

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