Bloc Party, Vision Of Heaven

Vision of heaven Walking up here On my own Telegenic Windswept day Desolate

Left my white converse on the cold sand Threw my mobile phone into the sea I cannot be called or reached

Vision of heaven No-one around for miles

Cut the wires and the cables
That run under the sea
The walls are white, the rooms are cruel
In the house where I worry
These days I just want to be alone
These days I just want to be alone

I cannot remember The Lord's Prayer I cannot remember Oh but I don't care I cannot recall My best friend's face Blurs and outlines Eternal fall

Cut the wires

Cut the wires