

Our Super Symmetry

Arsonists Get All The Girls

And it's round in the ground work above us
A disorderly natural time
The dregs of humanity's for bearers
Would have you believe
My families ties to this world
To my heart
Hold dear to the debt of nativity
Rooted blood, a head without thorns
No mindless intake and
No god for you to blame
Were all from the stars
We grow fond of solidarity
I'm one
I'm one
I'm one less for you to take