

Periphery, Wax Wings

It feels so wrong, stuck down in the web we weave
Tear apart the way we are and do it so well
Our peace of mind left in pieces
Holding your head in hands and the world's watching today

Feeling like an empty room
Nothing ever fits, but I will find my way
Resume
Who am I staring at?
All I've wanted and more, living beyond the door
Right behind the front door

Painting the patterns I've become within my eyes
Murals fade, but lessons they sow
And as the paths we wander have shown, our hearts will grow
Beauty wades within the sound soul

I've said so long to sanity
Picked apart the way I am, but living to tell
The surgery of mending pieces
Is hanging over me and the world's watching today

Yeah, this is still life
Make it mine
Used to do it all the time
Dust off your shoulders through it
Yeah, this is still life
Make it mine, I used to do it all the time
Sick of living low
I've gotta let the feeling go

Painting the patterns I've become within my eyes
Murals fade, but lessons they sow
And as the paths we wander have shown, our hearts will grow
Beauty wades within the sound soul

Yeah, this is still life
Make it mine
Used to do it all the time
Dust off your shoulders through it
Yeah, this is still life
Make it mine, used to do it all the time
Sick of living low
I've gotta pick me off the floor

Stay in the upright
One second, one day, one step
Just keep moving
One step, keep moving
Keep your head up high
One second, one day, one step
You're not on your own
No, no, no

I'm feeling like an empty room
No, nothing ever fits, but I will find my way
Resume
Oh, I will find my way, resume
Who am I staring at?
All I've wanted and more, living beyond the door
Right behind the front door

Must I lay here as a product of the world I never leave?
I can see

My life is crashing down, it's been a while
My mind is racing for a million miles
The machine is turning me
Just imagine the damage that's done
When you fly with wax wings in the sun
The past is present, I'm not in denial
It's holding on like it's an infant child
The machines are
The machines are turning me
The machines are turning me

The past is present, I'm not in denial
It's holding on like it's an infant child
The machines are
The machines are turning me
The machines are
The machines are turning me
The machines are turning me