

Out There

Westworld

Acid mind trip on some enchanted blue star
Heavenly bodies look closer than they are
Some wasted bound to die person said
Cinematic in ghostly angelic light
You're living out of your element my boy don't you know
This acting so naive, when I'm old enough to know
how
Hypersensitive, to the words draped in white
It's unbecoming to me now
There must be light at the end
There must be someone out there
Waiting for me when I cross over
Sunsets on a warm horizon
Behind the door to somewhere
I almost feel her hand on my face
There must be someone out there for me
As I fall into this I release myself from the ground
There must be someone out there

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