

# Tunng, The Pioneers

If it can be broke then it can be fixed, if it can be fused then it can be split  
It's all under control  
If it can be lost then it can be won, if it can be touched then it can be turned  
All you need is time

We promised the world we'd tame it, what were we hoping for?

A sense of purpose and a sense of skill, a sense of function but a disregard  
We will not be the first, we won't  
You said you were going to conquer new frontiers,  
Go stick your bloody head in the jaws of the beast

We promised the world, we'd tame it, what were we hoping for?

Breath in, breath out

So here we are reinventing the wheel  
I'm shaking hands with a hurricane  
It's a colour that I can't describe,  
It's a language I can't understand  
Ambition, tearing out the heart of you  
Carving lines into you  
Dripping down the sides of you

We will not be the last.