

Dredg, Redrawing The Island Map

Passing lights, reed flashes [like]
Running by a wooden fence
Only a little light gets through
To grace its body [with its]
Aura, aura
Tracks beneath, rattle out [like]
The roofs above they only obstruct
The clouds and sounds
That would grace its body [with its]
Aura, aura
With its muzzled mouth...
While miming and juggling our souls
Look at its muzzled mouth...
Funnel out, the negative
Only the positive gets through
To grace its body
With its muzzled mouth...
While miming and juggling our souls
Look at its muzzled mouth...
While miming and juggling our souls
Can't fight our way outta here
Can't fight our way outta here
Look at the silly hat they make us wear
Look at those stupid tricks they make us do
How phobic and frantic they make us feel
Look at these stupid tricks they make us do
With its muscles out
Look at its muscles now
While miming and juggling our souls
Look at its muscles now
While miming and juggling our souls
Can't fight our way outta here
Can't fight our way outta here
Can't fight our way outta here [our way outta here]