

Waking up and fearing that I'll never get back into my sleeping
Haunted by the darker, hidden sides of the family
The silence and repression and unspoken old secrets come a-
creeping
The oh so clean, golden dream is not what it used to be
Oh no no

Lying in a darkened room the first time I hear my voice speakin
g
You are next in line the golden child, try to remind him "keep
breathing"
Scared to hell, the pressure, conform to common sense
Cut off from your past, you're disconnected from yourself
Reach beneath the surface, it's time that you started believing

In the shadow of the mountains, in a graveyard, the ancestors a
re sleeping
I used to feel that everything I knew here could fit in my hand
Linoleum and empty rooms, suburban dreams were running deeper
So naive that I believed the kingdom was at my command
Oh no no

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