

# Die On Mars (Sunspot)

The Callous Daoboy

I teach guitar  
To celebrities like you  
Caught up in the flash mob  
Invited to the mall after dark

So while you're miserable at the party, you can kill the navigation  
(Witness this)

Let's test this pregnant fear, solicit evidence  
Spill it in your purse with the cap off

You're so full of shit  
Writing lines for astronauts

Side story to the sunspot

Shift, sink  
Made to suffer, but dead  
Bird, at mass  
When will it stop  
In passing  
7:30 on the clock apostle on deaths door  
7 times 7 times 7 again in the bear trap  
Come into alone when you sleep with the fixes  
And endorse in your stitches

There's so much out there that I wish spoke of  
A few more years and a re-issue should clear it up

And I used to think I would hate myself enough to write something memorable  
in the grand scheme of a guilty plea  
But where's the spark and the sudden singalongs from people that I wished we  
re my friends at the start of this all

I've never stuck the wet rag in the electrical socket  
Have you blemished this sick game?  
Taken away it's power?  
Picture perfect, fresh faced fringe into the other side

(You make me feel like I could love myself  
You could give me the whole world tomorrow  
I never said you were required to  
I never wanted to take up all your time)

Hold off till the day I fly off  
Till the day that I die on mars

Sun  
Spot  
Recover

Naysayer calls  
Naysayer lies  
Entomb this art  
Let this art die