

Seven Channels, Circle

this is the stuff that makes us and it's kind of contagious
won't swallow the pill that life decides to give us no i see you
face in the middle of the storm can't rely on myself because myself's
all gone there goes the world again i just might lose my head
i'm in your circle now tie me to the helm 'cause this ship's set to
sink should i stay or should i swim i don't know what do you think
i see your face in the middle of the storm can't rely on myself
because myself's all gone