

BT, The Great Escape

You talk to me
With the language of the sea
Of sand hot in the sun

With the cries of night creatures
I dimly understand
In your great escape
In your great escape
Its your chance to take
Make your great escape

Your binary words
Glow in my darkness
Your darling hangs in the air

Could you make chemicals run
in my blood just by looking
You take my free will and
Blow it away

And I feel your warmth
As the sparks fly upwards
From the burning of all of your bridges

In your great escape
In your great escape
Its your chance to take
Make your great escape