Our Lady Peace, Supersatellite

I've read the bible, i've read Dylan, i'm reading people now because it is much more chilling i sit on a satellite with the stars made of gold there's life through that hollow lens i know supersatellite i watch the traffic, i find the seeds there's one man in particular who's not what he seems i can't focus in on the lies in his head he's convinced that his blood is blue but it's red supersatellite nothing dazzles me, i am in his dreams nothing is shocking, transparent human being