

# Armoury Show, Avalanche

This is summer - some are watching  
Understanding the promises  
That drift away - they drift away  
Nothing to share in low water  
Over above an avalanche she falls away

This summer - some are august  
Crying far air not to be had  
Is this the way is this this the way

More than enough move to the side  
Watch him pass he passes by he gets away

If I could lose myself and dream away  
Day upon day upon day upon day  
In an avalanche she drifts away  
Over it's over it's over it's over  
I wish we could be together again  
Like a play on words