

## Chaotic Youth

### "The Dive"

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It starts out with a question. How much of it is real?  
The skepticism sets in, and lessens your appeal  
Next, you study conspiracy, develop some theories  
And become extra wary of all your previous learned material  
Your tolerance for stupidity degrades  
Most of your friends seem to be trapped in the maze  
You narrow your associates down to the few you can stand  
And even they sometimes wonder what's going on in that head of yours  
You study east and western philosophy, psychology, physics  
You think a lot more, and start to question existence  
You wonder about your nervous system's limits  
You tamper with reality maps, and then ask hallucinogenic induced  
"Who am I's? What am I? Am I forever?"  
All information breathes in the shallow dark hells of never  
You can see where it's leading. You wish you were dreaming  
If the castle crumbles no one's there to put it back together

[Chorus]

Have you ever felt yourself slippin' away?  
Where all you think about's your sanity, and how it decayed?  
There's no place to run, no place to hide  
You can't escape from inside, and you're losing your mind  
You try to think of when it started, and ask yourself why  
But each thought deepens the sickness and completes the desert dry  
Fear feeds the derangement of the inner eye  
With nothing left you find yourself falling to madness so you...

... cry to your god, and act normal to your peers  
What if God ain't hearing you? That's your only fear

Each day you think more about your psychosis  
No one but you can help you, and you know this  
That's the craziest part of it all  
In your rational mind, you only know two things for sure  
One is that your totally nuts  
And the other is that you're the only one with the cure  
It doesn't make sense, it's not how you imagined  
You never knew it could just happen  
You thought it came from stress, suicide, a near death  
experience  
War, drug trips, low pay ,carelessness  
You've heard plenty of stories about schizophrenia  
But never had evidence of one who thought himself  
mad  
You're going crazy, and desperately reachin' for  
reason  
But the strain to stay sane's your only demon; best  
believe it

[Chorus]

You finally realize that you've always lived in hell  
No human model or metaphor can explain how you fell  
The puzzle's alive, and it changes as you try to escape  
it  
It created time and made it appear to pass by  
You don't know what you think. You don't think what you  
know  
You're a total lunatic, and afraid it's starting to show  
Where do you go when your brain is your worst enemy?  
The six hundred and sixty six foot tall bridge on  
seventh street?  
You're scared. You're scared. Why are you so scared?  
There'd be no problem if you didn't care  
Now you've truly formed an opinion about heaven  
It starts out with a question, and this is what it ends in

Now I know you've felt yourself slip away  
Now all you think about's your sanity, and how it  
decayed  
There's no place to run. No place to hide  
You can't escape the fact that you've lost your mind  
You can't erase your mistakes. There's no way to  
rewind  
The harder you look, the harder it is to find  
Fear feeds the derangement of the inner eye  
With nothing left you find yourself falling to madness,  
so you dive  
so you dive (repeated)

And with each foot you fall

the voice in your head starts to sound more and more  
like yours

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