

Introspection

MGMT

Glowing in the shadows
Twisted in confusion
Grazing in the meadows
Voices in profusion
Colors, thoughts, emotions
Are trapped within the heart
Feeling no emotions
End without a start

Introspection, what am I really like inside?
Introspection, why have all the prophets lied?
There's a season when I will find out where I am
And there's a reason, and I will someday find the plan

Striving for perfection
And hiding when it comes
Seeing its reflection
And the fire it becomes

Turning of the seasons
And turning outside in
Burning with the reasons
Burning for revenge

Introspection, what am I really like inside?
Introspection, why have all the prophets lied?
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Tripled by the onslaught
Speeding feud of time
Dying by the unloved
Of voices in the pride

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