

The Centre Cannot Hold

Primal Scream

You wanna know how it feels to be free
You crave a glimpse of eternity
A prisoner of consensual reality
It's hard to fit in when you feel so strange
Suppressed emotions mark a chemical change
Locked down to your soul

Lovers drown each other
Trying to save their wretched souls
Falling ever further
'Cause the centre cannot hold

Shrinks and gurus sell you spiritual junk
This self-obsession is a rich man's curse
You've got karma to burn
Searching for meaning but the meaning is lost
You'll try to buy it whatever the cost
Keep on chasing the wind

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Trying to save their wretched souls
Falling ever further
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No one knows another
We can see only what they show
Hidden depths might harbour
Sacred monsters
The centre cannot hold

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