

linger tasting rotten soil  
within the baker's deadly toll  
in the morning's dirty rash  
the rush hours kissing ass  
finger through the dirty things  
inside and out of everything  
skirmish on the outer edges  
of every single body's mind  
simmer on the holy scale  
these vision makers only fail  
the FEAR OF GOD ON HIGH

I've been out, so out of it  
I've been hiding out  
I've been hiding out of it  
hiding so far out.

this been toasted walk upon  
then giving up what we've become  
all cinders on this rocky road  
melted ice cream over load  
jump the prison plan advised  
we'll make you feel the jim jones' vibe  
as if to drink their poison  
somehow better than what we become  
by vaporizing any of this wishful unsafe trip  
catch the very essence draining  
on this slowly sinking ship  
moving on towards horizons  
what's conceived will never be  
I'm thinking of saying of anything  
and clinging

I've been out, so out of it  
I've been hiding out  
I've been hiding out of it  
hiding so far out.

find a way back out  
what a way back out...