

Scott Matthew, Is It Real?

Figurines that fall like leaves then disappear, keep calling

Is it real? Is it real?

Dark machines that wheeze and breathe then mock the air, appalling

What is real? What is real?

This world can really be too much

I can't take another day

I guess that I've just had enough

My mind's slipping far away

I'm falling in and out of touch

Could someone please explain?

Set my mind for open sky, but couldn't fly, so sadly

What am I? What am I?

Sullen eyes shed teardrop lies then criticize, now laughing

What is real? What is real?

It's really all become too much

I'm not sure what I should feel

I guess I've finally had enough

I don't know if this is real

I'm crashing in and out of touch

Can anyone explain?