

# Something For Kate, Transparanoia

And now he craves a complication  
You're something up his sleeve  
He bends the rails to miss the station  
To let the pressure breathe  
And now for real eyes of this fiction  
There's something to believe

He's going under  
The red flag falling down  
My only brother, brother  
He cuts in with a harmony  
The voice of his own worst enemy

And in his head it doesn't matter  
There's nothing else to do  
With every stepping nuclear fang up  
He begs for one false move  
To send his silver lining scattered  
And make this mess come true

He's going under  
The red flags waving 'round  
My only brother, brother  
He cuts in with a harmony  
The voice of his own worst enemy

Na, na na na na na na  
Na, na na na na na na  
Na na

And in his head it doesn't matter  
In his head it does not matter, matter, matter, matter...

He's going under  
My only brother, brother  
He cuts in with a harmony  
The voice of his own worst enemy  
A oooooh ooh ooh