

Evergreen Terrace, Plowed

Will I wake up
Is it a dream I made up
No I guess it's reality
What will chance us or will we mess up our only chance to connect with a dream
Say a prayer for me I'm buried by the sound
In a world of human wreckage
I'm lost and I'm found and I can't touch the ground
I'm plowed into the sound
To see wide open with a head that's broken
Hang a life on a tragedy
Plow me under the ground
That covers the message that is the seed