Surface to Air (2004 Version)

Threshold

I am me I am real free to take part, in the game
But I don't qualify I never helped to write the rules
And if you see me acting strange please don't hurt me with your scorn
I will not comply it's been the same since I was bornThe wisdom of the mystics is the devil's own disguise
His fingers flick the tarot deck keep weak ones mesmerized
What twisted minds would hide behind the cult of living death
Man and nature so defiled white dove with hawkish headWhat a true man feels defines the world's disease
After centuries his blindness can't be healedThe disappearing sands of time are leaving us no trace
What deity would best describe the mighty human race
Has vanity dressed up our god in likenesses of man?
When selfishness and greed and lust are all we understandWhat a true man feels defines the world's disease
After centuries his blindness can't be healedI can't philosophize with you when you don't see the things I do
You don't think beyond the fringe of this tiny world you're in
See me dancing on clouds hear me thinking out loud
True believers, jesus freakers, heaven in your hand
Self relying, sanctifying, help me understand
Eye of the needle, free the people in the desert land
Meek inherit, they won't share it, rulers of the sand

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