

Diorama, Home To Millions

Your wait-forever attitude
Makes you a member of the club
Obscene, naked as a worm
Dressed like a president

Are you alive?
Where is your limit?
You sleep in her palace all the time
Where is your limit?
And never wake up

Your voice, too mad to be ignored
Avoids their greedy smiles in bars
Detentions cloaked in secrecy
Good sense equal success

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Home!

She won't be waiting in the rain
She'll find her own way home
Oh last remains of reality
It's not what you want it to be