

# A Life Of Possibilities

## The Dismemberment Plan

You dig down underground now  
Through the soil, through the cooling clay  
As the din fades above you  
You're moving  
You're secret  
You're nowhere  
It's all good  
And no lights lead you onwards  
No signs point you on your way  
Just earth in all directions  
It's endless  
It's mapless  
No compass  
No north star  
You're all gone 'cause they can't find you  
You're lost 'cause they don't know the way  
They blame themselves they blame each other  
They're angry  
They're sorry  
They're worried  
You don't care  
The shovels scrape somewhere up there  
They just want to know if you're OK  
Morse code tapped with hammers  
You hear it  
You know it  
You're on your way  
Oh, but at some point you've gotta come up for air  
You wipe the cocks and mud and dirt out of your hair  
You're blind and queasy with a growing sense of despair  
You don't know anyone  
You look around trying to find someone you know  
You put your hand up in the air  
Just kinda wave hello  
But if they do care, oh, they're not letting it show  
This can't be new to you  
There's a feeling coming back  
Connected by a thread  
Pulling at your hands like a spider web  
Like a kite that isn't thereâ?|  
If it's a life of possibilities  
That pulls you away that claws and tears  
And challenges you to stay, well, then  
If it's a life of possibilities  
That you've gotta live then, butt'nig  
Don't be surprised when they don't remember you  
Or simply don't want to, yea yea yeaâ?|