

Alt-J, Philadelphia

Am I cold? I cannot tell
Have I fallen? Or am I falling down this stairwell?
Oh, the cadence of the glow
Concussive flashes of distant memories
Good God, I feel your hands on me
In the dying of the light, my aggressor runs under the lamps
Morning light they'll get to see the crime committed on me
Sonny Green is feeling slow
Pepped up with a bag so righteous he sings all of Rubber Soul
Oh, the cadence of the glow
Percussive flashes over dimly lit country
Good God, I feel your hands on me
In the dying of the light, my aggressor runs under the lamps
Morning light they'll get to see the crime committed on me
Silk, dampened, unknown, over final thoughts
Where will I be in two years?
Euphoria breaks over the bow, washing up the macabre
Out to sea to my mother's arms
And I'm losing my ability to fathom
Awake and not awake
And I'm losing my ability to fathom
Awake and not awake
And I'm losing my ability to fathom
Awake and not awake