

Yesterdays Rising, My Body Is Like A Metaphor

Do you want to ride?
Do you want to feel?
Do you want to perfect your craft?

My body is like a metaphor.
It's holding me back, I'm looking for more.
I'm like a child, so very innocent,
a curious one, with the want for more.

It's the sweetness that I crave, more and more everyday.
My feelings are like the wind, they are felt and sensed.
But not visualized by the eyes.
This is my premonition, this is my disguise.

Do you want to ride?
Do you want to feel?
Do you want to perfect your craft?

Whoa, whoa, whoa, what are you doing?
I'm searching for more.
It's a feeling in your head,
a feeling through your body.
A sense of knowing,
A sense of knowing,
It's a feeling in your head,
a feeling through your body.
A sense of knowing,
A sense of knowing,
A sense of knowing,
A sense of knowing,
A sense of knowing,

My body is like a metaphor, day to day I live as a person.
I want the state of emptiness.

Do you want to ride?
Do you want to feel?
Do you want to perfect your craft?

My body is like a metaphor.