

Forgive Durden, Parable Of The Sower

I've woken again in an ocean of salt
Drenched from recurring
Dreams of such horror
They haunt my evenings

Nightmares of a future so absurd
This fantasy of events could never occur
Such vivid imagery has me
Blurring all kinds of lines
Between here and reality

Billboards have replaced all window panes
Faith is less a feeling and more a mandate
Fed up are the sun and the moon
They're burning up and leaving soon, soon, soon

My twisted imagination
It has a mind of its own
So wake me from this dream
My crooked precognition
Its distance from the truth grows
Please wake me from this dream

Where there's an answer for everything
Hiding behind child-proof plastic locks
And under cotton swabs
There's a medicine for every ill
If the money's right
The pain can be drowned with a bitter pill

All the women are paper thin
Their necks barely hold up their heads
Boys have been trained
And prepared since birth
To serve their role
And fight until their death, death, death

My twisted imagination
It has a mind of its own
So wake me from this dream
My crooked precognition
Its distance from the truth grows
Please wake me from this dream

My twisted imagination
It has a mind of its own
My crooked precognition
Its distance from the truth grows
Please save me from this dream

It's only a fabrication
This place is all in my head
It's only a fabrication
This place is all in my head

I rub my eyes to find
This whole time
I thought I was in a slumber
They've been open wide