

How careless are we to wonder
Apart from the stream
It hides itself in channels deep
To exist but to never behold
You know

Discard your beliefs and squander
Such trivial thoughts for the future

Catching and releasing won't put dinner on your plate
When you wound something that great you've got to want it
In your waking hours you find you're tethered to some line
Escaping every single time, you've got to disconnect it

But you're still prone for mistaking the sky
For the shore collecting wealth we've long cast aside

When you need her most you throw yourself into the silt
Sort of cleansing off some guilt, but getting dirty all the same
My God, she goes by many names
I can't discern which one rings true
What keeps me grounded or unglued
If I should dwell or think it through into some lost paradigm
Ruin your mind

There's an agent of change on the wind
Through the storm door to end everything
She sings