

Beaver, Interstate

falling asleep the heat of midday
falling asleep I'm drifting away

time and again
weightlessness a matter of perception
time and again
thoughtlessness reaches near perfection

out of the flames leave this wreckage behind
out of the flames here's a state I don't mind

time and again
weightlessness a matter of perception
time and again
thoughtlessness reaches near perfection
a resurrection