

# Rorschach

Typhoon

Eyes on the screen  
We have all the information now, but what does it mean?  
All this progress; hope is with us; stretching above  
Reason's a tease  
Drank up all that hemlock, here I am just reading the leaves  
There's no followers; there's no compass; a dozen clouds  
And left wondering: what happened to the life we lost, that got  
lost in the living?

And all this fiction makes me nervous  
Turns out it was blood spilled on the canvas  
We admired just like some Rorschach painting

The film in your brain, it edits to remember, keeps the figure  
in the frame  
It's a sacrificial violence, all those passed over in silence then  
cast out with the blame  
And I'm trying to stay sane, meanwhile, the river of forgetfulness  
it starts spilling the banks

Caught in a lie and instead of fessing up, we'd sooner just go  
out of our heads  
I've been holding up my end when I should have doubled-down  
on my own atom bomb shelter instead

Oh, oh, how you gonna hold on?  
How you gonna hold on?  
How you gonna hold on to every thing?  
Oh, oh, how you gonna hold on?  
How you gonna hold on?  
How you gonna hold on to your memory?  
Oh, oh, how you gonna hold on?  
How you gonna hold on?  
How you gonna hold on when you know that you can't?