

# MGMT, 4th Dimensional Transition

I feel your racing heart  
My liquid silver arms extended  
These waves aren't far apart  
Black gold in clawfoot tubs unchanging  
I am fire, where's my form?  
Whisper crimson I intrude  
There's light beneath your eyes  
New overtones in view  
Endless form, endless time

If what they say is true  
You are a shadow in the fourth dimension  
To float away with you  
We see the corners where nothing happens  
While we drifted we were one  
Ceilings lifted walls were gone  
You speak the language of the breeze  
All your leaves were meant for me  
The love that every person wants to be

Stuck together, I don't like revealing secrets  
I'll live inside your lips if you won't laugh  
My heaving hands on rotten fruit at last  
Fallow fingers, there's a surface I can count on  
She'd fit inside my heart and take it over  
Till her cape got blown into my red lungs  
Either there's a purpose  
Or I'm heading out at breakfast  
Take a drink, take a drag  
One more coffee, ugly hat  
No more mirrors, woolen bag  
And I am gone