

Synth Man

Vansire

Oh synth man
They're asking again
What's the mindstate
Who is the friend

While the months pass
Ambitions are grand
From the inside
Think about sand

That you don't see
In your bedroom
What of the hard times
You never exhume

Look to the highways
Stare at the dry fields
Maybe the sun's out
Maybe your mind's real

Have you been dreaming
Or eyeing car wheels
A cryptic message
On how your heart feels
Cause sometimes the art heals

Oh synth man