

No, Not Ever

You could take a rock,
and paint it green,
and it would probably be better.
But if you took a flower,
and drowned it in paint,
it would shrivel up and wither...
(wither and die)

If we never...
no, not ever.
We all said that we would never ever ever do that.
But if it ever happens, that's just ever...
Although,
I think that it will never ever happen 'cause

Now
there's nothing I can do.
(But we said that. But we said that, didn't we?)
Now
It's out of my hands (out of my hands).

You could wash the rock,
oh, so many times
To know that nothing ever survives.
Only my false carnations have maintained,
and all the rest of them have withered,
withered and died.

...

(lyrics: RoMak/music: Tleilax, Tunnell)