

Bloc Party, Pioneers

If it can be broke then it can be fixed, if it can be fused then it can be split
It's all under control
If it can be lost then it can be won, if it can be touched then it can be turned
All you need is time

We promised the world we'd tame it, what were we hoping for?

A sense of purpose and a sense of skill, a sense of function but a disregard
We will not be the first, we won't
You said you were going to conquer new frontiers,
Go stick your bloody head in the jaws of the beast

We promised the world, we'd tame it, what were we hoping for?

Breath in, breath out

So here we are reinventing the wheel
I'm shaking hands with a hurricane
It's a colour that I can't describe,
It's a language I can't understand
Ambition, tearing out the heart of you
Carving lines into you
Dripping down the sides of you

We will not be the last.