

Fault Lines

We Are Scientists

It's unbelievable, negotiating these things
Somehow every little detail seems so key
We can't conceive how we'll eventually perceive
So many things that didn't seem to mean a thing
At the time, at least

Reveling in lost time
And stepping across fault lines
It'd help if we could rewind
And redraw all these fault lines

The forward-thinking set somehow still hasn't seen it, yet
But I'm still wading through it, on my end
All this reconnaissance reminds me I was on it once
And maybe sometime soon will be, again
Or at least pretend

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There's time to get what you want
But don't forget what you've done
All this shifting looks good but it won't
Get you very far

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