

With golden string
our universe was clothed in light.
Pulling at the seams,
our once barren world now brims with life,
that we may fall in love
every time we open up our eyes.
I guess space, and time,
takes violent things, angry things
and makes them kind.

"We are the dust of dust."

"We are the apple of God's eye."

"We are infinite as the universe we hold inside."

"Infinity times infinity."

"Infinity times infinity times infinity."

"Infinity times infinity times infinity times infinity."

"Let there be light, let there be light, let me be right..."

The dust of dust.

We are the apple of God's eye.

We are infinite as the universe we hold inside.

"Let there be light, let there be light, let me be right."

With golden string
our universe was brought to life,
that we may fall in love
every time we open up our eyes.