

The world has changed its aspect because I willed it so
In the infinitude of its scope - I am free to roam, I'm free
So keep your wooden world in your sleeve
And not for anything, should you stop running
Mother, please forgive me
Father, listen to me now
Brother can't you hear the inexorable sound?
The march of time drawing close
Just like a phalanx of ghosts
I was eating crow for a good eight months
Before I found the good sense to regurgitate it all up
These are still salad days, the rudimentary runs
And there's not a fucking thing to keep you from what's yet to
come
You're free. So keep your wooden world in your sleeve
And not for anything should you stop running
I know a liberation that so many don't
And I've felt a camaraderie that so many won't
I believe that the rat race will put ice in your heart
And I know not to take my dreams for granted
If I don't want them to fall apart
(I know hindsight can relieve but it won't set you free. Let it
go now, no)
I know a liberation that so many don't
Just knowing that we'll never run out of road
Hindsight can relieve but it won't set you free
These contemporary lies are no longer bothering me
I'll never squander ever waning youth
The bullshit doesn't matter because you've always got you