

# Sector Seven, Obvious

I'm talking lots, I've nothing good to say  
I heard myself, and decided it was time to back away  
I've gained control, just knowing everything I know  
Soon will come a change, a roll

It might seem cold, but sometimes I'd rather be alone  
Aware, awake but I'm still prone  
To the ideas I have owned, I know  
I've seen it all again so please let's go  
A giant mess that's blending

Did you ever see your self's genetic trends, a pattern forms  
But there's always time to stop and take a chance you're in command  
With everything you've got at hand  
Soon will come a change, a roll

It might seem cold, but you will never be alone  
Aware, awake but are you prone?  
Are you afraid of what you have owned?  
A giant mess that's blending  
But still you never know

Well I wouldn't want to let you down  
Cuz I still want most of you around

I'm shutting doors, I'm putting forth  
I'm sitting on a fence again  
Playing devil's advocate,  
Tying to make plans and here I am

A giant mess that's blending  
But still you never know  
A giant mess that's blending  
Into something, but I'm not quite sure