

Fionn Regan, Snowy Atlas Mountains

We came down by the factory
Industrial yarns where my father did work
When I was a boy I went too far
I lost the thread in the darkest of space
If I become antique you'll collect me
If I become cheap then you'll respect me
My jumper is soaked in pig's blood
I'm coming out looking for you
If you pull a hatchet, I'll pull something to match it
How about your wife, I'll give her a good life
My vehicle is in your drive
Hey I'm not that low
The wolves came on the radio
Transmitted through a portal in the snowy Atlas Mountains