Grimes, Belly of the Beat

I, I've been thinking
I've been thinking
I, I could feel the world today
Everybody dies, we appoint their rites,
And we dance like angels do
Waiting on your knee, little shapes,
The feigns and knowledge of you

And you never get sad And you never get sick And you never get weak We're deep In the belly of a beat,

I, I've been thinking
I've been thinking
I, I could leave the world today
Everybody lies, we cut their eyes,
And we dance like angels do
Waiting on our knee, little world,
That feigns some knowledge of you

And you never get sad And you never get sick And you never get weak We're deep In the belly of a beat,