

## Super-Related

Seven Mary Three

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