

# The Age Of Rockets, The Day The Whole World

A symphony of dying sings  
returning patrons to their seats  
dead opera hiss and roar the sky  
push and pulling satellites  
everybody's saying grace  
to tidal waves and empty plates

we turn the clocks ahead  
and hope to wake up

well nothing feels like anything  
and when it hurts you know it's love  
dead opera hiss and roar the sky  
and when it hurts you know it's love  
we tear at skin until it's gone  
and when it hurts you know it's love

we turn the lights down low  
and watch the earth explode

(well I know about a million words,  
so I always know just what to say)