

Collide, Crushed

In your revelation
In the symphony
There you stood
In your own delirium

And all your satellites are fragmented
I feel a little crushed and out of control
And all your gravity, it's meant to bring you down
Makes me feel so crushed and out of control

Oh your velocity, how can it really be,
Part of the symmetry?
If every moment, connects the next,
And every moment affects you.
Not what it's meant to be
Part of the scenery

And all your satellites are fragmented
I feel a little crushed and out of control
And all your gravity, it's meant to bring you down
Makes me feel so crushed and out of control

Part of your destiny hold on here
Not what it's meant to be
Give me something to believe in
Part of the scenery
Wishing your alchemy, would turn dust to gold
But you're not easily crushed
Not easily crushed