

Multiverse

Quicksand

As you go
Your mind was so fall
A distraction
Of where they all go
Where they all run

Become what you are
A pile of chance
Return what you are
Second guess

The bitterest pill
You know you coulda done well
You used up, put on a snow
For other people but now
You just fire at will

Everyone knows
How you love
So hold on to yourself

Become wnat you are
A pile of chance
Return what you are
A second guess

As you go
The towns all fall
A confusion
Where they all go, where they all run

Everyone knows
How you love
So hold on to yourself
Become what you are
Oh, now