

Song for the End of the World

Sadistik

[Verse 1: Sadistik]

Just because I'm absent minded doesn't mean I have to
find it

It's my pity-party darling please don't act invited

I sip Bacardi just to pass the time when

It gets me started for the clash of titans just past my
eyelids

I'm not a downer in the kill the party market

But I swallowed all my pride and yet I'm still a
starving artist

And still I'm finding parts of all my silly life
departures

Parts of darkness are so thrilling but it's filling my
apartment

So please for forgive me if I overstep my boundaries
I keep forgetting that there's no one left to count on
me

At least I'm living on my own and get a founder's fee
I'm out to see and drifting off that melatonin sound
asleep

Wait up all alone just to dream away the time

Weight upon my collarbones don't seem to pay no mind

The day the world died I didn't even say goodbye

I left a love letter in a secret place to hide that

said

I'd give concern but I'm a disconcerted immature kid

Insecure when I am quickly searching for a bridge to

burn it

If I twist and turn until the blisters hurt it isn't

worth it

If it's served with sense of urgency to see me binge

and purge it

I've lived and learned and learned to live to

misinterpret nervous twitches

Pistons turning hurt to bliss it's picture perfect

And since I've learned a circus trick of inadvertent

perfect-pitch

To skim a surface worse than this I'm in to get

deserted, when I ask

[Poem: Czeslaw Milosz]

On the day the world ends

A bee circles a clover,

A fisherman mends a glimmering net.

Happy porpoises jump in the sea,

By the rainspout young sparrows are playing

And the snake is gold-skinned as it should always be.

On the day the world ends

Women walk through the fields under their umbrellas,

A drunkard grows sleepy at the edge of a lawn,

Vegetable peddlers shout in the street

And a yellow-sailed boat comes nearer the island,

The voice of a violin lasts in the air

And leads into a starry night.

[Verse 2: Sadistik]

I get less comfortable with each breath stomach full of

regrets

Each step's becoming part of running as a reflex

Pretend tell me something that relives stress

Sleepless I'd rather suffocate my weakness

I'm David Cronenberg mixed with David Lynch stir

David Berkowitz and a little David Fincher

They say I mince words that can paint a picture

Honest and true yes long live the new flesh

And I'm impatient waiting to find a day that needs

saving

I say the things that can make me seem crazy

I chase my dreams like I chase my drinks daily

I fall asleep to my existential woes

And the questions with the answers that'll never get
exposed

I'm not too good with the mental episodes
But about as sharp as it can get with pen or pencils
though

Evidence is shown in the sentimental prose
Posing pros and cons to poking on this detrimental road
I chose to walk walk walk on sediment and stone
Don't confuse my temperament as being reticent or cold
Just let me vent

[Poem outro: Czeslaw Milosz]

And those who expected lightning and thunder
Are disappointed.

And those who expected signs and archangels' trumps

Do not believe it is happening now.

As long as the sun and the moon are above,

As long as the bumblebee visits a rose

As long as rosy infants are born

No one believes it is happening now.Explain

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>