

The Eyes Of Tomorrow

Broken Iris

Here I stand tranquilized in this little white room of mine
There I go on my own in that redefined world inside

So, why do you take this, conquer and dismay this
Peaceful sanity of mine?
Your attempting to bore me, shatter and destroy me
Is worthless and fuels my gain
Maybe we're all insane...

There you stand ignorantly, just a monotone pallet you see
If there was a color created for me, it'd consist in shades of
three
I see you enjoy this, while I exploit this
Brief insanity of mine
Perceive and understand you
Is far more than I can do
Perceptions left far behind

Maybe we're all insane
The way we all live reminiscing for the head game
What if we're all insane
I'm feeling so damn hollow staring into the Eyes of Tomorrow

Coming around again, I'm feeling much better my friend
The doctor says I'm sorry you must attend to your little
White room again
To my little white room again

So what if we're all insane
The way we all live reminiscing for the head game
Maybe we're all insane
I'm feeling so damn hollow staring into the Eyes of Tomorrow