

# Hawking

## Quitter

god forbid we're silent swear you won't tell a soul often i pretend i'm at peace with consequence more lies to  
make us confident in our judgment who will know who will notice us we lay awake in the paradox of our space  
where gravity bends light around the sun insomniacs in quest for true position we navigate with knowledge like  
god time cant be protected time is dangerous often i pretend i'm a clock and you're the hands more lies to make  
them understand we're getting closer i feel like a god

Lyrics provided by

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