

Orton Beth**"Tangent"**

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Lost myself in a tangent of words

Can't decide what I've seen or heard

Can't sleep for counting sheep

How long...does this river..run deep?

How long...does this river..run deep?

Building 'em up in order to find

What's not lost but left behind

My instinct got bruised, but I still see

I was a victim of being no casualty

Just like coming home...just like coming home

Just like coming home...felt just like coming home

They say that you weave deadly tricks

Cantrip to the worldly hicks

Stare cold with dull surprise

Spark evil to hell in every tear you cry...every tear you
cry

Building 'em up in order to find

What's not lost but left behind

My instinct got bruised, but I still see

I was a victim of being no casualty

Just like coming home...just like coming home

Just like coming home...felt just like coming home

Cut off my toes to spite my feet

Drank your poison, didn't taste too sweet

Saw the heavens in my mind

And it's there...for me...to find.

Oh it's there...for me...to find

Building 'em up in order to find

What's not lost but left behind

My instinct got bruised, but I still see

I was a victim of being no casualty

Just like coming home...just like coming home

Just like coming home...felt just like coming home

Lost myself in a tangent

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