

In your revelation  
In the symphony  
There you stood  
In your own delirium

And all your satellites  
Are fragments here  
I feel a little crushed  
And out of control

And all your gravity  
It's meant to bring you down  
Makes me feel so crushed  
And out of control

Oh, your velocity  
How can it really be  
Part of the symmetry  
If every moment connects the next?

And every moment affects you  
Not what it's meant to be  
Part of the scenery

And all your satellites  
Are fragmented  
I feel a little crushed  
And out of control

And all your gravity  
It's meant to bring you down  
Makes me feel so crushed  
And out of control

Part of your destiny  
Hold on here  
Not what it's meant to be  
Give me something to believe in

Part of the scenery  
Wishing your alchemy  
Would turn dust to gold  
But your not easily crushed  
Not easily crushed