

Psyclon Nine

"A Future Gone Fishing"

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Too busy not having a life to live

Slow-motion is silver, silence is gold
We don't need a future until we get old
Inside i'm soft, outside it's cold
We odn't need a future until we get old

Present and past in constant competition
Forming a reluctant, regressive coalition
A mutated ambition in sedated condition
Making "making my mind up" someone else's decision

Why rush tomorrow to bloom and unfold
We don't need a future until we get old
To save me i put my personality on hold
We don't need a future until we get old

Blurred vision, a future gone fishing
I live inside an intermission

Too busy not having a life to have time to live

Yesterday choke tomorrow when calling
All there is, is gravity
And the fear of falling

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