

Future Reflections

Mgmt

And there were future reflections
On the face and the hands
On a green colored island
On a primitive man
It was the future reflected
It felt familiar but new
A street was missing a building
The kids had something to do
There was a feeling the spirit was leaving
Red like a marker
So my tribe, with my knife
Cut the heart from a lonely life
I saw patterns on floorboards
Deep in the dust was a leader
Someone was walking on floorboards
Turned them from oak to cedar
He can assess the situation
I wrapped a string around my finger
Into the forest with the young ones
I don't expect to be a winner

But as long as you feel it
I'm a believer
My heart is phosphor
Sea rolls and death tolls
Break the surface don't break my bones
Off of the trail and off of your hands and
Onto a new plan
Is the cost to stay lost
Forever in an empty skin
Pale and thin
If it's good, or if it's fortune, I can't tell
But pieces come together for some reason just as well
Their guns couldn't see us
There's a sea outside my door
And one day I'll appreciate
The rush of blood and the washed out beat of the shore
And remember what it felt like
To be alone

Sitting in the sunlight
All alone

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