

Muse, Glorious

Rose-tinted view
And satellites that compromise the truth
But I wanted more, with the cuts and the bruises
Touch my face, a hopeless embrace

Faith
Drives me away
But it turns me on
Like a strangers love
It rockets through the universe
It fuels the lies, it feeds the curse
Believes we could be
Glorious

I need to believe

But I still want more, with the cuts and the bruises
Don't close the door, on what you adore

Faith
Drives me away
But it turns me on
Like a strangers love
It rockets through the universe
It fuels the lies, it feeds the curse
Believes we could be
Glorious