

The Dive (a)

Eyedeas

It starts out with a question. How much of it is real?
The skepticism sets in, and lessens your appeal
Next, you study conspiracy, develop some theories
And become extra wary of all your previous learned material
Your tolerance for stupidity degrades
Most of your friends seem to be trapped in the maze
You narrow your associates down to the few you can stand
And even they sometimes wonder what's going on in that head of yours
You study east and western philosophy, psychology, physics
You think a lot more, and start to question existence
You wonder about your nervous system's limits
You tamper with reality maps, and then ask hallucinogenic induced
"Who am I's? What am I? Am I forever?"
All information breathes in the shallow dark hells of never
You can see where it's leading. You wish you were dreaming
If the castle crumbles no one's there to put it back together

[Chorus]

Have you ever felt yourself slippin' away?
Where all you think about's your sanity, and how it decayed?
There's no place to run, no place to hide
You can't escape from inside, and you're losing your mind
You try to think of when it started, and ask yourself why
But each thought deepens the sickness and completes the desert dry
Fear feeds the derangement of the inner eye
With nothing left you find yourself falling to madness so you...

... cry to your god, and act normal to your peers
What if God ain't hearing you? That's your only fear
Each day you think more about your psychosis
No one but you can help you, and you know this
That's the craziest part of it all
In your rational mind, you only know two things for sure
One is that your totally nuts
And the other is that you're the only one with the cure
It doesn't make sense, it's not how you imagined
You never knew it could just happen
You thought it came from stress, suicide, a near death experience
War, drug trips, low pay, carelessness
You've heard plenty of stories about schizophrenia
But never had evidence of one who thought himself mad
You're going crazy, and desperately reachin' for reason
But the strain to stay sane's your only demon; best believe it

[Chorus]

You finally realize that you've always lived in hell
No human model or metaphor can explain how you fell
The puzzle's alive, and it changes as you try to escape it
It created time and made it appear to pass by
You don't know what you think. You don't think what you know
You're a total lunatic, and afraid it's starting to show
Where do you go when your brain is your worst enemy?
The six hundred and sixty six foot tall bridge on seventh street?
You're scared. You're scared. Why are you so scared?
There'd be no problem if you didn't care
Now you've truly formed an opinion about heaven

It starts out with a question, and this is what it ends in

Now I know you've felt yourself slip away
Now all you think about's your sanity, and how it decayed
There's no place to run. No place to hide
You can't escape the fact that you've lost your mind
You can't erase your mistakes. There's no way to rewind
The harder you look, the harder it is to find
Fear feeds the derangement of the inner eye
With nothing left you find yourself falling to madness, so you dive
So you dive (repeated)

And with each foot you fall
The voice in your head starts to sound more and more like yours