

Scientists are nihilists with good imaginations

I am satisfied, hiding in our friend's apartment
Only leaving once a day to buy some groceries
Daylight, I'm so absent minded, nighttime meeting new anxieties
So am I erasing myself? Hope I'm not erasing myself

I guess it would be nice to give my heart to a god
But which one, which one do I choose?
All the churches filled with losers, psycho or confused
I just want to hold the divine in mind
And forget all of the beauties wasted

Let's fall back to earth and do something pleasant
We fell back to earth like gravity's bitches
Physics makes us all its bitches

I guess it would be nice to help in your escape
From patterns your parents designed
All the party people dancing for the indie star
But he's the worst faker by far
But in the set, I forget all of the beauties wasted

I guess it would be nice
Show me that things can be nice
I guess it would be nice
You're trapped
Show me that things can be nice

You've got my back in the city
You've got my back, 'cause I don't want to panic
You've got my back in the city
You've got my back, 'cause I don't want to panic