

Third Eye

TOOL

"See, I think drugs have done some good things for us, I really do.
And if you don't believe drugs have done good things for us, do me a favor: go home tonight
and take all your albums, all your tapes, and all your CD's and burn em'. 'Cause you know
what? The musicians who've made all that great music that's enhanced your lives throughout
the years... were rrrrrrrrrrrreal fuckin' high on drugs." "Today a young man on acid realized that
all matter is merely energy condensed to a slow vibration. That we are all one consciousness
experiencing itself subjectively. There is no such thing as death, life is only a dream, and we are

the imagination

of ourselves. Here's Tom with the weather."

"It's not a war on drugs, it's a war on personal freedom. Keep that in mind at all
times." "Dreaming of that face again.

It's bright and blue and shimmering.

Grinning wide

And comforting me with it's three warm and wild eyes.

On my back and tumbling Down that hole and back again Rising up

And wiping the webs and the dew from my withered eye.

In... Out... In... Out... In... Out...

A child's rhyme stuck in my head. It said that life is but a dream.

I've spent so many years in question

to find I've known this all along.

"So good to see you.

I've missed you so much.

So glad it's over.

I've missed you so much

Came out to watch you play.

Why are you running away?

Came out to watch you play.

Why are you running away?"

Shroud-ing all the ground around me

Is this holy crow above me.

Black as holes within a memory

And blue as our new second sun.

I stick my hand into his shadow

To pull the pieces from the sand.

Which I attempt to reassemble

To see just who I might have been.

I do not recognize the vessel But the eyes seem so familiar.

Like phosphorescent desert buttons

Singing one familiar song...

"So good to see you. I've missed you so much.

So glad it's over.

I've missed you so much.

Came out to watch you play.Why are you running away?
Came out to watch you play.
Why are you running away?"
Prying open my third eye.Prying open my third eye.
Prying open my third eye.
Prying open my third eye.
So good to see you once again.I thought that you were hiding.
And you thought that I had run away.
Chasing the tail of dogma.
I opened my eye and there we were.
So good to see you once again
I thought that you were hiding from me.
And you thought that I had run away.
Chasing a trail of smoke and reason.
Prying open my third eye.
Prying open my third eye.
Prying open my third eye.
Prying open my third eye.
Prying open my third eye.
Prying open my third eye.
Prying open my third eye.
Prying open my third eye.
Prying open my third eye.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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