

What's that listening to my brain?
Hear it rearrange
See the atoms synchronise
Right before your eyes

Let's atomise

Disassemble, pull apart
Take it from the start
Manufacture, synthesise
Right before your eyes

Let's atomise

See the great explosion
In one iota-sized unholy afternoon
Raise the banner
Hear the rolling thunder
Settle down to form
A perfect yellow moon
Our old savannah