

# Songburst & Delerium

## I Mother Earth

Wide awake in the candlelight  
Stoned straight, crashing  
Ocean wave patterns and sunset  
In their prime  
Shoulder demons tell me  
How to lie when it matters  
And you better hope  
That you see it coming  
Painted grey and blurry  
I am waiting for the sock to drop  
Yes I can fake it, hide, run away  
When there's nothing left to know...nothing  
Lonely like a living room  
Hallway noises and interviews  
Squeeze the globe in between  
Your legs and hope God knows  
When to show his face when it matters

And you better hope  
That you're feeling something  
Pained by the worry  
I am stained by the learning  
Of what I can't feel, see, think, undo  
I'm going to Mexico where there's  
Nothing but the sun...nothing  
The four walls entertaining  
Me are symbols of my contentment  
Of mental and legal poverty  
Nine out of ten can't be wrong  
I have never learned  
The secret of velocity  
As I expand I feel small  
I have nothing left  
That I can draw from  
I have nothing left...nothing

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