

VAST, Electric Womb

I ... I touch concrete it feels just like your face
So soft in my hands like no other place

If God had wanted us to fly,
Maybe he would have gave us wings.
And if God had wanted to survive,
Why did he have to build machines?
Real ... oh nothing's real
Except this womb ... electric womb

And I .. I see building's they look like your silhouette
So vivid in my mind that my mind cannot forget

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