

LIQUID ILLUSION

She wished she could feel the future with her eyes
He wished he could see the past with his hands
And we all wish that the plain digits we complicate
by calling time would finally fall into our lives

So far, we spend our digits melting into liquid
illusion, and pouring onto slates of glass
Some of us spill off as soon as we hit these slates
Some of us stay, but with no control or life

She's the kind that spills off and hits the ground
But she knows it's better to crash than to live a lie
He's the kind who's viewed as stable, but no
matter how many times he denies it, he needs her

Maybe we're all filthy procrastinators or maybe
we just know the pain we'll have to face but
sooner or later we have to go through a freezing
reality to evolve from liquid illusion to solid life

One day she'll feel the future with her eyes
And he will see the past with his hands, but now
our digits are in the process of a freezing reality
But don't worry, it's all for the greater good