

# 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