

Art Of Fighting, Come Round & Show Me

down in the city of you
crosses and cranes
building a riot in you
over the days
I just want to be your eyes
face is gone
mystery prison
now i know
just what your trouble is
i do, i'm right
and i can fix it for you right
over the water of you
up in the sky
lights in a pattern of you
factories and fires
and i don't wanna be my eyes
see you go
wish and worry now I know
just what your trouble is
i do, i'm right
and i can fix it for you in the darkness of the turning night
get corrupted in the city sky
we might
if you're lonely, lonely
come round and show me
where lies the memory of you
sift through the ground
find all the million pieces
and bring them around