

I want to lay in a Promethean and look at the stars
Under 6 feet of dirt over the arch
Will you reunite with friends at the graveyard
When you get your wings will they take you where they are?
Everything I've learned up until now has been a lie
Even what it feels like to not get to say goodbye
I want to light something up and take off
But when Superman walked in the room they ripped his cape off

I see my reflection but I don't see a person
My only invention was beginning my ending
Infants of rejection, my mutated pretension
My only invention was beginning my ending
Now

I want to make an escape okay to be irate
I'm up to date on everything today I hate
You have so many ideas for me, none for you it's okay
The one I want is you to go away
All of your dreams die the banality is nothing new
My only dream is that yours never come true
My laments from my darkest gloom
Where the hearts exhumed from a dog that would bark at the moon

I wish they never turned his brain off
I wish I could tell him our idea really came off
When you pass the worms will eat your name after your well away
If Heaven ceases to be in New York I'll move to HELL-A
A 3rd world God is too poor
And a Mason isn't sharing his secrets so I became an atheist