

## Wax Wings

## Periphery

It feels so wrong, stuck down in the web we weave  
Tear apart the way we are and do it so well  
Our peace of mind left in pieces  
Holding your head in hands and the world's watching today

Feeling like an empty room  
Nothing ever fits, but I will find my way  
Resume  
Who am I staring at?  
All I've wanted and more, living beyond the door  
Right behind the front door

Painting the patterns I've become within my eyes  
Murals fade, but lessons they sow  
And as the paths we wander have shown, our hearts will grow  
Beauty wades within the sound soul

I've said so long to sanity  
Picked apart the way I am, but living to tell  
The surgery of mending pieces  
Is hanging over me and the world's watching today

Yeah, this is still life  
Make it mine  
Used to do it all the time  
Dust off your shoulders through it  
Yeah, this is still life  
Make it mine, I used to do it all the time  
Sick of living low  
I've gotta let the feeling go

Painting the patterns I've become within my eyes  
Murals fade, but lessons they sow  
And as the paths we wander have shown, our hearts will grow  
Beauty wades within the sound soul

Yeah, this is still life  
Make it mine  
Used to do it all the time  
Dust off your shoulders through it  
Yeah, this is still life  
Make it mine, used to do it all the time  
Sick of living low  
I've gotta pick me off the floor

Stay in the upright  
One second, one day, one step  
Just keep moving  
One step, keep moving  
Keep your head up high  
One second, one day, one step  
You're not on your own  
No, no, no

I'm feeling like an empty room  
No, nothing ever fits, but I will find my way  
Resume

Oh, I will find my way, resume  
Who am I staring at?  
All I've wanted and more, living beyond the door  
Right behind the front door

Must I lay here as a product of the world I never leave?  
I can see  
My life is crashing down, it's been a while  
My mind is racing for a million miles  
The machine is turning me  
Just imagine the damage that's done  
When you fly with wax wings in the sun  
The past is present, I'm not in denial  
It's holding on like it's an infant child  
The machines are  
The machines are turning me  
The machines are turning me

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