

## Still Dreaming

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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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There's so much here at stake

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