Cosmonaut

Space Funghi Project

Where will you run when this is through?
We hold the sun without you

We travel on this road again
Thinking like the cosmonaut
One hose for oxygen
And a suit to keep my ghost in

Ah, the air is getting so thin
Can you be the one, be the one?
Ah, memories are rushing in

Where will you run when this is through?
Something's got to change the road I'm on
We hold the sun without you
Something's got to change

We've traveled on this road again
Thinking like the cosmonauts
Cursed the ground for its predictable state
The farther we get the more we want it

Can you be the one, be the one
Ah, the air is getting so this
Ah, no pretty consolation

Where will you run when this is through?
Something's got to change this road I'm on
We hold the sun without you
Something's got to change

Fragile place in this can helpless floating
I told her I'd come back
Countless hours that I trained
Perfecting myself only to dissipate

And sometimes, it's an illusion
When everything calls your name
It's always confusion
When you think, when you think

Things never change

Where will you run when this is through?
Something's got to change I'm on
We hold the sun without you
Something's got to change

With every last breath I take
I realize I wanted everything, I needed to escape
How in the world can infinity
Seem so claustrophobic, how in the world

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