

Molecules

Son Lux

We danced until the bullets flew
Oh, how they made their way through you

Chance regarding nothingness
Than the steady praise of our molecules

We reasoned that the time would come, of course
But it was still a thousand miles away
So atmosphere received you, and suddenly, the weight of your air

And absorbed the rising wail
Absorbed the rising wail

So twist it now into a wind
Rush through your door to me again

Slip right through the holes that will remain
Made to take your molecules

And when I can hear again, I'll know
To listen for your sound
And when I can hear again, I'll know
To listen for your song

How many tomorrows gone?
How many tomorrows gone?
How many tomorrows gone?

I'll dance until the bullets fly
Steady praise of my molecules