

Lucid Dreams

Tribe Society

Lucid Dreams
Reality bleeds answers
A violent scene
Caught between these dancers

I swim through
Your cults and
Your Jokes and
Your Blood lines
And start my
Ascension
I'm grateful
That something
Looks out from
These empty eyes

Then I wake up
Out of the dust
Tryna be whole
But I'm broken up
As real as it seems
I'm breaking the seems
Not dead or alive
But in between
These lucid dreams

They clipped our wings
Like they don't think we matter
Like drowning in
An ocean with
No answers

I'll save you
I'll take you to
Church on the inside
Where stones burn like splinters
We all rise and walk off the edge of our own lives

Then I wake up
Out of the dust
Tryna be whole
But I'm broken up
As real as it seems
I'm breaking the seems
Not dead or alive
But in between
These lucid dreams

Away from here but
Right where I should be
Dreaming is a gods reality
The world against us
The wind beneath our feet
Waking up inside
This lucid dream

Then I wake up

Out of the dust
Tryna be whole
But I'm broken up
As real as it seems
I'm breaking the seems
Not dead or alive
But in between
These lucid dreams