

relieved whenever life is out of red
but old scars force you down in defensive pose
dark blue skies always tumbling over you
connect all disparate dots and label them as true

you're straying off point
through a fixed kaleidoscopic view
narrowing the field
without adding anything new

intuitive stories aren't easy to unlearn
only collective peaks remain
dark blue skies always tumbling over you
just repeat old fables until they feel brand new

you're straying off point
through a fixed kaleidoscopic view
narrowing the field
without adding anything new

you're straying off point
and preferring to live a lie
narrowing the field
regress and self-amplify
with nothing new