

## 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