

Eyedeas & Abilities

"The Dive"

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It starts out with a question. How much of it is real?

The skepticism sets in, and lessens your appeal

Next, you study conspiracy, develop some theories

And become extra wary of all your previous learned material

Your tolerance for stupidity degrades

Most of your friends seem to be trapped in the maze

You narrow your associates down to the few you can stand

And even they sometimes wonder what's going on in that head of yours

You study east and western philosophy, psychology, physics

You think a lot more, and start to question existence

You wonder about your nervous system's limits

You tamper with reality maps, and then ask hallucinogenic induced

"Who am I's? What am I? Am I forever?"

All information breathes in the shallow dark hells of never

You can see where it's leading. You wish you were dreaming

If the castle crumbles no one's there to put it back together

[Chorus]

Have you ever felt yourself slippin' away?

Where all you think about's your sanity, and how it
decayed?

There's no place to run, no place to hide

You can't escape from inside, and you're losing your
mind

You try to think of when it started, and ask yourself why

But each thought deepens the sickness and completes
the desert dry

Fear feeds the derangement of the inner eye

With nothing left you find yourself falling to madness
so you...

... cry to your god, and act normal to your peers

What if God ain't hearing you? That's your only fear

Each day you think more about your psychosis

No one but you can help you, and you know this

That's the craziest part of it all

In your rational mind, you only know two things for sure

One is that your totally nuts

And the other is that you're the only one with the cure

It doesn't make sense, it's not how you imagined

You never knew it could just happen

You thought it came from stress, suicide, a near death
experience

War, drug trips, low pay ,carelessness

You've heard plenty of stories about schizophrenia

But never had evidence of one who thought himself

mad

You're going crazy, and desperately reachin' for
reason

But the strain to stay sane's your only demon; best
believe it

[Chorus]

You finally realize that you've always lived in hell

No human model or metaphor can explain how you fell

The puzzle's alive, and it changes as you try to escape
it

It created time and made it appear to pass by

You don't know what you think. You don't think what you
know

You're a total lunatic, and afraid it's starting to show

Where do you go when your brain is your worst enemy?

The six hundred and sixty six foot tall bridge on
seventh street?

You're scared. You're scared. Why are you so scared?

There'd be no problem if you didn't care

Now you've truly formed an opinion about heaven

It starts out with a question, and this is what it ends in

Now I know you've felt yourself slip away

Now all you think about's your sanity, and how it
decayed

There's no place to run. No place to hide

You can't escape the fact that you've lost your mind

You can't erase your mistakes. There's no way to
rewind

The harder you look, the harder it is to find

Fear feeds the derangement of the inner eye

With nothing left you find yourself falling to madness,
so you dive

so you dive (repeated)

And with each foot you fall

the voice in your head starts to sound more and more
like yours

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