

Sense Field, Here Right Here

radar's on, cruising low altitude...
just a few more miles, til I elude...
enemy planes coming from foreign skies...
with orders to demoralize...

holding hands in the underground...
everything's here right here...
everything's here right now...
all that is...
is what is now...

who am I without your photograph...
the wind blows through, this loveless craft...
dodging the ghosts, haunting these vacant skies...
i've been out here so far...
i've been out here so long, demoralized...

holding hands in, the underground...
the walls above us are coming down...

everything's here right here...
everything's here right now...
all that is, is what is now...
here right here
everythings here right now
all that is is what is now

we could take over...
we could take over...
we could take over...
we could take over

here right here...
everything's here right now...
all that is is what is now... everything