Red Queen

Cire

A moment to pause and rest my oversized,
overpriced head.
I'm gazing at the edges of our geometric nests
against a backdrop of atmosphere, and squinting to blur it all clear.
Realizing that there's no distinction,
I see the red queen winking at me and laughing,
because I thought I was ahead, but the world is a treadmill.At the core of our minds we risk all to leave a piece of us behind.(chorus)
We're still standing so we're still winning,
but every parasite that kills its host, kills itself.(break)(chorus 2)(outro)

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