

Fact And Friction

The Nearly Deads

When you've wandered around so long you can't come back down.
Now you're forgetting how to keep your feet on the ground.
Tried to fade away but the only truth I found,
I see through my crossed eyes, these hands are bound.

Don't you see, it's all me?
Creating the fact and the friction,
The human condition, against your tradition,
Here's my prediction:
I believe what's in front of me.
My premonition:
You're just a little naive.
Let go of what you think you know.
If you could only see my prediction:
I believe what's in front of me.
And you can't fake that kind of reality.

Twenty years of working hard just to lose it all.
Who'd have known I could get this high but still feel so small.
Pardon my mistakes, the ones you never saw.
Admit you missed it all, you made me fall.

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