

Satellite Skin

Modest Mouse

If you break these moth wing feelings
Powdery dust on your fingers
Well no we're not praying we're kneeling
Hard enough just to say you believe them
Well how the heck did you think you could beat them
At the same time that you're trying to be them
Hard enough just to say you don't need it
When they serve it up well you will still eat it
Well satellite, satellite skin
Just enough just to say you don't mean it
Well everybody's willing to listen
Oh satellite, satellite skin
You can say what you want, you're forgiven
Well happy fucking congratulations
Well everyone, everyone wins
Just like being my own solar system
Doing good things but then totally eclipse them
Oh what the use, oh what the hell
If you break these moth wing feelings
Butterfly knives in the ceiling
Well everyone, everyone's waiting
Detachments gets praised and completed
You can say what you want and not mean it
When no one really seems to be waiting
If you sweep up this mess I've created
Nothing's left to show I existed
Oh satellite, satellite skin
Asking for a question, was it easier said than was actually done
Do you even believe that, do you even believe that there's a race to be won
If you break these moth wing feelings I have seen it all become satellite skin over innocent eyes
I'd like to know these morbid opinions get stacked in all those usual avoided spots
Just to tell you I could not have seen through to the gist of those unhappy, happy accidents

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>