

Space Dye Vest

Dream Theater

- kevin moore Falling through pages of martens on angels

Feeling my heart pull west

I saw the future dressed as a stranger

Love in a space-dye vest Love is an act of blood and I'm bleeding

A pool in the shape of a heart

Beauty projection in the reflection

Always the worst way to start "but he's the sort who can't know

Anyone intimately, least of all a

Woman. he doesn't know what a woman

Is. he wants you for a possession,

Something to look at like a painting or an ivory box.

Something to own and to display. he doesn't want you to be real,

Or to think or to live. he doesn't love you, but I love you.

I want you to have your own thoughts and ideas and feelings, even when

I hold you in my arms. it's our last chance... it's our last chance... "Now that you're gone I'm trying to take it

Learning to swallow the rage

Found a new girl I think we can make it

As long as she stays on the page This is not how I want it to end

And I'll never be open again"...i was gonna move out...ummm...get,

Get a job, get my own place, ummm,

But... I go into the mall where i

Want to work and they tell me, i'm,

I was too young..."some people, gave advice before,

About facing the facts, about

Facing reality. and this is, this

Without a doubt, is his biggest

Challenge ever. he's going to have to face it.

You're gonna have to try, he's gonna to have to try and,

Uh, and, and, and get some help here. I mean no one can

Say they know how he feels."that, so they say that, in ya know

Like, houston or something, you'd

Say it's a hundred and eighty degrees,

But it's a dry heat

. in houston they say that?

Oh, maybe not. I'm all mixed up.

Dry until they hit the swimming pool."...i get up with the sun... listen.

You have your own room to sleep in,

I don't care what you do. I don't

Care when. that door gets locked,

That door gets locked at night by nine o'clock.
If you're not in this house by nine o'clock, then you'd better find some
Place to sleep. because you're not going to be a bum in this house.
Supper is ready..."There's no one to take my blame
If they wanted to
There's nothing to keep me sane
And it's all the same to you
There's nowhere to set my aim
So I'm everywhere
Never come near me again
Do you really think I need you'll never be open again, I could never be open again.
I'll never be open again, I could never be open again.And I'll smile and I'll learn to pretend
And I'll never be open again
And I'll have no more dreams to defend
And I'll never be open again

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