

## Knowing That You've Already Arrived

Tides of Man

This one doesn't cry like the others  
Take his vital signs and medicate him  
This ones hopes won't die like the others  
Throw him in the hole and sedate him

As I enter this former sanctuary  
My bones don't feel like they felt  
When I knew they were in my own skin  
When I was still a man

Give me substance, give me something  
To make me feel less real  
I want to lose all concentration  
Gradually

I'd be a liar if I said I was telling the truth half the time  
I keep it locked inside  
Under a pile of smiles and deceit  
I will thrive, thrive, I will die, die an honest man

Give me substance, give me something  
To make me feel less real  
I want to lose all concentration  
Gradually

Compromise  
In style  
Softly  
Compromise  
In style  
Gradually

Give me substance, give me something  
To make me feel less real  
I want to lose all concentration  
Gradually