

The Music, Inconceivable Odds

Lay down your injured arms
Cos we've come so far as one
Dig me out of here so on my back I feel some sun
Flee the darkness of this hour
Leave the modern world behind
My life's a burning tower
The walls are the hills we climb

How do I fight these inconceivable odds
From bringing me down?
The drive for explanation grips us all
And pins us to the ground
If I ever leave your side unattended
Exposed to the fall
If I ever leave your heart undefended
Your back to the wall

Everyone must exist alone
we all run races with no ending
my thoughts are synchronised
to a clock with no time
The hearts of men will be corrupted
Abandoned by themselves
Life makes their minds destructive
frightened by the trigger inside

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