

# Tool, Third eye

Dreaming of that face again.  
It's bright and blue and shimmering.  
Grinning wide  
And comforting me with it's three warm and wild eyes.  
On my back and tumbling  
Down that hole and back again  
Rising up  
And wiping the webs and the dew from my withered eye.  
In... Out... In... Out... In... Out...  
A child's rhyme stuck in my head.  
It said that life is but a dream.  
I've spent so many years in question  
to find I've known this all along.  
"So good to see you.  
I've missed you so much.  
So glad it's over.  
I've missed you so much  
Came out to watch you play.  
Why are you running?"  
Shroud-ing all the ground around me  
Is this holy crow above me.  
Black as holes within a memory  
And blue as our new second sun.  
I stick my hand into his shadow  
To pull the pieces from the sand.  
Which I attempt to reassemble  
To see just who I might have been.  
I do not recognize the vessel,  
But the eyes seem so familiar.  
Like phosphorescent desert buttons  
Singing one familiar song...  
"So good to see you.  
I've missed you so much.  
So glad it's over.  
I've missed you so much.  
Came out to watch you play.  
Why are you running away?"  
Prying open my third eye.  
So good to see you once again.  
I thought that you were hiding.  
And you thought that I had run away.  
Chasing the tail of dogma.  
I opened my eye and there we were.  
So good to see you once again  
I thought that you were hiding from me.  
And you thought that I had run away.  
Chasing a trail of smoke and reason.  
Prying open my third eye