

Panic Attract, Weather Systems

fortune tells us that our time is getting near but it's delusion, so we only had this lie-
grudgingly we invented a staged discussion of our future, yeah we did our best to lie-
intoxication is an involving hobby, i like to practice every time i like to choose, and i sold you out on
i never wanna go to stockholm, cos the climate, is the standard choice for noticing,
my teeth are chattering without you, i need to move where, weather systems are more considerate
i'm amazed that you're amazed i must have been an absent stranger, that's to understate my role,
kinship offers strings attached that often snagged themselves to danger, yeah i'd like to make that