

Drawstring

Pinback

Sitting across from you, your head falls to the side
When you hear the suggestion, you're driven from the light
It's the pull of a drawstring that comes as a surprise
When you're so close to heaven, I'll help you take that dive

I might fall, I might break down
But no one can outstyle you there

How many thought, how many wishes gone dry
When you loosened the grip and all your demons got by
With a head full of steam and a singleness of mind
Head straight into the breach while making most from little time

What is and what is not
What is and what is not
Right here

Fades while falling (uh-oh)
Shakes off your disguise
In real time

Where is the sun, has it set
Where is the sun, has it set

(Listen, sun, you do not annihilate or destroy.
15 hundred million years from now, you'll perhaps run out of fuel,
you'll expire, go wherever good stars go, but we'll go with you
because as you go, we go.)

If their thoughts could be just like yours
It would be a better place (Where is the sun, has it set)
It would be a comfort to go outdoors

Your words crawling (It's over, it's gone)
Credits sync in time with your eyes (It's over, it's gone)

Where some?

Faux sun falling (It's over, it's gone)
It's ours to burn (It's over, it's gone)
Only fair of course

Where some?