

## Introduced Species

## Hands Like Houses

We don't belong here.

In a way we are all connected,  
threaded together.  
In a way we are all suspended,  
bound going nowhere.

Wake up,  
walk on the wires.  
Wake up,  
evolve and escape,  
Unravel, unmake yourself.

We speak in tongues  
and we walk on the wires between,  
we don't belong here.  
We are the sleeping sickness,  
the dancing dreams,  
we don't belong here.  
We're invaders from the inside,  
we're survivors in silver skin.  
Shapeless, we move,  
unwinding the wires between,  
we don't belong here.

So we'll follow, follow down  
each knotless fathom to the end.  
No more hollow, hollow sounds  
of echoes, echoes in our heads.

Wake up,  
walk on the wires.  
Connect and combine.  
Wake up,  
react and reshape,  
untangle, unmake yourself.

We speak in tongues  
and we walk on the wires between,  
we don't belong here.  
We are the sleeping sickness,  
the dancing dreams,  
we don't belong here.  
We're invaders from the inside,  
we're survivors in silver skin.  
Shapeless, we move,  
unwinding the wires between,  
we don't belong here.

It's been a long, long night  
and we're still learning how to survive.  
Will you walk with me awhile,  
and see a world with brand new eyes?  
We see the sights,  
and we're fighting for our lives.  
Will you run?  
Will you run?

Will you run?

(It's no longer survival of the fittest,  
now that everyone survives.  
But we don't want to survive...  
...We want to live)

In a way we are all connected,  
threaded together.  
In a way we are all suspended...

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and we walk on the wires between,  
we don't belong here.  
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the dancing dreams,  
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