

Super-Related and
I think it's bigger than books when
reality steps in
She's a gun with a gun

Super-Related and
I can feel you pull through me
Reality surely
leaves the choice in our hands

I could be chemical, I could be a plastic proxy priest
He's got more ends than means, more wants than needs

Super-Related and
I can see one Holy-Roller
keeps looking over his shoulder
but there's nobody there

Super-Related is
like a cosmic communion
It's the holiest union
that could ever exist

What if we're aeroplanes? I would be a fire in the sky
It's always do or die or hit the ground

Super-Related is
all the lovers and has-beens
teaching the comers and kingpins
how to live with mistakes

Super-Related is
like a cosmic communion
It's the colorless union
of all the love in the world

What if we're aeroplanes? I would be a fire in the sky
It's always do or die or hit the ground