

Of Machines, Things Too Visible To See

Start over clean and just empty this plate
Sweep up the guilt and learn to survive
Because when it ends,
You won't be alive
Would you notice,
If these eyes were closed?
Cause from every direction comes someone's objection
(Someone's objection)
This is wearing thin,
We all just see white
Nothing more beautiful,
Beautiful than this
Beautiful,
Beautiful than this
And pretend that what is known does not exist
And you will find a light that shined so long ago
I've been shadowed
They hold silhouettes over my head
Pretend that what is known does not exist
Sailing alone around the room never seemed best
Sailing alone around the room
Sailing alone around the room never seemed best
Sailing alone around the room never seemed best
Sailing alone around the room
Sailing alone around the room never seemed best