

# Eyedeas, Color My World Mine

I once met a man who trained himself not to dream  
What he seems to have seen was a glimpse of everything  
He's been painting pictures on canvas since age thirteen  
And claims he only exists in the mind of a higher being  
And I enjoy his work; mostly scenic landscapes  
But each one is focused on an easel where the man paints himself painting himself  
And all that's in his visual field  
He said this was the only way he could make himself real  
Ever since he could remember, he had one nightmare reoccur  
But until about ten years ago, it didn't matter  
It consisted of loud, distorted sounds echoing off the concrete  
He ran on top of it in attempt to reach a ladder  
Now sometimes, he'd get so close but never touch his destination  
Which caused him much frustration 'cause he didn't know what it meant  
And by the end of the dream, he saw the scene from a bird's eye  
Only to witness his dead body laying on the cement

It was only to witness his dead body laying on the cement  
At first it freaked him out, but after a while he grew content  
So he thought, "It's just a dream," and kept living his life  
Writing his soul on the canvas 'cause it sheds his planet light  
And it goes on and on like space and time, ain't nothing odd  
It's not that he didn't believe, he just didn't approve of God  
His experience was one I couldn't comprehend  
'Till I stopped being detective and listened to him as a friend  
He said

(Chorus)

He once saw a painting that told his whole life story  
It was then that he knew he was the art of divinity  
He once saw a painting that told his whole life story  
A brush stroke of the gods made him one note in their symphony  
He once saw a painting that told his whole life story  
He spoke for himself and not the rest of humanity  
He once saw a painting that told his whole life story  
And I realize that I'm not real  
God just imagined me

It's like I said  
About ten years ago, the event that changed his whole reality  
Took place on his monthly trip to the local art gallery  
It was there where he studied his contemporaries  
And there where he nearly carried his sanity to a hole and buried it forever  
It was a very mysterious day  
The place was almost empty  
And he got chills down his spine just being present in the scene  
On the wall, there was a picture that looked familiar  
And when he got close, his heart stopped  
cause he saw it was a painting of his dream  
It was a painting of his dream  
His body on a runway  
By a ladder to an airplane with its propellers spinning  
Which accounted for the loud noise  
The match up was perfect  
And that was the day he stopped believing in existing  
He resented his creator  
I mean, words can't explain  
What must have went on in his brain while he stared into a frame  
Of a work of art which he created and was at the same time  
The mind can't handle that much, it's just insane  
It's like reading a book where each words describe your thoughts  
And in quotations, it reads whatever you say when you talk  
You think it can't happen  
But it did happen

I guess there's surprisingly wide cracks in each life's sidewalk  
He stumbled upon an answer when he never had a question  
And decided to stop dreaming to maintain his mental health  
Now he hardly talks to people  
Just stays in his basement  
Writing infinity, by painting himself  
Painting himself  
This is a strange universe  
Is it all just a blueprint?  
In the real universe, is my consciousness useless?  
Are we really something a higher intelligence made up?  
A figment of imagination colored by a cosmic paintbrush?  
Maybe all of our art creates the fate of other beings  
Then every character in ever novel thinks it's alive and were just gods  
Ruling blindly  
Just a theory  
I don't know what it means  
But that's the story of the man who trained himself not to dream

(Chorus)

He once saw a painting that told his whole life story  
He witnessed the paradox of the word "existing"  
He once saw a painting that told his whole life story  
He colored his world theirs, and concluded he wasn't living  
He once saw a painting that told his whole life story  
The hidden variable that all that is is art  
And when I close my eyes, I see eternity as a story  
A God imagined the God that imagined me  
And I am God  
And so on