

# Froggin' Bullfish

## Periphery

Shut out from this ancient truth.  
We are blind inside.  
Migrant souls from a distant world?  
There's an absence of knowledge. Reaching out for the pulse of our own.  
Now the time has come to awaken the prophecy.  
Buried underneath the veil of illusion.  
Given a life of freedom, only to neglect what we should feel.  
Tortured by negative consciousness. Feeling our disorder hit the froggin' wall.  
Escape some way...  
Awake!  
Hallucinating desire. Chase the obscene.  
Travel these wonders far beyond.  
Burn down the walls that bind you to this cage, or be detained. For once, a glimpse at freedom would feel divine.  
A break from this feeble old mind.  
My fucking mind! Negative scenes are just the projection of our own dark fear.  
Playing the victim is not what will bring us back to salvation.  
Back to reality. What is it they all seek?  
Be it the wealth of the throne?  
Live your life as a drone!  
Reaching out for the pulse of our own. So high... above what they all seem to know.  
Subliminal signs; a message that's unrefined.  
Soaring above what they all seem to know.  
Someday replay the purgatory life you lead. Taste the obscene,  
Travel these wonders far beyond.  
Burn down the walls that bind you to this cage, or be detained.

Songwriters

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