

Indignation and the Rise of the Arbiter

Hopesfall

In any window there's a new look
At something you've never looked at before
Some perform new revolutions
And never be broadcasted where you're trained to

Interplanetary to dark matter to ground fault, an alien-robot
You think there's something better
But it's fundamentally out of sorts
It senses fault (when) somethings ripped apart but paid on time

Put the paint on
Output the photo to bring the race to the stars
Space station awaits a call to war

Intermediate in our own

Put your all
Swing slow
Indignation is misdirected
When you stare at institution
I'd take notice of the arbiter

Nostalgia of aristocrats
Adulthood to middle class
Loyalists with perspective
At the rise of the arbiter

Introducing a heart-breaker
Provincial and dominated
Introducing my own intermediate...

Intermediate in our own

In a mixed up soul
I'm the Navy so

A kill switch to a ring
And if all are not the same
And stars are of an aristocrat
The daughter to upper middle class
A loyalist with perspective at the rise of another arbiter

I'm the Navy so old
I'm the Navy so

I'm the Navy so old