

You know the line
Slivers of heaven
Hanging in the breeze like a guillotine
Starved for attention
Nothing would materialize
No spell, no solstice
Either behind bars or you're tending to the blast furnace
I would never relieve the pressure if I could
Keeps the senses razor sharp
And does the body good

"You'll be living off candlelight"
Said the main circuit
And the labored pangs of the acid rain
Kept me stirring
I would never relieve the pressure even if I tried
Lost dogs, leap years, all idling by

I was staring through a dull lens
Looking for the edge of the frame
I can't see it following a disillusion
Right up to the end of the page
Takes the drive right out of me
Always tying up a loose end
Waiting for the trumpets to call
I can't hear 'em
I was dreaming about cold fusion
Listening to the conditioned air
Picking up what's barely there

(I was staring through a dull lens
Looking for the edge of the frame
I can't see it following a disillusion
Right up to the end of the page
Takes the drive right out of me)