

No I'll not renounce my views do what others do
I'd rather drink the hemlock than be like you, to my soul untrue
It never gets easier so quit tryin pleasing her
Everything is a choice so let me hear your voice

Born in October night
feeling was out a sight
skin I'm in now and then
moves like a meteorite

noise in our culture
is built in our nature
another era will decode
as we head toward rapture

suppose we're all gifted
suppose that the mist is
a metaphor for change
suppose the veil will be lifted

sacrament that I hold
close and I feel noble
solar marigolds light the souls
return from that other world

Sometimes when I'm awake
I can't tell if I'm still dreaming
There's so much here at stake
When every moment is just fleeting
Sometimes when I'm awake
I can't if I'm still dreaming

It never gets easier so quit tryin pleasing her
Everything is a choice so let me hear your voice
rip up the evening post
kill parasitic hosts
we can shoulder all the karma
that came with Los Alamos

return the sky bottle blue
return that forgotten hue
a looking glass world
seeing into and through you

soul and body are my twins
the latter will give in
when the former views the ocean
as not too cold to get in

to martian life forms
these waters are real warm
but beware we can change the weather
and create a snowstorm

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