

Chemical

Trophy Eyes

Break it down to an inside voice
The one that speaks the loudest always knows the least
We know the speed of light
But not the speed of thought.
Is it chemical or miracle each time we talk?
What is a minute but a man made name?
Given to the emptiness and infinite space
To comprehend the time between asleep and awake
And read it on our graves
As a dash between the dates
We're so afraid
Of the limits we've made
If love is just a chemical reaction
Why is death so different?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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