

Primary, Brazilian

I named the Rose of Ethos
And it's over you.

I watch the room fill with Columbians
I've lost my cover, now I'm anyones.
And the conversation, it makes me bleed
If I talk anymore, I might not get up

I'm up in the clouds
And I'm coming down

I'm on the back of a truck down the Amazon
I'm looking down from above, I watch me drive off
And as my head gets heavy, as the wheel turns
And as my feet leave the ground, I know I'm going home.

I'm up in the cloudds
And I'm coming down.

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And it's over you.