

New Model Army, Breathing

Into a new place, pulling myself back
Tasting smoke and blood and burning in my lungs
I'm lying on my left side, I don't know if I can move
But I can hear myself breathing, I can hear myself breathing

Then into a new place - this is where I die
And all the noise is gone and there is only calm
Deep beneath the city waiting for the fire
Any second now
But the fireball never comes and so we turn back to ourselves
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing
In the pitch black tunnels with all the weight above
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing

Then into a new place shouting men with torches and tools
Stumbling from the wreckage in a starlight of shattered glass
The wounded and the shell-shocked, the blackened and the burned
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing
Climbing ever upwards like the rising of the dead
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing

I can hear myself breathing, I can hear myself breathing
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing