

# Flop, Part 1 & 2

My head hasn't really felt too great  
For as long as I can remember  
And my reality disintegrates  
So I'm back where I belong

Making my way back to the womb  
Fed on a diet of disease  
Craving degeneration in the air I breathe

I'm a stupid little animal in outer space  
The result of a bad decision  
And I can't help but feeling out of place  
On the third planet from the sun

Making my way up to the moon  
Changing shape into the stars  
Sorry I will be very far away from you

Making my way back to the womb  
Fed on a diet of disease  
Craving degeneration in the air I breathe

I haven't seen you for a long long time  
Must've been about a year or two  
I think about the time I wanted you  
To heal the wound in my heart

(chorus)  
Invited you to my home, Maria said you'd appear  
Didn't know what to do  
But lie in the wake of my own half regretted idea  
I consummated with you

I haven't seen you for a long long time  
Must've been a minute or two  
I think about the time I wanted to  
Reveal the world in my head

(chorus)