Satisfied by only what you know Could you believe in something Settled on reactionary glow Could you foresee this coming Constant reminders of your sin Can you begin

Satisfied by only what you see
Could you believe in something
Counting all the headlights from upstream
Could you foresee this coming
They take a likeness of the night
Can you defy

Still lost in conflict
Waiting to get picked for the war
Clouded in a head space
Trying to win this thing for what
To get the most for your side
Not thinking of the divine

Satisfied believing you're alright Could you believe in something Settled comfortably in your disguise Could you foresee this coming No need to reach the other side When you can hide

Still lost in conflict
Waiting to get picked for the war
Clouded in a head space
Trying to win this thing for what
To get the most for your side
Not thinking of the divine