

## **Mad At Gravity "This Collision"**

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Just move along  
There's nothing to see here  
Just flashing lights that simmer  
In pools that catch their crimson  
As the spectacle unfolds  
On tiptoes, bells, and whispers  
This collision's reality  
Is made to match mine  
Just move along  
The party is over  
All these frantic nights alone  
Surrounded by throbbing hopefuls  
No future promise  
No photos allowed  
Nothing safe behind the shroud

As the spectacle unfolds  
On tiptoes, horns, and whistles  
This collision's reality  
Is made to match mine  
Is made to match mine  
Now I'll cross the plane  
That stands in between  
The safe and the sane  
And your army  
As the spectacle unfolds  
On tiptoes, glass, and fragments  
This collision's reality  
Is made to match mine  
Is made to match mine  
Is made to match mine

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