

Subtitles

Madison Cunningham

You and I both know
A meteor is headed right for earth
Yet we can barely take an honest shot at this
The moon works her hyper illusions
On your face and my confusion
Wanting you is wanting my
Destruction

The lawn is getting painted
And there's a camera peering from the wall
Humankind gets harder to decode
I'm deafened by my will to listen
Chokin' on day old ambition
Rowing my umbrella through
Destruction

I'm not the prophet
Not the sign or the dealer
So it's not for me to say
And no it's not for you to say
Where it ends
Who could defend the rhyme or reason
When it's not for me to say and no it's not for you to say
Who's at fault

I stick my head into the heavens
And cram the heavens in my head
And I'm running out of ways to simplify this
And I'm flipping pages, ripping paper
Scanning for life in those craters
All I see is you me and survival

I'm not the prophet
Not the sound or the dealer
So it's not for me to say
And no it's not for you to say
Where it ends
Who could defend the rhyme or reason
When it's not for me to say and no it's not for you to say
Who's at fault

Think 10 steps ahead of yourself
Trust nothing, no one else
Will tell you that
Burning down your life
Is a one man job

And no it's not for me to say
And It's not for you to say