

In the Space Between Atoms

The Moon And Her Mother

In the space between atoms you threw your tantrums
And everything moves with you words
And I move with them floating on lithium
I arrive at my designated birth
With arms wide open she smiles and then motions
To something that was burning in her side
I'm a positron if anything she's electrically ringing
And part of me wishes we collide
We'd annihilate everything with gamma rays burning
In this strange union we'd reveal
That I'm not really real and none of this was ideal
What space do these atoms conceal
What space do these atoms conceal

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