

# Skid

Mordred

Sick of immortality, we've sharpened all the razors  
And the pets aren't going hungry 'cause they've never learned to feed  
themselves  
Robbed of all connection to the world of creature instinct  
We have no regard for anything that can't increase our comfort

Living hand to mouth with no arms to defend ourselves from entropy  
Skidding to a halt upon a road that's paved with ulcers  
Breathing in the skin that covers everything in layers  
Like the silt in all the river beds, we're spilling past insolvency

Go on, put the knife down  
You've been looking mighty grim, but there's no turning 'round  
Go on, take the map down  
Water takes us all away, and floats us till we drown

Lacking in intensity, despite our best intentions  
Go from parody to role model in seven easy lessons  
Boredom is the killer and we struggle to anticipate  
Just how we will be vilified by future generations

Staring down the barrel that has leaked into the watershed  
Concerned about our future infiltration of the market  
So we look into the headlamp of the steam-engine of progress  
As it turns the virgin landscape into air-conditioned cinemas

Go on, put the knife down  
I've been waiting 40 days to hit that higher ground  
Go on, put the map down  
You've been looking mighty grim, but there's no turning 'round

[Solo]

Go on, put the gun down

Don't you know that we've been waiting so long to set a pattern for t  
he higher ground  
What a goddamn waste of a pretty good hand  
The last of the race, now, the final land  
It was all that we built upon, ripped apart  
It... what we're drifting on

No way out, no way you'll ever bring it down

Though we floated round and round and round  
Hoping that we'd see something that'd bring it round

No one, no, no, no one's gonna help us now  
Go on  
Pass the gun round