

Astra

"Barefoot In the Head"

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Falling apart from everyone
Follow the setting sun
Out of time
Caught in the siphon circle
Braincaged in the dark
Deeper down, mirrored without a sound

Time and again it fades away
Hollow the patterning fray
Reason rime
Unravelling the webwork
Disintegrate
River rust, turning to carbon dust

Spirit the hours, day after day
Chasing the bright side, losing the way

Burning out and barefoot in the head
I'm hanging by a thread the writing on the wall
Lost and bound inside the grey machine
And nothing in between can break the final fall

Shadow the winding mind from here
Prophet and prey to the fear
Draw the line
Just on the lunatic fringe
Balancing there
On the edge, driving another wedge

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