

## **Dream Atlantic**

### **"Exposure"**

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Listen Up!  
It doesn't make much sense  
To go around fearing the world you created  
It's a simple niche  
Limp body, left to fill it.  
And all this talk of perfection  
Is defining your actions  
It takes a toll on you

Never cloud the images of ones  
You're trying to remember  
It's all a matter of opinion

So much can change when comfort kicks in  
Stop searching souls for soulless companions

The misdirected audience  
Gets stranded in the fire  
If it ever comes, times are changing  
Innocent ones  
So, take it for what its worth  
And be Grateful for it  
Will never come  
As expected

Let's set the stage  
And kill the lights  
The sand sifts through your fingers  
It's chipping at the bone  
Chipping at the bone  
A life slowly remembered  
That fabricates the soul  
Fabricates the soul  
Fabricates the soul

It's a simple niche  
With, Limp body, left  
To fill it.

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