

# Forgive Durden, Parable Of The Sower

I've woken again in an ocean of salt  
Drenched from recurring  
Dreams of such horror  
They haunt my evenings

Nightmares of a future so absurd  
This fantasy of events could never occur  
Such vivid imagery has me  
Blurring all kinds of lines  
Between here and reality

Billboards have replaced all window panes  
Faith is less a feeling and more a mandate  
Fed up are the sun and the moon  
They're burning up and leaving soon, soon, soon

My twisted imagination  
It has a mind of its own  
So wake me from this dream  
My crooked precognition  
Its distance from the truth grows  
Please wake me from this dream

Where there's an answer for everything  
Hiding behind child-proof plastic locks  
And under cotton swabs  
There's a medicine for every ill  
If the money's right  
The pain can be drowned with a bitter pill

All the women are paper thin  
Their necks barely hold up their heads  
Boys have been trained  
And prepared since birth  
To serve their role  
And fight until their death, death, death

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It has a mind of its own  
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My crooked precognition  
Its distance from the truth grows  
Please wake me from this dream

My twisted imagination  
It has a mind of its own  
My crooked precognition  
Its distance from the truth grows  
Please save me from this dream

It's only a fabrication  
This place is all in my head  
It's only a fabrication  
This place is all in my head

I rub my eyes to find  
This whole time  
I thought I was in a slumber  
They've been open wide