

# Idiot Pilot "The Reigns"

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## "The Reigns"

I sat and contemplated everything and nothing came  
This dry skin is aging and cracking, but I still sing  
Let the sun wash over me  
These warm thoughts are a shade of the truth

Seem to be a forest growing out of harvest  
Keeping me sustained  
Straying from the obvious into the strange  
It was in an effort ending up the same

Their voice speaks now  
Other than my own echo in the cavern of our useless  
skull  
I am just a stain on a dress you've made  
The beauty in the stitching elegances...

Block the rain  
Aiming at this broken shell  
Countless as far as I can tell  
The ways in which you sing

I rode your back and took hold of the reigns, laughing  
all the way

What can we fill up in our short lives  
Making us complete, allowing us to breathe  
When death is washed away we will terminate this vital  
mystery  
But I still need to reach the life inside of me, the life  
inside...

I rode your back and took hold of the reigns, laughing  
all the way

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