

# Deconstruction

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Thoughts are mounted like specimens  
We have to explain what we find

But the wasteland of possibilities  
Is playing tricks on my mind

So I look away  
I look away sometimes

Where's the focus and direction  
These currents are dragging us away  
Aimless and numb  
Just drift along a little while

Just look away  
Just look away sometimes  
It goes away?  
It goes away sometimes

So come on let's dissect it  
Let's cut it up till it's gone  
Let's break it up into pieces  
Throw away what we don't understand

It comes together again

It comes together again somehow

It comes together again  
It comes together again in the end

Motives and means  
Now they seem like a dream within a dream  
Concepts and ideas that don't  
Seem to be making any sense

It goes away?  
It goes away sometimes  
Just look away  
Just look away sometimes

So come on let's dissect it  
Let's cut it up till it's gone  
Let's break it up into pieces  
Throw away what we don't understand

It comes together again,  
It comes together again somehow

It comes together again,  
It comes together again in the end