

Creases, creases on the page I carry
The last words you managed to rally
Before we went our ways
Pieces, pieces scattered on the floor
Where I destroyed your armour
All for our orders

Aim your frame to the sky
Payload's too great
Why was it made?
On this bed of lies
Payload's too great
Why was it made?

Cracks, cracks in the heads-up display
No name, no face, no way
To know this place
Cool, cool the metal down
The spin, the ugly sound
This won't be the last round

Aim your frame to the sky
Payload's too great
Why was it made?
On this bed of lies
Payload's too great
Why was it made?