

Short sleeves and warm skin  
Losing coins, calling next of kin  
Dropping words about the city we're in  
Ponds compressed by heavy air  
Us without care just sprawling there  
God's in our world

Airports and undergrounds  
Waiting to find the unfound  
Rising to pure insanity  
Here when you want me  
True love has no simplicity  
God's in our world

You and I were going so high  
The air is gettin' thin  
Our land does not breathe in  
We don't need oxygen  
It's dreams that binds us and locks us in  
The rest are impaled by sense

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