

Looping scenes over geometry  
midnight window  
to foggy entrance  
small clutch on planes  
wire, wood or spacing  
grains and sauces  
come from another city  
entirely different from the present time  
from the present time let's go  
to different worlds than you thought possible  
new tastes, wire, wood or planes  
looping, looping, looping, looping  
you, thought you'd never live (to find)  
all the thing inside, what about truth?  
it's something you don't often find  
well, don't forget the sky  
fools, if you're waiting on some paradise  
don't forget your lives  
because, we observe the myth tonight  
who wants to rise above these buildings?  
who wants to rise above their chemistry?  
tonight? climb a tree and follow the stars