

Minus

Bad Astronaut

Here is the world, they try to sell you
Here is the ache of which you ate
They'll have your eyes and they will hang your view so high
Minus the world, we find forgiveness
Minus the world, she find herself
Minus the walls, she wouldn't hang her view
So lieu...What if their eyes, shadow and plagued those creatures we portrayed
Born into this, unbearable mess
This bankruptcy her and I have left
Paradox can't run out on me...
Minus need, you are growing cold
Minus believe, we are growing old
Minus her face, she is unspoken
Minus her hand, she is clean
But in filth, we destroy purity
Words conceived....
Sorrow and shame, Tangled and named, Indebted endlessly
Enter the day
Of depravity
She'll have to make believe tranquility
Minus the world, we leave
Minus the world, we leave
Minus the world, we leave.....

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