

Oceansize, Savant

The future hates cast asleep but the film remains
This aftertaste, all I wanted is that which I gave
Master slave, I burn fast on sinking ships
And I can talk, I place pride on tick and tock
And its lonely silence until dawn, rites of passage open doors
But I'm not frightened
Master slave, line and sinker take the bait

Where others float, you and I crash land
Where others float, you and I crash land

Where I see us in far away skies, I could not say
Where I am lost, the darkness falls upon the day

There's no answer