

Statemachine, Music From The End Of The World

Sitting on a bed of nails
Waiting for that final moment
Planet earth it looks so faint
Trembling on this day of judgement
Captain says we must leave soon
Adding it's not safe to stay here
Radio plays it's final tune
As we leave it's the last thing we hear

Music from the end of the world

Lying in a bed of nails
Far too staggered to be crying
All our grief is lost somewhere
In the space through which we're flying
Captain says we're on our way
Adding there is no need for fear
In my head that final tune
In my dreams it's all I can hear