

Ceremony

Strung Out

If I come back to you, will it be the same?
Will you offer me up as some kind of sacrifice?
And I don't wanna wait here all alone
Like some funeral
Worshipping the dead

Contact
A signal out of place
My heart
Reaching out to close the distance
And only move at night
We find
Our own way in the dark
We stand
Like a silhouette in the distance
Constellations fade

Now god machines revolt into the sky
Let the soul

Gravitate
And move to something real
Resonate
Everything you say and feel
Baby, don't you know
Where all of this will really go?
Will the spirit that is trapped inside these bones
Remain underground?

They're bleeding in their podiums
They're lying through their teeth with wretched hearts, wretched minds
They twist reality, scripted pandemonium
A threat you cannot see
And distort, stop the world they reach

As phosphorus illuminates your pretty eyes
Let them all

Gravitate
And move to something real
Resonate
Everything you say and feel
Baby, don't you know
Where all of this will really go?
Will the spirit that is trapped inside these bones
Remain underground?

If I come back to you
Will it be the same?
Will you offer me up as some kinda sacrifice?
A vision of the world through synthetic eyes
And I watch them
Worship disorder