

There's got to be a pressure point  
Someone else can hold  
I've got this ache between my temples  
Maybe it's my inner-eye dusting off its lens  
Maybe it's that fight-or-flight acting up again

Take me outside, show me what I've been missin'  
People never fail to entertain my sour disposition  
Greater in thought, lesser in shape  
Aeon of a child, sickness of the age  
Over the ridge the circle completes  
Around you and around me

There's got to be some kind of way to counteract the pull  
Like a medium moves between two worlds  
Yet I know there is only one plane I'm wanderin'  
There is only but one way for my wheels to spin

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I've been dreaming in a broken bed  
Pulling off a tail that'll grow again  
Becoming convinced our cold blood  
Needs a little pain, needs a little sun  
Nourished by the sun, nothing's going to change  
Shedding old skin, growing new fangs  
Put me in a tomb, send me into space  
In a little tank to disintegrate  
I'll disintegrate brighter than most  
Over the ridge on your way home  
On your way home, tuning out the noise  
Aeon of a child, sickness of the age