

The Reigns

Idiot Pilot

I sat and contemplated everything and nothing came
This dry skin is aging and cracking, but I still sing
Let the sun wash over me
These warm thoughts are a shade of the truth

Seem to be a forest growing out of harvest
Keeping me sustained
Straying from the obvious into the strange
It was in an effort ending up the same

Their voice speaks now
Other than my own echo in the cavern of our useless skull
I am just a stain on a dress you've made
The beauty in the stitching elegances...

Block the rain
Aiming at this broken shell
Countless as far as I can tell
The ways in which you sing

I rode your back and took hold of the reigns, laughing all the way

What can we fill up in our short lives
Making us complete, allowing us to breathe
When death is washed away we will terminate this vital mystery
But I still need to reach the life inside of me, the life inside...
e...

I rode your back and took hold of the reigns, laughing all the way