

## Infections of a Different Kind

AURORA

It's a feeling growing old with time  
Like a restless in the leaves calming down  
The world is a hole that we all seem to fall  
Down under

And the universe is growing tall  
And we all caving into dreams of this space  
Unfolding our arms cannot do any harm  
Violent contractions

And if there is a God  
Would we even know his name?  
And if there is a God  
I think he would shake his head  
And turn away

So belong to us all  
Be God in the shape of a girl  
Who walks this world  
And I beg  
I beg to be drained  
From the pain I've soaked myself in  
So I can stay

Okay, and more than okay for a while, for a while, for a while

Infections Of A Different Kind  
The world is being attained by our pain  
If I'm the world then why would I hurt all that is living?

And if there is a God, would he then believe in us?  
And if there is a God, I think he can't hear all of us

Belong to us all  
Be God in a shape of a girl  
Who walks this world  
And I beg  
I beg to be drained  
From the pain I've soaked myself in  
So I can stay

Okay, and more than okay for a while, for a while, for a while

This is the breath, this is the breath...