

## Feelers, The "Satellite"

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I was satellite  
As pushing through the stars  
And I was nebullite  
As faking it with the stars

I was freaking out  
To see you there  
And now I'm crying out  
Hoping that you might hear

[Instrumental]

Hiding in corners  
I'm trying to protect myself from me  
Safety in numbers  
I'll run away if you reject me

And I couldn't feel a thing  
Hours inebriated  
And I couldn't feel a thing  
I felt so segregated

[Instrumental To End]

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