

## In Soma

Strata

Souls are all sealed in the back  
and it's over-run by millions  
and it feels so wrong  
meaningless  
they sold you clones  
we're all that's left  
skin's torn away and  
it's breathing on its own  
it's breeding in me  
there's no soma here anymore  
and the system's insensitive  
and the system's all part of real life  
cold and afraid  
cut up and renamed  
I sold the sermon  
the wings for their birds  
I said all I could believe  
sick and shattering through the words  
if it comforts them then  
it's all I know and  
it's all that I am  
it's breeding in me  
there's no soma here anymore  
I watch the scabs forming over you  
and I can't help but feel at home  
in the comfort of my cuts and welts  
I heard the ground cracked open  
the sky just fell  
and the workers are listening for the graveyard bell  
if I scream like a maniac would somebody hear me  
if I took it all back would somebody hear me  
if I took it too far would somebody hear me  
if I set it on fire would somebody hear me  
am I wasting my time I'm dressed and in line  
I'll bet it all now still in line  
  
I'll forget nothing at all