

## Mystery Of The Brain

## A Great Big Pile Of Leaves

snap out of it,  
make a dash for it,  
it's all in your head.  
it's all in your head.

tip-toe up close enough to taste the weather...  
we meant to get our feet wet,  
but instead in we dove in our clothes and soaked from head to toe.

a blueish green,  
silver glistening,  
paint splattered past where the shadows casted...  
we're drifting.  
we're drifting.