

My spider sense is tingling  
From the boys and the girls and the vortex singing  
Just a second to hang upon my ears  
Just a second to taste the salty tears  
Judge not  
Least you may be judged by me  
Judge not  
Least you may be destroyed by me

Trouble come down on shoulders quick  
And put a hymn of neon upon my lips  
Now that I'm spiralling into the void  
My atoms split as loves reward  
For the ten percent I can't afford  
Well maybe I'd fly free as a bird

And without sleep  
Without remorse  
We're stuck on head-on collision course  
But my plate's already full  
Of selfish people with selfish desires  
And don't climb so high  
That you can't come down  
To tumble now  
Is to surely die