

Forever Hurtling Towards Andromeda

Norma Jean

You said love nothing
And nothing that you love can be used against you,
But if you're trying to save me
Then you'll have to try harder.
If you're trying to save me
Then you'll have to try harder.

The sound is an infinite saint
That brings me to its knees.

To find my way through space,
Hurtling like a comet.
To find my way through space.

If you're trying to save me
Then you'll have to try harder.
If you're trying to save me
Then you will have to try

To find my way through space,
Hurtling like a comet.
To find my way through space.

Hey, you've fallen on your dreams.
They're running like a river
And sounding like a stream.

We save for opposite ears.
Yeah
It doesn't matter what we say.
It doesn't matter what we say.
What has to, does!

[?]
Does!
What has to, does!
What has to, does!
What has to, does!
What has to, does!