Mad At Gravity, This Collision

Just move along There's nothing to see here Just flashing lights that simmer In pools that catch their crimson

As the spectacle unfolds On tiptoes, bells, and whispers This collision's reality Is made to match mine

Just move along
The party is over
All these frantic nights alone
Surrounded by throbbing hopefuls

No future promise No photos allowed Nothing safe behind the shroud

As the spectacle unfolds On tiptoes, horns, and whistles This collision's reality Is made to match mine Is made to match mine

Now I'll cross the plane That stands in between The safe and the sane And your army

As the spectacle unfolds
On tiptoes, glass, and fragments
This collision's reality
Is made to match mine
Is made to match mine
Is made to match mine