

Daylight can never really hide what's alive
I know it's hard sometimes
For you to tell where you end
And where the world begins

You do your best to avoid assimilation
Guess that's the best you can do
And all the parts of it that matter change
All traces disintegrate

At night
My mind gets on this
Train of thought
And can't get back off

And when you know
How few things there are worth knowing
I suppose
Anyone who tries could forget

Responding now
To trains that crash before you
Never thought
Crashing could happen to you

And all the parts of it that matter change
All traces disintegrate