

Florence & The Machine, Cassandra

I used to see the future and now I see nothing
They cut out my eyes and sent me home packing
To pace around the kitchen for scraps of inspiration
Crying like Cassandra, I
Used to tell the future, but they cut out my tongue
And left me doing laundry to think of what I've done
It wasn't me, it was the song

I used to move into the future, bring it all back
Let it bleed through my fingers, a treasure in my hands
Now everybody who's known about
'Cause they put crosses on the doors to try and keep me out
Gardens of the grove
And I run in the middle of the road

Well, can you see me? I cannot see you
Everything I thought I knew has fallen out of view
In this madness I'm condemned to
Well, can you hear me? I cannot hear you
Every song I thought I knew I've been deafened to
And there's no one left to sing to

All the gods have been domesticated
And Heaven is now overrated
And the churches, they all closed their doors
But you can take your complaints straight to the Lord
I try to still look where the water
As the roses bloom
And the in view

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Ooh
Ooh
Ooh, oh
Ooh, ooh, ooh (Take me back)
Ooh, ooh, ooh (Oh, the drunken gods)
Ooh, ooh, ooh ([?] favorite daughter)

Well, can you see me? I cannot see you
Everything I thought I knew has fallen out of view
And if I run fast enough, could I break apart?
Empires tumble and cathedrals flatten in my heart