

Taproot "Dreams"

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Confusing reality

I see myself but it's not really me

How could it be? When I am me?

I guess maybe it's just a dream

(Come on, come on, come on, wake up, wake up)

(Come on, come on, come on, wake up)

Things aren't what they seem

(Come on, come on, come on, wake up, wake up)

(Come on, come on, come on, wake up)

You people are a sick joke

I don't lie in dreams

I lie in my sleep

And I don't sleep to dream

Yet everything that I see is haunting

Bad dreams controlling in this world

I see the depths of it, my toes curl

I feel so sick

I'm sick of this because I know that I'm not asleep

(Come on, come on, come on, wake up, wake up)

(Come on, come on, come on, wake up)

Things aren't what they seem

(Come on, come on, come on, wake up, wake up)

(Come on, come on, come on, wake up)

You people are a sick joke

I don't lie in dreams although

I lie in my sleep

And I don't sleep to dream

Yet everything that I see is haunting me

I don't lie in dreams although

I lie in my sleep

And I don't sleep to dream

Yet everything that I see is haunting

I don't like dreams

Come on, come on, come on, wake up, wake up

Come on, come on, come on, wake up, wake up
Come on, come on, come on, wake up
Come on, come on, come on, wake up, wake up

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