

# 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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