

I stocked up on the ropes and the chains.  
Can we keep things together now?  
My mind is a broken shell and the last pieces  
are covering the bathroom...  
Which way to the door.  
I'm being chased by doctors.

Lucid and tranquil.  
I've got my sanity.  
Everything I ever was in mapped out on the whiteboard,  
for everyone and anyone.  
Someone please show me the door.

To sanctity my sanctuary  
is hidden deep inside from most.  
And the secrets in the locket I wear,  
they've been prescribed by doctors.  
I need more.

Lucid and Tranquil.  
I've got my sanity.  
Everything I ever was is mapped out on the whiteboard,  
for everyone and anyone.  
Someone please show me the room.  
Where I lost my innocence  
into a vacuum of paranoid secrecy.  
Is everybody after me?  
Someone please show me more,  
show me more...