

Bury White

Far

To resurrect ourselves, we disembowel our saints
We never underestimate the
destructive power of change
We find another way
We dream up stupid shit to while away our days
There's time for everything
We're always searching for what's wrong
We dance around the wire
a bunch of piranhas
We dress ourselves in words
armed and overheard
We're always searching for what's wrong
No! Never! It's all gone now!
No! Never!
It's all wrong in my heart
(soothe me, lover -- left me nowhere)