

Lemon Demon, Ten Thousand Light Years Away

Ten thousand plastic eyeballs
Float through space.
Why don't you listen when you
See my face?

It's a grim prediction, but I
Told you so, and
Everyone says that there's no explanation
And nobody wanted to know.

Something's terribly, terribly wrong with me.
Ten thousand light years away

Feelings of dread like a deathbed's
Silent gloom.
I found a pile of red tape
In my room.

There's a lucid feeling of
Insanity, and
Everyone says that there's no explanation
And it's simply the norm to agree.

Just several weeks ago
There was a status quo.
Ten thousand light years away.

(Blue times, high crimes, all's well like hell.)

Something's terribly, terribly good
And quite misunderstood.
Ten thousand light years away.
Ten thousand light years away.