

# 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