

Roads? Where We're Going We Don't Need Roads

Marnie Stern

I present two sides.
My hopelessness and my faith.
My ego and my heart.
My feelings and my brain.

You've risen to that place you have
We're in the big tower, I'm holding your hand
And of all the things I want to be
I render illusion, illusion is calling
There's something here in this dark scene,
I cant find what's real but I know it's in me.
And with pressure for delivery,
I render illusion illusion is calling me up.

You said to create a place that feels like we are
moving
But i live in this dream of maps and i keep on
searching,looking
For the one that gets things grooving.
Stars can be really hard to draw,
If you don't know where they are,
That crazy star field can leave you too far.

You've given to that place you have.
You're running through hours, and hiding your hands.
And of all the things i want to see,
I render illusion, illusion is calling.
Well something's here on this dark street
I cant find what's real but i know it's a beat
And with pressure for delivery,
I render illusion, illusion is calling me up

You can go higher
And then you don't.
You can go higher
And then you don't.

I had a dream I crawled all around on the high road.