

Imposter

Iris

Well it won't change to indict
But this whole thing it ain't right
'Cause I have looked and waded in
I felt the tide and watched it fall
The stars were moving out of place
'Cause they were never stars at all

Yeah you got it
I am on to everything
I am on to these imposters' ways
Here's the one thing
Like weeds among the wheat
One's made to burn
One lives to feed

I can't locate or decide
What's oasis or mirage
And so I'm left with all I've got
A spiritual divining rod
And here is where the branches nod
What's all for gain
Is all for gain

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