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Reverend Horton Heat "Adrift"

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I'm reading the stars through the ceiling, From the ocean floor I'm reaching, The darkness between them, An empty roar, Beneath me the sand falls through neatly, Its focus now dreaming, receiving sensations, Drifting into the atmosphere once more. $\hat{a} \in |\hat{a} \in |\hat{a}$

Grain after grain, decisions made, Marks on a page, time portrayed, On a calendar leafs of a diary, Plays upon the stage, Communicate with freight buffalo, The fantastic ants we are. Achievements made of grain, Matchstick constructions, The most we are. Roles lived in a cage.

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