

Bad Astronaut, Minus

Here is the world they try to sell you
Here is the ache barbituate
They'll have your eyes and they will hang your view so high

Minus the world, we find forgiveness
Minus the world, she found herself
Minus the walls, she wouldn't hang her view
So low...

What if their eyes shadow and plagued those creatures we portrayed?
Born into this unbearable mess
This bankruptcy her and I have left...

Paradox can't run out on me...
Minus need, you are growing cold
Minus belief, we are growing old

Minus our fears, she is unspoken
Minus our hands, she is clean
But in filth, we destroy purity
Words conceived...

Sorrow and shame, tangled and named, indebted endlessly
Enter the day of depravity
She'll have to make believe tranquility

Minus the world, we leave
Minus the world, we leave
Minus the world, we leave.....