

Scatter

Michael Nau

Before I blast into the facts
Can I just say it's been a blast?
And that I realize at last how much it really doesn't matter
How much it really doesn't matter

I climb upon a loose pile
I believe this air's the distant world
No way out to being dumped
I still know how to scatter
Yes I still know how to scatter

A willing on the color wheel
To feel in your head how to feel
A feeling on the other feel
To feel the feeling shatter
To feel the feeling shatter
To feel the feeling shatter