

## Who Are You

tUnE-yArDs

But science is cold  
Roughly one half of a quarter's we're told  
Communion is old  
But what legs our community holds

So much is invisible to me  
So much I may not ever see  
Who are you  
Who are you  
Who are you  
Who are you

But science is cool  
Twenty-three percent as a general rule  
Generations pretend  
Shut our eyes and hold our breath till it ends

All my thoughts are not my own  
But one of trauma deep inside a storm  
And I want you

Science is cold  
Science is cold