

# Bad Astronaut, Minus

Here is the world they try to sell you  
Here is the ache barbituate  
They'll have your eyes and they will hang your view so high

Minus the world, we find forgiveness  
Minus the world, she found herself  
Minus the walls, she wouldn't hang her view  
So low...

What if their eyes shadow and plagued those creatures we portrayed?  
Born into this unbearable mess  
This bankruptcy her and I have left...

Paradox can't run out on me...  
Minus need, you are growing cold  
Minus belief, we are growing old

Minus our fears, she is unspoken  
Minus our hands, she is clean  
But in filth, we destroy purity  
Words conceived...

Sorrow and shame, tangled and named, indebted endlessly  
Enter the day of depravity  
She'll have to make believe tranquility

Minus the world, we leave  
Minus the world, we leave  
Minus the world, we leave.....