

Primitive Painters

Felt

I just wish my life could be as strange as a conspiracy
I hold out hope but there's no way of being what I want
to be

Dragons blow fire angels fly spirits wither in the air
I'm just me I can't deny I'm neither here, there nor
anywhere

Oh you should see my trail of disgrace,
it's enough to scare the whole human race
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I don't care about this life, they say there'll be
another one
defeatist attitude I know will you be sorry when I've
gone
Primitive painters are ships floating on an empty sea
gathering in galleries were stallions of imagery

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