

Black Hole

Atlas Losing Grip

Sooner or later this will fall apart
It takes more than science to save a failing heart
I wanted to keep you and hide you from your sin
But no one could reach you
You say I'm a black hole, singularity
An old supernova, a blazing blind catastrophe
But once I was a star
A long time before that somebody's sun
But enough of these pointless noises
Enough of just counting down, this is not a test
If love is not the answer then maybe I misunderstood
Oh, the question, oh, there must be someway out of this
We stand in a circle hand in hand in hand
Let's talk of the comets over moon and land
The sand has run out of the glass
We stand in a circle, we stand in a line
But enough of these pointless noises
Enough of just counting down, this is not a test
If hope is not the answer then maybe I misunderstood
Oh, the question because there must be someway
I want it so, so there's always someway
Well, enough of these final nothings, there's no time to reconsider
So love was not the answer but maybe I misunderstood
The question because it must be somewhere
I want it somewhere, there's always someway
I have a question
I have a question
I have a question

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