

Meltdown

Slobberbone

Ten minutes to meltdown, I'm having a drink
And I've don't think you care, no I don't even think
About you or the hands that you say you don't love
As you hold them so tight while the sky up above

Opens up and rains down with an unholy bore
There's holes in the ceiling and holes in the floor
There's holes in these walls once so covered with grime
Hey baby, it's the end of the world, have a good time

Tectonically speaking integrity's lost
I don't feel foundation was ever at cost
Just some old bricks and mortar, some holes to be filled
This plywood and prefab can all be rebuilt

It's just toothpicks and twine, some matchsticks and paste
But it's all too late now, oh my God what a waste
And I feel the ground shaking, I hear a strange sound
Hey baby, it's the end of the world, I will see you around

Affection is earthbound, our crushes of stone
But these all fall away, still you're never alone
When your one mode of function's steadfast deconstruction
Of attachments once forged with a fiery rambunction

And I can't help but think way before the big sink
That the streets of Atlantis already held a stink
And I can't help but know way deep down in my soul
That the best has already come and now it's time to go

So sign all your yearbooks, give a last glance
We've all missed the prom, but you're used to this dance
Soon a figure less shadow will drown out the sun
Hey baby, it's the end of the world, I hope you have fun

I hope you have fun
I hope you have fun