

All Too Much, Warning

In troubled times, I often tend to lean
Towards the breeze, towards the means of life
And if I get the chance to move the day
In the way, my mind like to wander
With butterflies, fly at night
Warning, warning
They're out to clone the land
Warning, warning
In that mixed up human head
As I close my eyes, the demon flies
With purple waves and teeth that sing
And as it comes my skin, I start to grin
At plastic walls of utter sins soon, Plexiglas
Seals my faith from tidal waves, they shock [Incomprehensible]
Warning, warning
They're out to clone the land
Warning, warning
Those crazy human heads
Out of sight, they're in my mind again
Like bumblebees they swarm at me
They like the sky, they squint our eyes
To waterfalls begin the talks
Unshift the skin to freeze the spell
It comforts me, leaning toward the breeze
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