

First, the ground rules get established:
Memory is historically inaccurate.
But repetition, repetition sings
'Til finally the melody is sacred, rooted, unchanged.

Patterns form and feel important,
The starting lines of a living blueprint.
All this information in formation is key
To draw a distinction between waking life and our dreams.

It overwhelms the nervous system,
This fearful constant state of comparison.
In our grey matter, all grey matters.
An embarrassment of riches in our heads,
We gravitate to black or white instead.

We were designed to send mixed signals,
One image made up of different pixels
All subject to interpretation.
'Til binary systems, binary systems run
And the vibrancy of everything becomes zeros and ones.

Patterns form and feel important,
It's the first brush stroke of a self-portrait.