

Songburst & Delerium

I Mother Earth

Wide awake in the candlelight
Stoned straight, crashing
Ocean wave patterns and sunset
In their prime
Shoulder demons tell me
How to lie when it matters
And you better hope
That you see it coming

Painted grey and blurry
I am waiting for the sock to drop
Yes I can fake it, hide, run away
When there's nothing left to know...nothing

Lonely like a living room
Hallway noises and interviews
Squeeze the globe in between
Your legs and hope God knows
When to show his face when it matters
And you better hope
That you're feeling something

Pained by the worry
I am stained by the learning
Of what I can't feel, see, think, undo
I'm going to Mexico where there's
Nothing but the sun...nothing

The four walls entertaining
Me are symbols of my contentment
Of mental and legal poverty
Nine out of ten can't be wrong
I have never learned
The secret of velocity
As I expand I feel small
I have nothing left
That I can draw from
I have nothing left...nothing