

# Reality Tunnel

## Creative Adult

The audience in studio  
Open their god flavored wallets  
Participants are wearing boots  
By the machine colored seaside

(In a heightened state I guide my floating body through a canyon that's lined with futuristic cities. Rotating in place mid-air)

They're guided by remote control  
Proper virtual access  
I think they'll be the first in line  
To purchase tickets for Springsteen  
Creation is confusion  
Don't bother looking at the sky  
It's such an obsolete journey  
And love the locket of your cage  
In this reality tunnel

(With incredible precision I weaved my way through a thousand miles of concrete and neon at new top speeds with my eyes closed)

It's hard to separate completely  
Can't quite detach from all the perceived pains  
Conditioned by the outside  
Meanwhile  
Content about it mostly  
Oh god  
Do you still think I'm paranoid?  
I remember you said it  
When you thought I wasn't there  
I know you're all out to get me  
Creation delusion  
And everyone was getting lost  
At the radical nexus  
So disregard the empty space  
Or get used to it farther  
If there is meaning in this haze  
Maybe it's just to experience  
Something greater than our alternate ego  
Removed from what we identify as

Lyrics provided by  
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