

The Moon And Her Mother "In The Space Between Atoms"

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In the space between atoms you threw your tantrums
And everything moves with you words
And I move with them floating on lithium
I arrive at my designated birth
With arms wide open she smiles and then motions
To something that was burning in her side
IÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ m a positron if anything sheÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ s
electrically ringing
And part of me wishes we collide
WeÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ d annihilate everything with gamma
rays burning
In this strange union weÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ d reveal
That IÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ m not really real and none of this was
ideal
What space do these atoms conceal
What space do these atoms conceal

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