

Weeping Tile, Poked

I poked my eye with my finger
Lying on the bed
Now I'm sneezing and I'm blowing
And I can't clear my head

Is the pressure in the air from an August storm thats rumbling?
I try not to care about it now
Your pressure's down, anyway

All alone I know I give in to chances
Hold out yourself
Your mental health
Your surreal circumstances

I try to keep it separate
A built in third eye effacing every line
I got a built in bad feeling that doesnt go away with time

Lined up in a row
Shadowless figurines
come up from below
What they figure I figure I dont want to know

There are two of us
What I am what I was
To be seen and not to be mistakenly taken serious

Well there are two of us
What I am what I was
At the end of the millennium
We'll soon be replaced by replicas

All lined up in a row
Shadowless figurines come up from below
What they figure for me I dont want to know

Leave the light on as you go