Sector Seven, Obvious

I'm talking lots, I've nothing good to say I heard myself, and decided it was time to back away I've gained control, just knowing everything I know Soon will come a change, a roll

It might seem cold, but sometimes I'd rather be alone Aware, awake but I'm still prone To the ideas I have owned, I know I've seen it all again so please let's go A giant mess that's blending

Did you ever see your self's genetic trends, a pattern forms But there's always time to stop and take a chance you're in command With everything you've got at hand Soon will come a change, a roll

It might seem cold, but you will never be alone Aware, awake but are you prone? Are you afraid of what you have owned? A giant mess that's blending But still you never know

Well I wouldn't want to let you down Cuz I still want most of you around

I'm shutting doors, I'm putting forth I'm sitting on a fence again Playing devil's advocate, Tying to make plans and here I am

A giant mess that's blending But still you never know A giant mess that's blending Into something, but I'm not quite sure