## 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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