

# Race to the Heart of the Sun

The Automatic

Into a better time  
There's never been a better time  
The future's been and gone  
This is the stone age

Just making things collide  
To see what we're made of  
Deepening our old divides  
Into a better time

Oh, in my mind, wasted time  
Oh, in my mind, wasted time

Just because you think you could have it all yourself  
If we can brake it apart, then we can make it ourselves  
But its not enough, and this is a race to the heart of the sun  
Its all under control

We got where we are  
The Same way we always do  
History is a list of misses and of hits  
You feel like you're moving  
But nobody's gaining any ground  
What would happen if we let our heads collide

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