

Better Than Ezra, Particle

YOUR PAIN MAKES YOU BEAUTIFUL, YOU LOVE TO LOSE CONTROL,
AND MEDIOCRITY'S REWARDED SO SET YOUR STANDARDS LOW.
IN AN IMPLODING STAR, OR A BURNED OUT CAR, I IMPLORE YOU.
IN A CARBON-ARC OR A DIM LIT PARK, I IMPLORE YOU.
SUCK ME IN, I'M WILLING, I GET OFF WHEN YOU GO ON
LET ME BE YOUR FATE. POUR IT ON, POUR IT ON.
IN A COUNTRY FAIR OR UNION SQUARE, I IMPLORE YOU
IN A SHROUDED FACE OR A SPRAY OF MACE, I IMPLORE YOU.
I IMPLORE YOU.
CRYPTIC? ELEMENTAL.
YOU TRANSCEND WHEN YOU SUCCUMB.
ONE LAST SHRED OF FRAILTY LEFT,
EMBEDDED IN OUR BONES.
IN AN IMPLODING STAR, OR A BURNED OUT CAR, I IMPLORE YOU
IN A CARBON-ARC OR A DIM LIT PARK, I IMPLORE YOU
SO DO IT AGAIN, DO IT AGAIN, DO IT AGAIN. THIS IS WHAT IT MEANS
PARTICLE.
SO DO IT AGAIN, DO IT AGAIN, DO IT AGAIN. THIS IS WHAT IT MEANS
PARTICLE