

Honeycreeper

"Landmind"

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Maybe you just don't think you need us
You'll beat us with your genius

Maybe you think that if you see us
You'll really start to need us

But the things we say won't go away
They're the light of truth in your conscious lies
They're the backlash you feel as you run away
They're the chance of hell behind your eyes
And the things your not man enough to say

Maybe you think that if you feed us
You'll be too small to beat us

But the things we say won't go away
They're the light of truth in your conscious lies
They're the backlash you feel as you run away
They're the chance of hell behind your eyes
And the things your not man enough to say

Your mind's not your own to own
It's a cold black hole
Your mind's not your own, it's blown
To the nil you've known
You're mind's not your own to own
In the end your role
Is to play a righteous drone in a clay fish bowl

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