

What It Is

Catatonia

It's what's not there that makes
What's there what it is
It's what's not there that makes
What's there what it is

Seems like we're quite
in demand
More faint praise,
Well I'll be damned
Ships run aground on the rocks
Not all that unorthodox

It's what's not there that makes
What's there what it is

Fate cuts her cloth...
Ragged mean
You miss the ceremony
He sleeps, she wakes,
then she tires
Leave us to our frying pan
and fires

It's what's not there that makes
What's there what it is

It's sculpture, sculpture
feed me to the vultures
It's what's not there that makes
What's there what it is