

dissociate

atlas

Laying alone, I dissociate
Laying alone

I saw a pictureframe
And it turned out to be a mirror
My reflection's so much clearer
When I'm not aware it's me

I saw a maple tree
It was growing in my head
When everybody else was dead
And I climbed up it just to see

I saw myself again
But I stood outside my being
I could understand that being
Isn't all there is to be

I see the future now
Got too distracted by the present
To remember that my head is
Not a vehicle for fear

And it's a long way down if you fall
And it's a long way up if you don't

And it's a long way down if you fall
And it's a long way out, so

I sit in the center
And I ponder my disinterest
For it all

It's a lot easier
To imagine ending things
(To imagine ending things)
When I'm watching myself
From the third person
(From the third person)

It's a lot easier
To imagine changing things
(To imagine changing things)
When I'm watching myself
From the third person
(From the third person)