Teitur, Waiting For Mars

I'm in a state of mind
I'm in my private desert
I'm in a passionate study
Waiting for Mars to come out

All the lights in Paris
All the songs of Belfast
Every detail in my head is
Waiting for Mars to come out

My skin shrinks against my body bones
I'm lost into the weight of gravity
I'm at my best with my astronomy

Pyramids and starlight
Orchestrated midnight
The math of infinity and reason
Waiting for Mars to come out