

Speak soon, I need some headroom for my mental  
In a big room, and a gold spoon on the mantle  
Hear the night, bring the terror through the voices muffled into my sheets  
While the earthlings are retreating from the right thing (to do  
)

Talk soon, I need a space that I can feel, feel real  
And a big spoon for my cereal  
But when you're cold and alone, you got nowhere to go  
Except your head, but it hurts a lot and it never stops  
Feeling the weight of the world on your shoulder, so it goes  
And it hurts a lot, and it doesn't stop

Lay low, I need a halo on my exit  
With a bright glow, and a gold spoon for my family  
When the night rains the terror in the fighting muffled into my sheets  
While the earth is in regression from the heart strings

Cold and alone, you got nowhere to go  
Except your head, but it hurts a lot and it never stops  
Feeling the weight of the world on your shoulder, so it goes  
But it hurts a lot

Cold and alone, you got nowhere to go  
Except your head, but it hurts a lot, it's never hurt so much  
Building a wall that sequesters my home, and so it goes  
But it hurts a lot, and it doesn't stop