

Party at the Moon Tower

I Set My Friends on Fire

Asymmetrical formation, spatial distribution
Such a customary way of behavior and evolution
The shortest path between two points is still a distance, all metric
places
Have lost their Paris
I get what you're trying to do now

Decagon Tsarina
I heard you collapse behind the lavatory stall
Consuming anything
That pokes its head in and out of the wall
You've got time continuum tears
Running down the side of your cheek
Asphyxiating for eons
Leaves no time for us to speak

What you're being shown is impossible
What you're being shown is impossible

Their were backing up, waving valediction, sayin' déjà vu
Look at this, look at that, you can do it too
Losing the radio entelechy fundamentals from the top of my head
They'll be cheering on for you when you burst through
And wake up in my bed

I'll pay you to make me a treasure map of cave inside another cave
Where I promise to behave

Apart from the obvious dangers
Of being wrong, becoming complacent
And something will tell us we have no choice
When you actually do
Is that a new surprise to you?
Apart from the obvious dangers
Of being wrong, becoming complacent
And something will tell us we have no choice
When you actually do
Is that a new surprise to you?

Bee bullets calls for a natural bereavement
I shot, they stung, but it was an accident
I'm afraid that's incurable
Our nexus isn't durable

Your jokes are as practical
As your hands are fractal
I've never seen it done
Like that before