

Lower Definition "The Ascending"

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Her hip bone. The pendulum. The smell of home and the consequence of emptiness. So proud of this machine, This is the strongest I've ever been.

This is the quicker way to make things right between you and I. The solid solution for birds to take flight, for everything to just be alright.

When the design of the machine is made up of all our wildest dreams, you'll finally want to live.

Oh I want to hold the cure to your lonelines to keep you here. This feeling is so severe but there's things between us left unclear and it's all coming round faster.

This image you believe is exactly what it seems. This machine you see is me. I'm all wrapped up in pretty.

Are you breathing? Cause my world stopped spinning. Roll back to the beginning when the phone was ringing and I was singing this hollow little tune to you;

"Are you breathing or are you sinking?"

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