

Streets "The Escapist"

Visit "[The Escapist](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

All these walls were never really there
Nor the ceiling or the chair
I'm eking weeks of peace at the beach
I see the breezes weave the trees

These walls you'll find are yours and mine
Defined not by them I
I'm in times that lie behind my eyelids
The sunset still the rising silence

I'm not full of fear 'cause I'm not really here
I'm nowhere near here

There's no rain on roof that grates and beats me
My favorite tree breaking light to pieces
Sprinkling, sharded light on me
Throw a stone as high as you can

And hearing with hand not hear it land
Nothing taxing dusting sand
My window world spins and twirls
The walls then fall, I recall the sort

White clouds white wash faded spotless
The weighty shadows, ranges of rocks
The cold is all illusion thought up
Stroll on the shore, snooze and explore

All possibilities in each new morning
'Til satisfied reaching out, yawning
Fish in a big dish, some rice and spice
Salt over shoulder, never salted so tight

The truth I have told was silence sometimes
But who's soul does not hide any crimes
Wrapped in walls, encircled by work
The walls fall, the story occurs

No barrier, no boundary or 'low us ID's
The freedom to stay off straight
Be fiend or friend cause no harm but charm
The peaceful end

I'm not full of fear 'cause I'm not really here
I'm nowhere near here
I'm not full of fear 'cause I'm not really here
I'm nowhere near here

Pale ancient woods, strew white sandy bays
This ugly room pales away today
I'm swimming in the ocean, I sink slow motion
Fingers, toes, floating

Every year 'til yesterday
I see the eternal setting sea
I compare all this to me
It's all fleeting momentary me

I blink my eyes, this is reminding me
Life lies in the blink of an eye
The old die for reasons, new tides for seasons
New life born is like teasing

All these walls were really never there
Nor the ceiling or the chair
I'm eking weeks of peace at the beach
I see the breezes weave the trees

I am not here at all, you are dearly fooled
I see bristling trees, the shush at the sea
Mischievous, fluttering seagulls
No, I'm not trapped in a box, so I am glancing at rocks
I'm dancing off docks, since this stance began that's
where I am

I'm not full of fear 'cause I'm not really here
I'm nowhere near here
I'm not full of fear 'cause I'm not really here
I'm nowhere near here

So done

Visit [Streets](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.