

A.F.I., No Poetic Device

I've been dreaming, I've been dreaming I was lucid.
blood was seeping, it was seeping from my pores.
Who'd believe that it was all my own decision?
Cracked faces and medicated smiles.
Set fire to my home before I turned and walked back in.
For every needle open my chest and insert ten pins.
I just anticipate what awaits when I awake... break!
I (die) die in my day dreams.
I've been dreaming, I've been dreaming I was lucid.
blood was seeping, it was seeping from my pores.
Who'd believe that it was all my own decision?
The gardens have all been overgrown.
I pushed my hand through the thorns to crush the final rose.
A deadly secret only I suffer to know.
I can't eradicate what awaits when I awake... break!
I (die) die in my day dreams.
I've been dreaming, I've been dreaming I was lucid.
blood was seeping, it was seeping from my pores.
Who would believe that it was all my own decision?