

Bloc Party, The 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?

Breathe in, breathe 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