

## Exit

## Stateless

A wise old novelist once said that anybody could rig up their own border. Just rent a cheap trailer, a port-a-john, a little lumberbarticle over the highway, a guy in a funny suit to collect immigration material, you've got a state. These days things are kind of discinigrating, stateless is gettin' to be a scary word. I used to think it was a beautiful, beautiful dream. Fly a way like a bird, birds get shot down

Feeling kinda gray, I've been inside too long  
Gotta head outside, and think it over  
A plain kinda life, staring into space too long  
Gotta head for the highland, see you again

Words still cannot be enough (Nooo)  
Words still cannot be enough (Nooo)

Eeeexxiitttt  
It's fate, it's fate

Going insane, living with a sweet mask(?)  
Gotta get away, and think it over  
I like disservice, I like it when it all goes wrong  
At least I feel something

Words still cannot be enough (Nooo)  
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Eeeexxiitttt  
It's fate, it's fate  
Words still cannot be enough (Nooo)