

## Mindstate

*The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven  
John Milton*

The mind is its own place, so it's a base in itself  
When it's impatient, paradise feels like a prison cell  
And it's wasted, but however far from grace it fell  
The mind can still make a heaven out of raising hell  
We live in a strange realm, and I'm beginnin' to doubt  
My ability to figure it out; now  
If the mind is its own place, then mine is an open space  
I'm home on the range like a coyote roaming the plains  
Showing strangers how to notice correlations, only  
I'm facin' down some cowboys makin' loud noises  
Hoping my home is a vacant location so they can take it  
It's the same ancient battle for the temple of the mind  
That people have been fighting since the beginning of time  
And the winning side has always been the mentally blind  
Who try to simplify everybody into two different kinds  
Of people: "You're either with us or against us, and you'd better decide  
Or you're gonna get criminalized!"  
In this critical fight, I'm livin' behind enemy lines  
Keepin' my mind open like a nympho's vagina  
Tryin' to fill it with every different kind of info I can find  
And you know why? 'Cause propoganda machines  
Can teach you a whole lot about an enemy's strategies  
And every piece of data feeds into reality  
There's no need to understand, just believe

When the mind finds itself in a police state  
It needs a secret place to keep it safe  
And when it's mistreated daily and repeatedly disgraced  
It stays sane by retreating into the deepest cave  
Where the siege is laid to keep the demons at bay  
But the easiest way to break free from these chains  
And make peace is to take a leap of faith  
And believe something that can't be reasonably explained  
That's how people change, by takin' a chance  
On a path when they can't see the destination in advance  
And laughin' in the face of disaster when their best-laid plans  
Are translated into wastelands; it doesn't make sense  
But all you need is a beat and street corner to break-dance  
And no scientist could ever explain that with brain scans  
'Cause the mind is the one place in the infinite expanse

Of creation that still has infinite space to expand

There's a place in the mind that waits in silence  
Until it's awakened by some inspiration inside it  
Sometimes the sensation is violent, and we're surprised  
By the places it finds us; in strange environments  
We do exactly what the act of creation requires  
It takes an entire civilization to change the climate  
Into a lake of fire, but at the same time  
Every person is alone when they change their mind  
So the landscape inside is one of the only places  
I know of that's really capable of homeostasis  
In times of crisis; it's a lonely oasis  
Where you're totally safe, a place to resist the barrage  
Of information in this modern day system of ours  
I walk through it feeling like I'm living on mars  
Recognizing ninety percent of it as just a mirage  
That's why I'm tryin' to drop the curtain on the Wizard of Oz  
'Cause behind the smoke machines and faces made of green plastic  
I feel like there's real magic that people can access  
If they learn to reach past all the easy answers  
And ceaseless distractions that we're always being harassed with  
All you need to grasp is that the mind is its own place  
And when you make this known then no one can take your home away  
And nothing you do to improve it will ever go to waste  
And you can use it to create your own fate, so don't throw it away

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