

Capsule

Menomena

Tiny muscle, wicked magic now the party starts
It's a long hall, but you can do it, you're a natural
No more trophies as the constellation fantasy
Like a nervous random stranger at a glory hall
At a glory hall

Now I'm evolving from a child to an aging child
You're maturing from a memory to a legacy
Not complaining, living better in a time capsule
No more trophies, no more falsified identities

We never talk to, send me the telephone
We never talk to, send me the telephone
We never talk to, send me the telephone
We never talk to, we never talk
We never