

The Boy Who Trapped The Sun, Copper Down

This ship's gone and run its course
Through a tired lack of force
And all that matters
Branded on your arm
So you don't forget
How we first met

Suddenly I have this feeling
Tasting copper in my mouth
I look towards the clouds for my last breath

When you go into your skin
I'll be the hope joining the walls
And all the scraps of world joined at the hip
Are there to hold you in
A secret place

Suddenly I have this feeling
Tasting copper in my mouth
I look towards the clouds for comfort
Filling the blacks

Suddenly I hate this feeling
Tasting copper in my mouth
I look towards the clouds for comfort
I hope I don't let anyone down
Filling the blacks