

The Bled, Antarctica

The rain begins.
The tide it pulls.
And drags me down.
It doesn't end.
Keep rolling in.
Keep rolling in.
Alone you float.
She wont let go.
And it spins you out.
Keep rolling in.
Keep rolling in.
Keep rolling in.
Underneath a web of satellites.
Concrete structures puncture holes in the sky.
Nothing lives here and no one comes here anymore.
Redesign me.
I lost your grip.
Peeled apart by the owned.
Stick beside me on the road.
Redesign me.
I lost my grip.
Peeled apart by the owned.
Stick beside me on the road.
She winks and glows.
If I could run from this I swear I'd take you with me.
But this place has got the best of us again.
And it wont just go away.
We're diving in with our hearts and halfmast and there's nothing left to say.
Redesign me.
I lost your grip.
Peeled apart by the owned.
Stick beside me on the road.
Redesign me.
I lost your grip.
Peeled apart by the owned.
Stick beside me on the road.
Keep rolling in.