

The Human Abstract, Metanoia

Look at me now, I'm losing control.
I don't know what to call myself.. I know that I'm sick of playing a role.
All along I've been kidding myself seeking out a set reality.
They say sanity is dictated by what the larger percentage of society sees.
What does that mean? Clearly nothing.
Psychology is not an exact science, in fact,
there is no exact science, though it may seem..
That means I'm okay, and everything is okay.
All along I've been kidding myself. Life is falling apart at the seams.
Somehow I'm doomed to go over the same ground in these
compulsive circular thought patterns, over and over, time and again,
over and over, time and again..
I think I've got it all worked out, then I forget every conclusion drawn.
Every epiphany, gone.
I felt safe, then the walls came crashing in one day without warning.
Everything that I thought was stable starts to wash away.
Can you feel it? Its the motion of the tide.
Watch yourself now, there's an ocean deep inside.
You could drown in it.
Look at me now, I'm losing control..
might even be learning to enjoy the sting of the irony.
Changing my shape, I slide through the doorway.
Watch yourself, there is no ocean deeper than this,
watch yourself, its an endless journey through the abyss.
All along I've been kidding myself, working equations.
Its a long walk in and there's no clear way home.
Everything I was in constant change, I'm not the same.