

Dream Theater, Status Seeker

Heart sick at the sight of the
Status Seeker
In a sense I'm not beyond reproach
The aspiration to drop a name
When any rose might smell the same
Maybe you'll figure it out someday
'I want to know you now...
You know I've always believed in you.'

Nothing is sacred...
You draw the bottom line
With a dollar sign
Change of opinion...
At the drop of a dime
Graceless intrusion...
Are you sanctified in your judgment of me?
All that I deserve is what you were unable to see

In the garden where the seeds were spilled
I favored the few that stood strong in the sun
As I reached for the profit of my prize
I found I had trampled the forgotten ones.

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You're running in circles
And I'm turning away
You refused to believe
Now I'm turning away

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