

Looping scenes over geometry
midnight window
to foggy entrance
small clutch on planes
wire, wood or spacing
grains and sauces
come from another city
entirely different from the present time
from the present time let's go
to different worlds than you thought possible
new tastes, wire, wood or planes
looping, looping, looping, looping
you, thought you'd never live (to find)
all the thing inside, what about truth?
it's something you don't often find
well, don't forget the sky
fools, if you're waiting on some paradise
don't forget your lives
because, we observe the myth tonight
who wants to rise above these buildings?
who wants to rise above their chemistry?
tonight? climb a tree and follow the stars