

Atomic Opera, WinterLand

I think it's strange
How we blame the Darkness
Blame it on the light
I think it's strange
How we do the wrong things
And undo the right
Strange ... We try and explain
All the bad things we survive
Jesus. This is
WinterLand.
Jesus. This is
WinterLand.
I think it's strange
How faith is a blind thing
And there's no one we trust
I think it's strange
When it's always cold
But it's never Xmas
Strange ... We doubt what we know
Try and believe in ourselves
Free to fly
Free to fall
Free to empty
Free to be filled
Free to help
Free to hurt
Free to love and
Free to evil