

In the air the tension lingers
Evident in pointing fingers
From the rad the steam it rises
In this tomb of no surprises
Never knowing what they mean
Not quite in tune with their schemes
Suspect me of an empty shell?
But I guess it's just as well
Want to become you
Sweet perfection, enchanted youth, I'll lose
The weight of all my worries, I'll be the truth, I'll seek
The source, so plant the seed and let it run its course
(Of course)
Paranoia's just like ants
And conversation makes them dance
Around our like hungry friends
So watch your step and just pretend
All that glitters is really gold
And we love all that we are sold
And if there's any pain inside
Paint on a smile, man, and let it slide
Want to become you
Sweet perfection, enchanted youth, I'll lose
The weight of all my worries, I'll be the truth, I'll seek
The source, so plant the seed and let it run its course
Let it run its course
And through the whispers
And across the haze
Just like a mouse
Searching wild in a maze
I see you
From across the room
Yeah, I see you
Early morning light it grows
Casting down on pure white snow
Quietly we walk back home
Like buffalo, our minds they roam
Minds they roam