

Mew, Apocalypso

In nolan time sign
What does the mind cover?
Are we talking?
White is the winter
Care-line, Care-lines thumbbed it up
What are your stories all about?
Carries a weight on her swing
On her swing
Black waves come
And so fear me, December
Sinking in nolan time
I've lost all my pure feelings
The psychiatrist posing as psychologist
When fear predicts
Then doubtly the mind suffers
Are we talking?
White is the winter
Care-line, Care-lines thumbbed it up
What are your stories all about?
Carries a weight on her swing
On her swing
Black waves come
And so fear me, December
Sinking
Waltz with me, courageously
We're dancing, dancing
We will not die
Our days are multiplied
And I'm happy again
Care-line, Care-lines thumbbed it up
What are your stories all about?
Carries a weight on her swing
On her swing