

Hope Lane Is A Dead End "Botched Blueprints"

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Caged like an animal,
Guard dogs left astray.
I'm happier here in isolation,
A framed capsulation of a life I never lived,
I never even lived.

If this picture's worth a thousand words,
Then why are my ten thousand
Only one picture to you?
I'm no Van Gogh, but I can see straight
Without the aide of hallucinogens.

Settle? Settle?
I will succeed.
Settle? Settle?
I will be free.
Settle? Settle?
I will succeed.
Settle? Settle?
I'm finally gonna be free.

Envisioning nothing may be near impossible to do,
But we're as close as we can come to a negative
substance.
It's like dreaming without lucidity.
It's like dreaming without my lucidity.

I'm done here.
Rendezvous in hell.

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