

# The Day the Whole World Died

## The Age of Rockets

A symphony of dying sings  
returning patrons to their seats  
dead opera hiss and roar the sky  
push and pulling satellites  
everybody's saying grace  
to tidal waves and empty plateswe turn the clocks ahead  
and hope to wake upwell nothing feels like anything  
and when it hurts you know it's love  
dead opera hiss and roar the sky  
and when it hurts you know it's love  
we tear at skin until it's gone  
and when it hurts you know it's lovewe turn the lights down low  
and watch the earth explode

Lyrics provided by

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