two columns

atlas

Temple of null on my speakers
I wanna leave the air for the ether
Everything I do's either
Blowing up in my face like a creeper

Or it's perfect, it's flawless
Separated in two columns
I told you, I called it
Kissing heaven or I'm touching rock bottom

So which half of the dichotomy
Do you wanna lie on to sleep?
Get a taste and bite off a piece
You still leave the light on for me

The type of thing I might not have seen
Eyes wide alive in a dream
We look down and can't see our feet
It's all just sky underneath