

# Vitamin

## Incubus

I'm born. I'm alive. I breathe.  
In a moment or two I realize, that the sphere, upon which I reside,  
Is asleep on it's feet. Should I go back to sleep? I'm born. I'm alive. I breathe.  
In a moment or two I realize, that the sphere, upon which I reside,  
Is asleep on it's feet.  
Should I? should I? Should I go back to sleep? You stare at me like I'm a vitamin.  
On the surface you hate, but you know you need me.  
I come dressed as any pill you deem fit.  
Whatever helps you swallow the truth, all the more easily.  
We orbit the sun. I grow up.  
My open eyes see a zombified, somnambulist society.  
Leaving us as vitamins for the hibernating human animal.  
Do you? Do you? Do you see what I mean? You stare at me like I'm a vitamin.  
On the surface you hate, but you know you want me.  
I come dressed as any pill you deem fit.  
Whatever helps you swallow the truth, all the more easily And I wonder, will you digest  
me? Into the sleep machine I won't plug in, in fact I'd rather die before I will comply.  
To you my friend, I write the reason I still live, 'cause in my mind it's set;  
The vitamin is ripe to give. Coming closer to another 2000 years; you and I will pry the closed  
eye of the sleep machine.  
You stare at me like I'm a vitamin.  
On the surface you hate, but you know you want me.  
I come dressed as any pill you deem fit.  
Whatever helps you swallow the truth, all the more easily.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>