

A Life Of Possibilities

The Dismemberment Plan

You dig down underground now
Through the soil, through the cooling clay
As the din fades above you
You're moving
You're secret
You're nowhere
It's all good
And no lights lead you onwards
No signs point you on your way
Just earth in all directions
It's endless
It's mapless
No compass
No north star
You're all gone 'cause they can't find you
You're lost 'cause they don't know the way
They blame themselves they blame each other
They're angry
They're sorry
They're worried
You don't care
The shovels scrape somewhere up there
They just want to know if you're OK
Morse code tapped with hammers
You hear it
You know it
You're on your way
Oh, but at some point you've gotta come up for air
You wipe the cocks and mud and dirt out of your hair
You're blind and queasy with a growing sense of despair
You don't know anyone
You look around trying to find someone you know
You put your hand up in the air
Just kinda wave hello
But if they do care, oh, they're not letting it show
This can't be new to you
There's a feeling coming back
Connected by a thread
Pulling at your hands like a spider web
Like a kite that isn't thereâ?|
If it's a life of possibilities
That pulls you away that claws and tears
And challenges you to stay, well, then
If it's a life of possibilities
That you've gotta live then, butt'nig
Don't be surprised when they don't remember you
Or simply don't want to, yea yea yeaâ?|