Eyedea, 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)