

Nina Hynes, Trigger

I feel your everglade rising
My face is warm from lying
Our fears could carry us almost there

Turn over a new page
Turn over a new page
Catch the self-falling
And pick it up
Pick it up
Pick it up
Pick it up

One move could trigger an ice-age
Unleashing from the mind's cage
We will our bodies carcass sleeve

Turn over a new page
Turn over a new page
Catch the self-falling
And pick it up
Pick it up...

Your end is my beginning
I wouldn't stop my soul giving
Crash down
Erosion comes your way

Turn over a new page
Turn over a new page
Catch the self-falling
And pick it up
Pick it up

Catch the self-falling
And pick it up
Pick it up

Catch the self-falling
And pick it up
Pick it up
Pick it up

Catch the self-falling
And pick it up
Pick it up
Pick it up

It's as easy as that