

# Broken Iris, The Eyes Of Tomorrow

Here I stand tranquilized in this little white room of mine  
There I go on my own in that redefined world inside  
So, why do you take this, conquer and dismay this  
Peaceful sanity of mine?  
Your attempting to bore me, shatter and destroy me  
Is worthless and fuels my gain  
Maybe we're all insane...  
There you stand ignorantly, just a monotone pallet you see  
If there was a color created for me, it'd consist in shades of three  
I see you enjoy this, while I exploit this  
Brief insanity of mine  
Perceive and understand you  
Is far more than I can do  
Perceptions left far behind  
Maybe we're all insane  
The way we all live reminiscing for the head game  
What if we're all insane  
I'm feeling so damn hollow staring into the Eyes of Tomorrow  
Coming around again, I'm feeling much better my friend  
The doctor says I'm sorry you must attend to your little  
White room again  
To my little white room again  
So what if we're all insane  
The way we all live reminiscing for the head game  
Maybe we're all insane  
I'm feeling so damn hollow staring into the Eyes of Tomorrow