

Question Everything

In:aviate

It's time to segregate and divide
Dissect the fragments and sever the ties
We must ponder the questions and bring them to light

I'm not believing what I'm thinking
Not intending what I'm speaking
Not receiving what I'm seeing
I'm a mess in the best sort of way
In the best sort of way

Your whole life is barn a stage
You were only here to entertain us

All of your illusions of chance they have been masked with confidence

I'm not believing what I'm thinking
Not intending what I'm speaking
Not receiving what I'm seeing
I'm a mess in the best sort of way
In the best sort of way

Your whole life is barn a stage
You were only here to entertain
But you're questioning everything that you write
And you don't know what's happening in your mind

When you feel these thoughts taking hold
And the world you know you're letting go

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