building fancy homes
And in hindsight, we
Should have maybe prepared for this.
Blame it all on he
Who distracts us with shiny things.

So I say we look at this in a brand new light:
For the time being at least we're alive.

(You have to pass to be reborn
We were not not welcome anymore
I got lost along the way
We got lost along the way)

A metaphysical being on a hell of track
Tried to shoot for the moon but got lost and came back
With a set of chipped teeth and a chip on his shoulder.
Tried to get on with his life but his life it was over

(The plants met up for a drink and decided to fuck with
this one)

So a broken spirited man with nowhere to go

Tried to shoot himself dead but the bullet swung low
Ripped pit all of his teeth and part of his tongue.
Tried to do it again but couldn't pick up the gun

(The plants turned on the TV and had a laugh or 2 on
him)

We all end up bone
We all end up rot
It's the travels that we take
That make it it all worth while
We all end up deep
Deep under the dirt
It's the things you will see
That give life its worth