

The Bled, Antartica

The rain begins. the tide it pulls.
and it drags me down. keep rolling in.
alone you float.
she wont let go.
and it spins you out.
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 owed.
stick beside me on the road.
redesign me.
I Lost my grip.
peeled apart by the owed.
stick beside me on the road.
she winks and glows.
If I could run from this I swear I would take you with me.
But this place has got the best of us again.
and it wont just go away.
we're driving in with our hearts halfmast and there's nothing left to say.
redesign me.
I lost my grip.
peeled apart by the owed.
stick beside me on the road.
redesign me.
I lost my grip.
peeled apary by the owed.
Keep Rolling In...