

My friends walk infront of me  
To a place where the liners go  
Some things we will recognise  
From the world we have seen before

Forming equations, with complications  
They are aligning,  
They're multiplying  
'N in the back there is a subtle grow  
Left hand knows what the right one don't

Still this happens, something coming  
Still this happens, something coming  
Still this happens, somethings coming, somethings coming  
SLEDGEHAMMER!

My friend's right infront of me  
There's a face that I use to know  
My world there's too much for me  
And I feel like a letting go  
Part of me will remember  
Part of me wont know  
Part of a hidden agenda  
Left hand knows what the right one don't

Still this happens, something coming  
Still this happens, something coming  
Still this happens, somethings coming, somethings coming  
SLEDGEHAMMER!

Boop! woop woop woop!  
Sledgehammer!