

The Abusing of the Rib

Atmosphere

I wanna follow the footprints across my lover's stomach
I wanna call out her name before I plummet
I wish I had a map of the terrain so I could step around the landmines
Avoid the beasts under the bed that bring their bad times
I wanna find this here so-called treasure
The pleasure, the trinkets, the never-ending weekends
Acknowledging that I'm still just a piece of the sequence
But seein' these different footprints got me needin' to show my weakness
The timeline, the time zones, I cross 'em with my eyes closed
Memorize the landmarks and learned the cycles
The weather patterns, how the seasons affect
The East and the West of each region learned the cycles
Forget about the fact that many trails have been tracked
Maybe it's a plus that there's a path
If this was some uncharted land I'd have to be a smarter man
Willing to travel the farthest to unravel the harvest
The natural resources are unlimited
Exploration only requires some desire and initiative
Take your time and find the right way to climb
It ain't safe to play games with nature's mind

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And if I could show you, you would never leave me

I wanna ride a train up my lover's arm, destination the brain
Then climb out and find out what's going on
Cut through trees and ride through rocks
And synchronize the universal sun dial to my watch
I've seen a lot, but not quite as much as her
To top it off the memory and her imagination blurred
I know she's been put through hell, I can feel it
And I know she's touched heaven as well, trying to steal it
It came on, it taught her the song
And strung her along, it caught her when that guard was gone
Now to the break of dawn she wants to feel that fix
And all the family and friends just trying to seal them lips
I'm not dumb, I can hear that train come from miles away
I'm setting obstacles to stop the arrival
I'm gonna blow up that iron and wood road
From what I understood those be the orifice of her survival
My recital yet another tantrum
Because she's highly excitable swinging moods at random
No happy endings always off to a bad start
Addictive voyeurism to the trackmarks

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