

Own Brain

Ian Brown

You can't fight the feeling
While aiming for the stars
You may hit the ceiling
To be healing from the scars
Through aftershock tremors
Through ? and weather
Through anything ever
Here we came sir,
Rise around

From stony ground, I'm far away
Upon my path, upon my way
The wasted days are history
The future is a mystery

I've got my own brain

It's good to look, on route to stare
A second glance as your laid bare
Your action's more than systole
The future is a mystery

I've got my own brain
I got the one aim
I've got my own brain
An anagram of my own name

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Through anything ever
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Rise around

The realms I found
Are where I stay
My blood flow halts
My temple veins

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