

Collider Particles

Madison Cunningham

I turn around, I turn around
How long have you been there?
Not making a sound, not making a sound
Doing your best not to stare
Poster of the modern age
You said you're not yourself today
Pin the tail, medicate
Whatever keeps you motivated

Apple for the knowledge and poison for the truth
If I knew of a better way, dear, I'd hand it off to you
Motorways, barricades
Artificial serenade
Pin the tail, medicate
Whatever keeps you motivated

Collider particles, entirely possible
You might have to lose your mind to wrap your head around it
Don't be cynical, mistakes are miracles designed
To take what's sensible and ask yourself, "Why?"

Did everything the right way
Just born in the wrong time
Ancient constellations still
Drawing out the same lines
Poster of the modern age
The currency of our rage

Collider particles, entirely possible
You might have to lose your mind to wrap your head around it
Nearly biblical, mistakes are miracles designed
To take what's sensible and ask yourself, yourself, "Why?"
Why? Why? Why?

Laughter won't kill you, babe
Lonely is the killer, babe
If there was something I could say
I would, if there was something I could say
I would, I would, I would