

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