

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 been
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

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