

Moon And Her Mother, The "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
IÃ¢Â¬"m a positron if anything sheÃ¢Â¬"s electrically
ringing
And part of me wishes we collide
WeÃ¢Â¬"d annihilate everything with gamma rays
burning
In this strange union weÃ¢Â¬"d reveal
That IÃ¢Â¬"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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