

The Synthetic Sea

Job for a Cowboy

Finding comfort in knowledge of an enthralling higher power
My transformation catalyzed from our continual encounters
As I draw breath from clouds littering a synthetic sea
I overlook how trustful we are. So simple, so damned naive
I beg for one's own remission, simultaneously teething the flesh that breeds religion
Transmitted whispers crawl into each of us and birth dictating monsters
All creations encircling me are charades and impostors
So trustful we are. So simple, so damned naive
All comprehension I've discovered was all concocted to deceive