

# Analog

## Strung Out

Analog Through the coolest haze  
of this dreamlike maze  
it has begun  
and all I wanted you near With these wounds I bled  
a perfect tone of red  
in isolation  
through the swollen eyes Of the dying, and my waking dreams  
we're all dying to become what we swore we never would Now I watch and mourn in bloom You take the way  
you know  
I'll take the road unknown  
and meet you there  
at the end of time We are frequency  
we are tragedy  
we are the love  
we need to keep us here We are the dying, we are the hungry ones  
we are the waiting forever faithful  
when I see you on the other side  
I will not be the same  
as I was when I was yours How I wanted you near We are the dying, we are the lonely ones  
we are the heartache forever waiting  
when I see you on the other side  
I will not be the same  
as I was when I was yours We've got the anger, fear and isolation,  
exiled to this place.  
We've got the pain, separates the tragic years  
I've gone through all this waste  
and when we finally separate ourselves,  
the world we choose to leave behind  
I will not be the same  
as I was when I was yours.

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