

Away From This World

Ratcat

I'm flying high through the sky,
past the moon and into a guessing game.
And I'm thinking how small the world seems now.
Things fly by, but only consequence,
seems to pass me by.
I am so small, so is my misery.

I'm getting away from this word.
I'm flying as high as I can.

The oxygen sets diamonds in my mind.
The missionary screams murder through my blood.
The pirate's treasure seems closer still somehow.
Another galaxy flies by. I never seem to touch them.
I wonder why,
I am so small, so is my misery.

I'm getting away from this word.
I'm flying as high as I can.

This nightmare screams in my sleep at night.
A sound sweet poetry in my ear, death looms,
up to greet me, open arms and open wide.
A deep black hole sucks me closer and closer.
Until I hit the sun.
I am so small, and so is my misery.