MGMT, 4th Dimensional Transition

I feel your racing heart
My liquid silver arms extended
These waves aren't far apart
Black gold in clawfoot tubs unchanging
I am fire, where's my form?
Whisper crimson I intrude
There's light beneath your eyes
New overtones in view
Endless form, endless time

If what they say is true
You are a shadow in the fourth dimension
To float away with you
We see the corners where nothing happens
While we drifted we were one
Ceilings lifted walls were gone
You speak the language of the breeze
All your leaves were meant for me
The love that every person wants to be

Stuck together, I don't like revealing secrets
I'll live inside your lips if you won't laugh
My heaving hands on rotten fruit at last
Fallow fingers, there's a surface I can count on
She'd fit inside my heart and take it over
Till her cape got blown into my red lungs
Either there's a purpose
Or I'm heading out at breakfast
Take a drink, take a drag
One more coffee, ugly hat
No more mirrors, woolen bag
And I am gone