CHVRCHES, Death Stranding

let’s make a toast to the damned
waiting for tomorrow
when we’ve played out by the band
drawing out our sorrows
what will become of us now
at the end of time?
we’ll be fine
you and i

let’s draw a line in the sand
keep in straight and narrow
we had it all in our hands
we begged and then we borrowed
what will become of us all at the end of love
when we’re stopped looking up?