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"Torch"

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This planet's old, cold, dead, and crashing into us.

You gotta know I'm no "End Of Days" man.
That piece doesn't go.
Just tug at the frayed ends.
Pull it (you) apart.

(Circles and squares surround us, we need to hide.)

No fingers.
No feelings.
I'd push the buttons.
But I can't feel those things.

(You're close to me, I push away.
The circles and squares are gonna collide.)

And it's all I sing.
And it's all icing.

(Surround us...)

Blood falls over me.
Brings me back to a distance shot in the rubber parts.
I can't stay there.

See you inject yourself with it.

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