

Not Perceived

Priests

When I'm alone
Always feel like somebody's in my home
Somewhere far away
Watching me like I'm on stage
So forgive me
If I come off a little uneasy
I am afraid it's a job hazard of this reality

I'm uneasy about anything that might perceive me
Keep your eyes closed
Parts of my soul your vision cannot go
I'm a landing for sailing ships misunderstanding
Shores are my clothes
Respectfully, some things you will not know

See is to be
That's your deity
I need release
Invisible, some kind of free

In my own home
Breathing easy in a blindfold
I'm an unknown
Haunted house made of marrow and bones
I'm on fire
Hoping when the light expires
Nobody sees
Not perceived, some kind of free

See is to be
That's your deity
I need release
Invisible, some kind of free