

# MGMT, Metanoia

Metanoia, reshaping the world  
It can teach you  
And reprogram you  
It can show you the flood  
That's trapped inside  
This one's alive  
The tail is breathing  
And she's listening  
Kill the serpent  
Divide, disperse and grow  
Into an oak  
A silver lining on a black scale  
Wicked hunter on three hooves he still rode  
But where is the fourth?  
You can climb there  
To your lofty perch  
It can teach you the fairytale of hurt  
Mystic referee, don't look on me with scorn  
I'm a child, I'm a lover being born  
Satchidananda  
Disregard the path I'm on  
You can justify the action, should you bless  
My ambition and my indecisiveness  
Satchidananda  
Let me know that you exist  
Watch me tremble as I'm answering the phone  
I am separate from everything you know  
Mystic referee I promise to return  
Once I've given up and lessons have been learned  
Satchidananda  
You can watch my fire burn  
We were talkin' junk right,  
Just before the show  
This wild-eyed kid came up to the fence  
He took one look at us, and he said:  
"Help me,  
Drummer,  
Ticket,  
Yeah!"  
We didn't play his favorite song,  
Now he'll never come to another show  
Hospitals and woods confirm  
Red in the eyes of everyone  
Parasites and lovers scrape the meat from bones  
Turned into jade and tiger's eye  
Save me some dark hair over a face like hers  
She'll help the rain come to a pour  
Bathroom floor of stone and tiles broke in two  
Warm where they touch her porcelain  
Timid skin I'm careful to untie this road  
Wrapped in a knot indifferent  
Lion's foot unearthing all the things i've seen  
But never truly understood  
Rotten wood from oceans that were never green  
Crumbles beneath the canopy  
Secretly  
Let's pretend we never touched the sugar  
Tonight, under rose  
You won't find another wheel to roll  
When autumn winds appear  
We wear these fears on our right  
It just wants to be surreal 'cause  
All dressed in diamond image jeans  
Mercury's found in old field

We miserable in love  
And chance we walked  
Right on in, into the streets of the city but  
Watching people disappear  
Without reaching out  
Years and years  
You're left by yourself  
On the wheel