

The American Dream

"The Process Of Making Glass"

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So, what do you see inside
What do you try to hide
Well, It's not like I should write
Words that make you cry
Or feel something else inside
Well let me sit back and talk about life.

Run so far I can't see your face
I want to
Run so far I can't feel the trace

So what do you have inside
Now that you see inside
Would you make the wave subside
I need you thinking
I need you dreaming
To make connections with our minds

Run so far I can't see your face
I want to
Run so far I can't feel the trace

I won't taint my words with thoughts of regret

I can't see with your eyes
Or write with your hands
I dig deep in the sand and melt into glass
You can't live with me here if you can't spell my name
All the pictures you drew they keep come the same
Always talking words that you can't seem to tame
Stomping out the flames of desire
I reach into a mouth that longs for my taste.

So, so now you see inside
But still you try to hide
From the mouth that likes to bite
The hand that gives to
The hand that feeds you
The hand that tends to make you cry
It's in the digging
It's in the melting

It's in a fraction of our minds
You've got me thinking
You've got me dreaming
This is the sex of perfect life

Run so far I can't see your face
I want to
Run so far I can't feel the trace

Stop while I levitate here for you
And you won't see the strings
I'll be fine up here
As long as I'm amused
And I won't feel the strain

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