

The Church, Electric

Alone, at the end of the day
As I stand before the relics
Of what used to be you and me
You turn with the tears in your eyes
Not understanding that you are free
Free of me
Like songs, our warmth fades away
Turns into coldness
Like the words that we say, today

And as the city glows, electric people nobody knows
Electric dreams, nobody knows
When you touch my skin, the feeling is electric

I hoped that our destiny sloped
Ever upwards, now it curves away
And falls, like rain
And the windows of children
I see the future, just sliding away, and false