

Arms open but I've just broken in  
through a crack in a long division  
can I make a decision, without confusion?  
seemed something, but became nothing at all  
what happened to the old and stable?  
when the powers that be fail  
and heads will roll

someday low notes fade away and go true and stale  
somewhere words don't crater in at all

currents turn and green lights on my right  
these miles hold and infinite time  
long enough to remember  
and regret precursors  
ride turning, foundations shaking away  
it's a matter of time and distance  
and test opinions  
that force a change

someday low notes fade away and go true and stale  
somewhere words don't crater in at all

do you owe this? I am what you thought you were  
can you pay it? what you've indebted  
you're back and forth, you're the lottery