Parallels

The Soft Moon

We are all comatose. We are overfed and under... undernourished, yearning for something more.
Never starving yet never quite satisfied. Carnal but without useful flesh or mind. Yeah...
I am a walking contradiction that's found consistency
Consuming everything, all without producing sustenance.
In the parallels we struggle... struggle to upkeep, there is a better way for us to be set free.
From all it is we crave, there must be more to life than to simply stay alive... to simply stay alive.
We are not the same as I hope to show. There is a better way if we just let go.
We are not... we are not the same. We are not... we are not the same. Let go...

In the tension between devouring want or simple need
It's clear the only lines between the ones we preserve.
We are not the same as I hope to show. There is a better way if we just let go.
We are not... we are not the same. We are not... we are not the same.
Let go... We are not the same.
And in the parallels we struggle to upkeep,
There's a better way for us to be... for us to be set free.
And in the parallels (parallels) we struggle to upkeep (struggle to upkeep),
There's a better way for us to be... for us to be set free

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