

# 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.