

Particle

Better Than Ezra

YOUR PAIN MAKES YOU BEAUTIFUL, YOU LOVE TO LOSE CONTROL,
AND MEDIOCRITY'S REWARDED SO SET YOUR STANDARDS LOW.
IN AN IMPLODING STAR, OR A BURNED OUT CAR, I IMPLORE YOU.
IN A CARBON-ARC OR A DIM LIT PARK, I IMPLORE YOU.

SUCK ME IN, I'M WILLING, I GET OFF WHEN YOU GO ON
LET ME BE YOUR FATE. POUR IT ON, POUR IT ON.
IN A COUNTRY FAIR OR UNION SQUARE, I IMPLORE YOU
IN A SHROUDED FACE OR A SPRAY OF MACE, I IMPLORE YOU.
I IMPLORE YOU.

CRYPTIC? ELEMENTAL.
YOU TRANSCEND WHEN YOU SUCCUMB.
ONE LAST SHRED OF FRAILTY LEFT,
EMBEDDED IN OUR BONES.
IN AN IMPLODING STAR, OR A BURNED OUT CAR, I IMPLORE YOU
IN A CARBON-ARC OR A DIM LIT PARK, I IMPLORE YOU

SO DO IT AGAIN, DO IT AGAIN, DO IT AGAIN. THIS IS WHAT IT MEANS
PARTICLE.

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