

Song 3

Inner Wave

The air isn't real
It's made in a lab, shipped in a bag
Reflections aren't real
When digital lights refracting on me
The pain isn't real
Just chemicals telling my brain how I ought to be
How I ought to be
Oh, what's the point in tellin' if you're never gonna listen
What's the point in telling you why?
Our children will be buried under blankets of snow
And you'll be in your technicolor home

Conscious says
Yeah we spoke of this before in a dream of course
It was clear to me then babe but now it seems you still want more

He'll regret it
He said he's never felt that
So I'm wondering if you'd let him
He thinks it's coming easy
I know you are prone to dancing when nobody is home
Feels good to be alone
People free in his own words

(And it just keeps rolling, rolling, rolling along)

It's not always what it seems to be
I've wandered far too long to tell apart but now
All I want to do is be
All I want to say is how
All I want to do is you