

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

04/05/2026

### It's Them

Par Themselves

*Album : Music For The Advancement Of H*

It's them,

With their babyfeet, hummingbirds and milky ways,

It's them, horde your sea shells,

Blow out the big wick,

It's them, it's them, it's them,

No not your vitamins, or pillow or monicle,

this one's just righteousness half full and logical

meanwell remote absolute, and nowhere to go,

but onward and upward,

clasp crowns ground the heart,

let transmission commence,

hello, goodbye dark,

Really i wonder is this all material,

This can't be heaven, the light is too dull

The first time i spoke must have been

it doesn't look like an ice sculpture... or does it?

if i really payed attention time would move faster and faster,

landscapes and states of nature would gallop and sink before me,

'til all was still and an orchid ne instant,

one rich white bursting orchid

stood in channels and the rivers deep below beauty,

grimace, flee, souls don't need shelter,

native well knowledge radiating through shone,

what's scared smell sight,

a swimming prizm's gray core

which one will erect a definition

for sheer bliss and set its semblence sincere and object with pride down gently

before a globe of judge and grudge in open forum... i think...

no one, hundreds of thousands of chattering silver faced monkeys screech

and find them fascinating,

although nowhere to be found on the periphery of,

some generation, huh i'm not familiar with the term,

boiled to a crack, happy now,

who'll be bird in hand,

i've been mutilated trying,

teaching myself preference, technique and acceptability,

it seems your son is of consumed,

boiled to a crack,

what do you mean there's no oar?

all the rations?

sound the alarm, there must be a stowaway,

a drip, bore, a crack and a trickle, soon the hull gathered its body,

and they all drown to meet with a grin, stick and hankerchief,

amid the flowering dust of the crossroads,

don't peter out on me now thrust your fist into the sunset,

texture within the footprints and an end atop the wind,

i feel leaflike... something something to crawl on,

sunlit small, a wren beneath the soil presence beyond walls,

art is everywhere, i refuse to know where, i wonder to know where art is,

everywhere i wonder to know where art is, everywhere i wonder...

next time i'm bored, the man's going down

i'll stomp on anyone's brownbag and lunch... when they're not looking.

it's not actually bad rap, i just don't feel it, there i said it.