

# Saints of Eden, Crushed

There's choice, but what's the choice.  
A shattering crash, and no-one cares  
As you fall they look away. A lost, forgotten, slow stay  
And when the rain comes down, I'll drown  
My sorrow  
So who calls the shots? Cos I'm not listening. I'll politely smile and move away  
So stair cos nothing's happening. You can look all day, it wont change  
But now I've landed so lost. It's never ending  
What way is the truth. Can I ever decide  
At one with all my inner feelings. Do I listen to them, who do I obey  
The next time you go looking for me. You'll find me, sitting on my own  
Staring out to sea. I'll be alive, I'll be wired, I'll be in-senses.  
I'll be thinking of you  
Staring out to sea, Staring out to see what I can see, I'll be cold, never lost.  
I might be centuries old. Staring out to sea, staring out to see what I can see