

Mystery Cloud

STRFKR

Eyes like a satellite
Fills the sky
With a mystery cloud
Why would these fantasies
Now I know there is no, nowhere to go

Eyes in this dead of night
Cries like a hand on the fire
Why would we stay the same
When you know
There's no, new way to go

Everybody should do in their lifetime
Sometime, two things
One, is to consider death
To observe skulls and skeletons
And to wonder what it would be like to go to sleep, and never wake up, never
That, is the most- is a very gloomy thing for contemplation
But it's like manure
Just as manure fertilizes the plants and so on
So as the contemplation of death, and the acceptance of death
Is very highly generative of creative life
You get wonderful things out of that