

# Epiphany

## Throwing Muses

Now I know why  
You are the way you are  
You'll see the air  
The tactful past Which is more forgiving  
Than these last moments We are the last of your faithful, well, friends  
We love the crash that accompanies epiphany You don't have low self esteem  
You don't have any self esteem at all You float around, don't touch the ground  
What little confidence you had  
Is melting away We are the last of your faithful, well, friends  
We love the crash that accompanies epiphany I refuse to lose control  
You do look handsome under wal-mart lights though...

Lyrics provided by

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