

# Imaginary Girl

Colony 5

Like anyone brittle  
I am too shy to believe you  
you can not be serious  
cause this, this can't be true

It must be wondrously empowering  
To own a soul like you own mine  
I'm tempted to fly with the angels  
That dances up and down my spine

Cause you,  
You are too perfect  
You are the final,  
the absolute

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Unprepared to be turned upside down  
Being in the sky and watching the world  
It's usually the other way around  
I pray to god you're not an imaginary girl

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