

The Subtle Way "The Perfect Lens"

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Our optics failed us once again
In hopes to find the perfect lens
Our signals read not what we meant
Our crosshairs tangled like a web

(And) We wont reach our aims
(If) Our scars lose their shape
(And) Our hearts will not break
If they're lit ablaze

Set the charge

To take a stand against the floor
I drank the static from the core
We'll find ourselves within the womb
Both untouched and unprepared to bloom

We're more than
The waisted
Vibrations that we comprise
Our eyes once
Existed
When they were open

I miscalculated the erasures in the snow
For my equations never had lines to show
But once the quadrants cancelled,
(And) No station felt remote
The solar panels told me,
Revenge is best served cold

We set the charges
We filled the margins
We lit the fuses
We killed the tension

Our hearts are barricaded
With walls of steel
So we drank the liquid glass and
Our lungs are sealed

