

Black Milk, Can

somehow the atmosphere has changed
feel it's time to rearrange -
the flood is coming in ...
please say none of your dreams will subside,
promise you'll be by my side
when the breakers come to crush
so rest, yield what's left behind
the movements of your mind can never change your fate

('cause) we can't stop the tide as it's bringin' in our dykes,
time is running through our hands like grains of sand
we're slowly gettin' old,
can't stop the tide

now that the grapes of wrath are here
though you tell me: have no fear
when the breakers come to crush
please save one of your fleeting smiles for me
make believe you will be here
when the flood is coming in
we live, live until we're worn, try to be as one
but how can we succeed ?

('cause) we can't stop the tide as it's bringin' in our dykes,
time is running through our hands like grains of sand
we're slowly gettin' old,
can't stop the tide as it's bringin' in our dykes,
time is running through our hands like grains of sand
we're slowly gettin' old,

(and that's why ...)
I welcome the naught to hollow out my derelict eyes
I'm fading away so
I won't be around

('cause) we can't stop the tide as it's bringin' in our dykes,
time is running through our hands like grains of sand
we're slowly gettin' old,
can't stop the tide as it's bringin' in our dykes,
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