

In your revelation
In the symphony
There you stood
In your own delirium

And all your satellites
Are fragments here
I feel a little crushed
And out of control

And all your gravity
It's meant to bring you down
Makes me feel so crushed
And out of control

Oh, your velocity
How can it really be
Part of the symmetry
If every moment connects the next?

And every moment affects you
Not what it's meant to be
Part of the scenery

And all your satellites
Are fragmented
I feel a little crushed
And out of control

And all your gravity
It's meant to bring you down
Makes me feel so crushed
And out of control

Part of your destiny
Hold on here
Not what it's meant to be
Give me something to believe in

Part of the scenery
Wishing your alchemy
Would turn dust to gold
But your not easily crushed
Not easily crushed