

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 tour 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