

# Nomu

Good Kid

Four eyes entwined draw four separate lines  
And none of them point to you  
A tangled mess of knots, I confess  
But the intent was there, I swear  
We set our sights on something that we thought was true

So now we sit and stare across  
A surface spanning the whole state  
Two feet between and miles apart  
No words to speak, been here a week  
And still, we haven't got a clue

It falls apart, there's not a heart to beat there  
It falls apart if there's not a heart to have (The animal instinct fl  
uttering away from the start)  
It falls apart, there's not a heart to beat there  
It falls apart if there's not a heart to have

Each word a world all of its own  
Each thought render only in groans  
The syntax skips, semantics slips  
And what we're left, a growing cleft  
Of language lost, tokens unknown  
And then I guess we slipped right through  
And lost all meaning on the way  
We ended up a tiny piece  
Of every heart, of every part, of every stone, of every grave

It falls apart, there's not a heart to beat there  
It falls apart if there's not a heart to have (The animal instinct fl  
uttering away from the start)  
It falls apart, there's not a heart to beat there  
It falls apart if there's not a heart to have

A tangled mess of knots, I confess  
But the intent was there, I swear  
We set our sights on something that we thought was true

It falls apart, there's not a heart to beat there  
And it falls apart if there's not a heart to have (The animal instinct  
fluttering away from the start)  
It falls apart, there's not a heart to beat there  
It falls apart if there's not a heart to have  
If there's not a heart to have (We ended up a tiny piece)  
It falls apart, there's not a heart to beat there (Of every part, of  
every heart, of every stone, of every grave)  
It falls apart if there's not a heart to have (The syntax skips, sema  
ntics slips, and what we're left, a growing cleft of language lost, t  
okens unknown)  
It falls apart, there's not a heart to beat there (Two feet between a  
nd miles apart, no words to speak, been here a week, and still, we ha  
ven't got a clue)

It falls apart if there's not a heart to have (We ended up a tiny piece, of every part, of every heart, of every stone, of every grave)