

The Primitive

The Tears

Oh, sometimes I look up to the sky and I see the clouds and I see the light
And I want the stars and the mud and the night to define me
And sometimes I look out at the sea and I see the waves and I feel the breeze
And I want the rocks and the birds and the leaves to define me

'Cause I am the insect in the jar
I am the spider in the tar
I am the worm inside your drain
Yes we all come back to the primitive again, oh

Sometimes I stare out at the trees and I forget about the complexities
That scratch and scrape and hate and tease all around me
And sometimes I drift out with the wind and the silence tells me simple things
And I want my lungs and my legs and my skin to define me

'Cause I am the insect in the jar
I am the spider in the tar
I am the worm inside your drain
Yes, we all come back to the primitive again, oh

Yes, I am the insect in the tar
I am the worm in the jar
I am the creature inside your brain
Yes we all come back to the primitive again
And we all come back to the primitive again
And we all come back to the primitive again
And we all come back to the primitive again