

Icehouse, Sons

We don't know this place
this wasted stretch of land
and these steaming horizons
it's locked in our past
it's stragely so familiar
like a scar on our memory
no sign of the ancient heroes
who gave us this one last hour
it's so still, there's so few of us here
there's no sound here at all
the last light disappears
with the Sons of decay
the ones left to stay

For years we were lost
we slept as systems stored us
they sealed in our orders
we woke up alone
in this silence and this space
as if nothing happened
no sign of the ancient heroes
who left us this one long hour
it's so still, there's so few of us here
love, I'm feeling so small, all night
just waiting here
with the Sons of decay
the ones left to stay