

Intermission: Thesis of Infinite Measure

Valient Thorr

Mindnumbflesh waiting on homecell and lost loves found
dealin with scabs and no one ever lives signin papers and
bells are fillin the sky with the schemes from the
temperature rises and bats say wondering claps of dying
basalt origins touching waving corner of the eyes blind
star legions hiding in cauldrons loving girls. no. no
man, play number 11, play that number 11.... yeeeah.haha.
the scanners are turned off and i got thirty or forty
more minutes. relationships in real life are SO hard to
handle with friendly friends touching breathing my way
sultering on my wavelength. is my phone ringing? old gods
dying under shades of anti-gravity we come from the
water, we came from the air. pray for good tidings was a
thought that kept repeating, but no one could ever find
out said they, when will we wake up, and swim into the
sounds? swim into the sounds x5