

The Armoury Show, Avalanche

This is summer - some are watching
Understanding the promises
That drift away - they drift away
Nothing to share in low water
Over above an avalanche she falls away

This summer - some are August
Crying far air not to be had
Is this the way is this this the way
More than enough move to the side
Watch him pass he passes by he gets away

If I could lose myself and dream away
Day upon day upon day upon day
In an avalanche she drifts away
Over its over its over its over
I wish we could be together again
Like a play on words