

Crime In Stereo "Orbiter"

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Tired stars navigate the tiny storms teeming on the far
shores of your waist
Tired of waiting for my stationary third world to rotate
So you filled it with oxygen and watched as it floated
away.

How could you do that to me? [x2]

I start to relate as the meridians trace
lines straight up through your face
And I orbit around your personal space
Tunnel out through your psychology to escape

(How could you do that to me? [x2])
These are the sirens having come to test your hope
Saying "Oh, we've sewn stones in your throat,
thrown you overboard the boat... now float."

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