

Interstate

Beaver

Falling asleep the heat of midday
Falling asleep Iæš! drifting away
Time and again
Weightlessness a matter of perception
Time and again
Thoughtlessness reaches near perfection
Out of the flames leave this wreckage behind
Out of the flames hereæš- a state I donæš° mind
Time and again
Weightlessness a matter of perception
Time and again
Thoughtlessness reaches near perfection
A resurrection