

# Eyedeas, Paradise

What a beautiful world, so fragile and fertile  
Pain filled the void when boy met girl  
He's a puppet to nature, one year later  
Now so deeply and sickly in love it makes him hate her  
The average romanticized American relationship  
Sinks, capsized when either side becomes a slave to it  
Conditioned, dependent, afraid to be alone  
He needs that feeling that he can't create all on his own  
He despises the fact she has a life outside of them  
It drives him crazy to think she's not insanely consumed with him  
Give her the guilt-trip and maybe she'll quit living  
To stay behind his prison walls and lose all individualism  
Well this is happiness, masochistic torture  
Plagued by the decadent crave for affection  
The needle digs deep to push contentment through his bloodstream  
And drown out hollow, the pothole of a junkie  
If he could only hear her sing, he wouldn't want to break her wings  
But emptiness has such a warm, subtle sting  
She makes up for what he lacks, trapped  
He can't imagine life without someone like that

Chorus:

We've rediscovered the long-lost art of dying  
Only the lonely resent angels for flying  
Twisted, living off of each other's sickness like parasites  
This is paradise

We've rediscovered the long-lost art of dying  
Only the lonely resent angels for flying  
Addicted, afraid to take control of my own life  
This is paradise

Verse 2:

What a beautiful world, emotionally destroyed  
her became plural when girl met boy  
Between several breakups and plenty relapses  
Routine bred-comfort led to serious attachment  
Now every once in a while she forgets to breathe  
Terrified of losing him, paradise is misery  
Too much faith in the life-saving knight in shining armor  
Now her knight's noticing the scars she can't hide any longer  
But they were her story way before he was  
It's gross hope to think he would heal such deep cuts  
At first it felt so right but after one too many fights  
He turned out that hallway light and all the wonder turned to spite  
So they sleep in the same bed with guns to each others' heads  
Dead to romance, boiling the blood that painted roses red  
Suffering from post-honeymoon disease  
Bleached through his whole existence, she'll die if he decides to leave  
Addicted to the way she feels when they spend time together  
Detouring the now in a childish attempt to find forever  
Despite the fact they hold each other heart to heart  
You can't be that close to somebody without being so far apart

Chorus

Silence is the most obscure sound I've ever heard  
Those lonely, giant spaces in between your every word  
And maybe, I'm totally crazy for holding on but  
Just 'cause I'm insane, don't mean that I'm wrong  
Now that you're gone I can't sleep at night  
I barely even function right, my memory's on overdrive  
Too hungry and too cold to cry  
Miss the companionship I once took for granted

The way you helped me manage, the partnership that vanished  
But I don't expect you to stay chained by the ankle  
There's so much world to see so, fly free my angel  
I'm dying without you, but it's teaching me to live  
Heaven ain't something someone else can give  
It's all inside of me

#### Chorus

There's so much world to see  
What's stopping me from flying free?  
There's so much world to see  
What's stopping you from flying free?  
(Repeat to Fade)