

Disconnected

Voyager

Beneath the fragrance insipid agents
Above the waters misleading portals
There's no policing, apparent reason
Supposed musing we're all just losing time

Joined, you are connected, yearning affection
Yet disaffected by division starting to unfold
Better secession, it is the fashion
Of the nation to excision on itself again
Birds of a feather stand on the tether
Morning has broken and they have spoken too soon

Take a hand and sit and wait for the years of unity to dissipate
And I sit and I watch the crowd rule over me
And I rot to the core while they devour me
And I sit and I wait...

You are so in time that we're sometimes disconnected
When you fall in line you offend the disaffected
You are so in time that we're sometimes disconnected
When you fall in line you offend the disaffected
You are so in time that we're sometimes disconnected
When you fall in line sometimes we are disconnected

You are so, you are so

Beneath the fragrance insipid agents
Above the waters, misleading portals
There's no policing, apparent reason
Supposed musing we're all just losing time