

I'm in a State Crusader  
Pulled the rug right out from under me  
Perspective evaporates the sensation of falling  
The feeling you get when you can feel everything again

Picking cotton candy with splinters  
Here we are, helium  
Crisis mode, mint chip vendetta  
Every noun on earth is gonna be dirt

I'm in a State Crusader  
Pulled the rug right out from under me  
The brass ring spinning, taunting, shining  
And what are you gonna do now

Fuck it, why not take over the world  
Jump off a bridge or go for a swim  
Let's go to the park, paddle out far  
Current got strong, now it's getting dark  
So get your shit together..

As if...  
As i-if...  
As if...  
As if...  
As if-if...

Spittin' out nothing  
An infinite loop of literally bad news  
And skewed views, disgust  
Who would have thought, who would have thought?  
But, where does it lead?  
May as well be on my own terms  
Settle the score, this is what you asked for  
So go ahead and punch my ticket...

As if...  
As if...  
(So go ahead and punch my ticket....)  
As if...  
(So go ahead and punch my ticket...)  
(So go ahead and punch my ticket...)  
As if...  
(So go ahead and punch my ticket...)  
(So go ahead and punch my ticket...)  
(So go ahead and punch my ticket...)  
(So go ahead and punch my ticket...)  
(So go ahead and punch my ticket...)