

The Slow Phaseout

Motorpsycho

there's nothing I can do to begin to understand
I wouldn't dare to get near that quicksand
I'm watching your thrills from my home in the hills
to me it seems so bland
I look down from my mountain, see lives passing by
on that four lane deep stir-fry
seeking sainthood, seeing human driftwood, I feel like an alien s
py

why do you do the things you do?
why do you do the things you do, you say...

there's no single reason , it just happened that way
now my mind is turning into clay
all of my days drift by in a daze while I wish myself away
the blood on my hands will never fully dry, I mislaid my alibi
the grail lost its sheen, now I just feel unclean
decomposing with a sigh

why do you do the things you do?
why do you do the things you do, you say...
withdraw to where I'm free from doubt
to simmer in this slow phaseout (beyond the point of caring)
to simmer in this slow phaseout (awoken from these dreams)

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