

Tune, Lucid Moments

Tranquilize all lucid moments of distrust
There is no space for both of us

We need to compromise
For what you love and what I despise

I've never felt so insecure
So I hold my breath and just let it go
What's been asleep, now starts to crawl
So good to know you're in control

I stray in the state of discrepancy
Hard to say which one of us is real
I'm sick of struggling to be free
On a count of three I close my eyes
And you cast a spell on me