

Survival of the Fittest (I Guess...)

It's dark already, 5:00 the streets are full
You're flailing around helplessly like god herself
It's dark already, 5:00 the streets are full
Take off your glasses, put them back up on the shelf

Can't read a book, there's too much silence in your head
You lie back down, but reaching for the light
Can't read book there's not enough silence in your head
Can't fall asleep, honey nothing's ever right

Lawn's coloured blue it must be sad and lonely
It's the neighbours and their fourth rave today
Lawn's coloured blue it must be sad and lonely
See the lack of beauty they wake to everyday

You've been tending to the garden
Sifting through unnatural, leaves and dirt
Picking out your favourites, and helping them grow diamonds
Picking out unnatural, leave them in the dirt

The paintings speak to you, you don't speak Spanish
You wash your hands so you don't smudge the glass
The paintings speak to you, you don't speak Spanish
Step on your Sunday scale, it gives you your mass

You wish that you were somehow even older
I guess all artifacts want to rust
You wish that you were somehow even fucking older
The bedpost crumbling as you both turn to dust

Denial is simply a symptom of their poverty
Justify your causes any way you like
Denial is simply a system of their poverty
You can't hear screaming from the back of a bike

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