Nightmare

Trapdoor Social

When it starts to rain I feel it creep into the cracked airplane
No passers by were all inside it, staring down the same great heights and
When you panic, I'll have to panic, make a mad dash for the exit
But if we're calm and brave 'till dawn will wake up in our beds unharmedFace to face with all the people, I could avoid when all was equal
But in the rubble there are no walls, no separation, cloud controls
Everything theory wove by reason, gets pulled apart when stretched by feeling
And so we trace the darkest spots, the bare contours of virtue lostI'm dead, you're dead
Dream it 'till were back in bed
Safe and soundI know, you know
We're living on our tiptoes nowWake up in the morning to words scrawled across my eyelids warning
Of everything we should be seeing but needed the unconscious bleeding
Perhaps now I can sculpt the words for what long has been just shapeless fears
And let dimension draw perspective carving out its due attentionAll your pain's a treated symptoms, a dropper drops leaves blurry vision
And swallows up in thick abstract, leaving scientific cataracts
The visceral gets disinfected, too numb to note the next invention
Can't keep up still far behind, more cunning's running losing timeAnd I don't know what fate is
It won't shutter my eyes
We'll wake up in a moment
Cradling our timeI'm dead, you're dead
Dream it 'till were back (safe) in bed
Our lovely lives recoveredI know, you know
We're living on our tiptoes
Hoping fate won't hear us cominTug on the thread
It leads right back into your head
And therein dwells the answerI know, you know
We follow where our hearts go
Falling off the precipiceI can run but can't seem to hide
Can't seem to hide my dear

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