

I'm in a State Crusader
Pulled the rug right out from under me
Perspective evaporates the sensation of falling
The feeling you get when you can feel everything again

Picking cotton candy with splinters
Here we are, helium
Crisis mode, mint chip vendetta
Every noun on earth is gonna be dirt

I'm in a State Crusader
Pulled the rug right out from under me
The brass ring spinning, taunting, shining
And what are you gonna do now

Fuck it, why not take over the world
Jump off a bridge or go for a swim
Let's go to the park, paddle out far
Current got strong, now it's getting dark
So get your shit together..

As if...
As i-if...
As if...
As if...
As if-if...

Spittin' out nothing
An infinite loop of literally bad news
And skewed views, disgust
Who would have thought, who would have thought?
But, where does it lead?
May as well be on my own terms
Settle the score, this is what you asked for
So go ahead and punch my ticket...

As if...
As if...
(So go ahead and punch my ticket....)
As if...
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