Die On Mars (Sunspot)

The Callous Daoboys

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 were 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

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