

Pterodactyls In America "The Matrix"

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It's breaking up, the signal's distorted
I'm losing touch relationships aborted
All that's left's a broken receiver
The note you sent was addressed to the reader

The echo's back, my own voice repeating
A subtle plea lets you know I'm breathing
I'm an introvert want no walls around me
Need oxygen, and now I am gasping

Kept my ear to the ground, and watched every
movement
With objective eyes, I know every arrangement
The mystery is why you're appealing
and It's too much, this desire I'm feeling

Chorus:
And I waste all of my time
Painting this picture
On a canvas in my mind
Inspiration is fleeting

It's coming back I relocated the beacon
I re-read the note and lost all illusion
It's a shallow thing, what I found left there
What I've pined, has no need to be here

Chorus:
And I waste all of my time
Painting this picture
On a canvas in my mind
Inspiration is fleeting

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