

# Oblivion Dust, Plastic Wings

Sleep sand and dust have made me feel old and paranoid  
I need control, I need to glow once again

Designed to fly or maybe just die  
My plastic wings  
Images of perfection might purify

Long way down  
Long way down  
Long way down  
Long way down

Take me high...

Strap on the wings and push me over and watch me sink  
Maybe tonight I'll get it right finally

Hold in my breath and make me forget my everything  
I'm in a sky made out of sighs here today

Long way down  
Long way down  
Long way down  
Long way down

Take me higher  
Take me higher  
Take me higher  
Take me high...

Long way down  
Long way down  
Long way down  
Long way down

Take me high...  
Take me higher

I need control, I need to glow  
I need control, I need to glow