

Cire "Red Queen"

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A moment to pause and rest my oversized,
overpriced head.
I'm gazing at the edges of our geometric nests
against a backdrop of atmosphere, and squinting to
blur it all clear.
Realizing that there's no distinction,
I see the red queen winking at me and laughing,
because I thought I was ahead, but the world is a
treadmill.

At the core of our minds we risk all to leave a piece of
us behind.

(chorus)
We're still standing so we're still winning,
but every parasite that kills its host, kills itself.

(break)

(chorus 2)

(outro)

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