

Mythomania

a-ha

You walked a mile on broken glass
Through glowing coals you were a path

The words on your tongue a mechanical song
Your face is lined with disappointment

Oh white matter mind, what have you got to say?
Reasons combine to force you away

You're moving on
You solved the problem
And who can't blame you
You're safe in here
Inside your castle
In mythomania, mythomania

Cold crescent moon on a red cross
Its happening soon ti's coming for us

Oh white matter mind, what is there left to say?
Reasons combined to force you away

No telephone
No television
No news that drain you
You're safer here
More atmosphere
In mythomania, in mythomania, mythomania

You caught belief
Like some disease
No words can save you
Cuz you're all along
You're on your own
In mythomania