

Unkle, In the dead of night

Dead state I can feel the weight
Light streaming in through an open grate
Two thread score tearing up the floor
Out in the alley with the trigger draw
Numb hands I can see the strand
Hold it together with a severed ban
Three lost years I've been crying here
I'm over, I'm over, I'm over, I'm broken
Strung out with wings of the dawn
Hole in the black soul in the storm
Torn down through the cracks in the dark
We're miles adrift we're inches apart
I'm hit I can feel the grit
Sat in the asher on the beaten brick
Two thread main running through the vein
Out in the centre with a mirrored cane
Numb feet I can hear you speak
Hold it together with a severed streak
Three lost years I've been crying here
I'm over, I'm over, I'm over, I'm broken
Strung out with wings of the dawn
Hole in the black soul in the storm
Torn down through the cracks in the dark
We're miles adrift we're inches apart
Stood up on the side of the Earth
Thrown back to the track to the dirt
Two thread lose an hour a day
We're miles adrift, we're inches away
Hold it together with a severed bank
Can't feel the blood