

Slowly melting

NoMeansNo

Our floating houses, on molten granite
Our liquid planet
It is a home for us all
I'm firmly planted, my earth is solid
I feel a presence

But there is nothing at all
I wanted something, down here is something
It's really something
But there's nothing at all

Slowly melting
We're Slowly melting

Seed to tree, earth to birth
We are surrounded
We flourish in the decay
We mark the seconds and count the hours
Cross off the days
Of what is slipping away
We start out loudly and go in circles
All things converging
We find an end to each day

Slowly melting
We're Slowly melting

The sun is burning, the earth is turning
The earth is dying
It's slowly melting away
We start to finish, the fuel exhausted
And once I had it
But now it's passing away
If there is nothing, what is that presence?
I'm slowly melting
But what is slipping away?

Slowly melting
We're Slowly melting