

Big World

Cloakroom

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

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

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