

# Science

## Framing Hanley

In the distance, beyond the crowd  
Sirens sing a chorus symphony  
A dissonance, a dissonance in blue in red  
Is there a distance beyond the clouds  
Does a choir sing a welcoming  
Where they cleanse me of, cleanse me of  
all of my impurities  
I feel like I'm close to knowing  
Comatose, cold to the touch  
From head to toe  
From promise to dusk  
There's a devil in my head and  
This trouble he's got me into  
I hope I've never disappointed you  
This is the science of men falling apart  
In shadows, somewhere in the dark  
Struggling to meet, bless his heart  
Imprisoned in, imprisoned in a world she didn't deserve  
All the embers fade till there's nothing else  
Just a consequence of his former self  
It's a miracle, a miracle she made it this far  
It looks like she's close to letting go  
Comatose, cold to the touch  
From head to toe, from promise to dusk  
There's a devil in my head and  
This trouble he's got me into  
I hope I've never disappointed you  
This is the science of men falling apart  
Falling apart (x2)  
We have a choice and when our backs are against the fence  
This is the aftermath, what happens after that?  
When all the paths are taken back to where it all begins  
This is the aftermath, what happens after that?  
What happens after that?  
Comatose, cold to the touch  
From head to toe  
From promise to dusk  
There's a devil in my head and  
This trouble he's got me into  
I hope I've never disappointed you  
This is the science of men falling apart

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