

My friends walk infront of me
To a place where the liners go
Some things we will recognise
From the world we have seen before

Forming equations, with complications
They are aligning,
They're multiplying
'N in the back there is a subtle grow
Left hand knows what the right one don't

Still this happens, something coming
Still this happens, something coming
Still this happens, somethings coming, somethings coming
SLEDGEHAMMER!

My friend's right infront of me
There's a face that I use to know
My world there's too much for me
And I feel like a letting go
Part of me will remember
Part of me wont know
Part of a hidden agenda
Left hand knows what the right one don't

Still this happens, something coming
Still this happens, something coming
Still this happens, somethings coming, somethings coming
SLEDGEHAMMER!

Boop! woop woop woop!
Sledgehammer!