

I must befriend a storm.
Panic when there's too little,
Panic when there's too much to be done.
The middle ground it bores me..
How to turn destruction into creation
It's a question I find myself asking.
I never have the answers so we end up walking into rage.

Why would you want to stay here?
Isn't it lonely inside!?
Your head must be your home.

Not to excuse myself but..
You have people right in front of you denying your very presence like that then see if you don't doubt whether you exist.
A demonstration of perpetual motion,
It's easy to strive for perfection
When you are never bored.

Why would you want to stay here?
Isn't it lonely inside?
Your head must be your home.
What are you waiting for?
You must be broken inside,
Your head can't stay your home.

What planet are you residing?
You must be broken inside.
Your head can't stay your home.

Why would you want to stay here?
Isn't it lonely inside?
Your head must be your home.
What are you waiting for?
You must be broken inside,
Your head can't stay your home.