

Chapman Beth Nielsen**"Birth of a Fish"**

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He lives in a four by two glass box
It reminds me of my head
I wish my floor would have rocks, but it's covered with
puddles instead
If I could be him, life would be great
I could erase this permanent frown
I wouldn't even be held down by my own weight
I woke up walked to the tank to hear his thoughts on
yesterday
How was it? I asked
And after a tapping the glass
He looked my way, then gave me this depressed
expression
Impressed, its best just to say
Besides the tides and the grey skies, it was ok!
And I said Hey mister fish, you did all that you wish
You got, nothing to complain about while hanging out
in this (bis?)
Well he replied Well Existence is bliss, there's so much
that you miss
Besides get off the trip, happiness is just a myth
I said Living in water is extremely more peaceful than
life finding minds, blinded by evil, and forced to see
through
these two peep wholes.
It seems a redeemed freedom, not being limited by
walls
That only mean to qualify ground for the sky when it
falls
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falls
But Mr. Fish just laughed as I went on and on and on
So I interrupted his chuckle, putting up a middle finger
And he boldly told me it's too bad I'm was such a
thinker
So Arrogantly I asked How could someone think too
much?

He added that insanity lingers and thoughts brought
me to the brink of such
He said you live inside a head that reminds me of my
glass box
And everyone's the same; all brains are contained by
your reality frame
And chained, to with the rain, its trained hard not to
change
And once you see what I've explained you hit the
jackpot
And at that very moment it was like my eyes really
opened
The air that previously surrounded me was now an
ocean
Still totally invisible except for minor pieces of debris
Then Mr. Fish pushed up to the glass and he looked just
like me
My whole world spun around, I didn't understand
But I realised I was no longer a man
So I thought about what he said
And asked him what was going on
And he said, you didn't know it but you were the fish
all along
He said, congratulations, you did it, you broke free
You're just a fish like the rest of humanity
Now it took me a long time to get adjusted to this tank
But now I know what I am, and so to that man I give
thanks
I've always lived inside this glass box that reminds him
of his head
It just goes to show ya that your mind's your own
monster
Realities what you make it, if you take it away
You're just a fish, like me, swimming in the powdered
water

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