

Unkle, Keys To The Kingdom

I shoot it low
Kill the flow
Ruin myself out on the northshore

I make it one
Watch the sun
Sink behind the trees with the keys to the kingdom

I shoot it high
Let it fly
Bury myself under a blue sky

I see a scheme
Make it clean
Drown in blue rivers and a muffled scream

Call your number wishing I could make amends
And I'm caught in the space between my head and my face again

I'll hit it down
Kill the sound
Ruin myself out on the northbound

I make it one
Kill the sun
Bury my disease with the keys to the kingdom

Call your number wishing I could make amends
And I'm caught in the space between my head and my face again

I shoot it low
(Shoot it low)
Kill the flow
(Kill the flow)
Ruin myself out on the northshore

Call your number wishing I could make amends
And I'm caught in the space between my head and my face again

Call your number wishing I could make amends
And I'm caught in the space between my head and my face again