

Forgive Durden

"The Parable Of The Sower"

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I've woken again in an ocean of salt,
Drenched from recurring
Dreams of such horror.
They haunt my evenings.

Nightmares of a future so absurd
This fantasy of events could never occur.
Such vivid imagery has me
Blurring all kinds of lines
Between here and reality.
Billboards have replaced all window panes.
Faith is less a feeling and more a mandate.
Fed up are the sun and the moon.
They're burning up and leaving soon.

My twisted imagination.
It has a mind of its own.
So wake me for this dream.
My crooked precognition.
Its distance from the truth grows.
Please wake me from this dream.

Where there's an answer for everything
Hiding behind child-proof plastic locks
And under cotton swabs.
There's a medicine for every ill.
If the money's right the pain can be
Drowned with a bitter pill.
All the women are paper thin.
Their necks barely hold up their heads.
Boys have been trained
And prepared since birth
To serve their role
And fight until their death.

My twisted imagination.
It has a mind of its own.
So wake me for this dream.
My crooked precognition.
Its distance from the truth grows.
Please wake me from this dream.

It's only a fabrication.
This place is all in my head.
It's only a fabrication.
This place is all in my head.

I rub my eyes to find
This whole time I thought
I was in a slumber,
They've been open wide.

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