

In Soma

Strata

Souls are all sealed in the back
and it's over-run by millions
and it feels so wrong
meaningless
they sold you clones
we're all that's left
skin's torn away and
it's breathing on its own
it's breeding in me
there's no soma here anymore
and the system's insensitive
and the system's all part of real life
cold and affraid
cut up and renamed
I sold the sermon
the wings for their birds
I said all I could believe
sick and shattering through the words
if it comforts them then
it's all I know and
it's all that I am
it's breeding in me
there's no soma here anymore
I watch the scabs forming over you
and I can't help but feel at home
in the comfort of my cuts and welts
I heard the ground cracked open
the sky just fell
and the workers are listening for the graveyard bell
if I scream like a maniac would somebody hear me
if I took it all back would somebody hear me
if I took it too far would somebody hear me
if I set it on fire would somebody hear me
am I wasting my time I'm dressed and in line
I'll bet it all now still in line

I'll forget nothing at all