

Apocalypse

Cigarettes After Sex

You leapt from crumbling bridges watching cityscapes turn to dust

Filming helicopters crashing in the ocean from way above

Got the music in you baby,

Tell me why

Got the music in you baby,

Tell me why

You've been locked in here forever & you just can't say goodbye

Kisses on the foreheads of the lovers wrapped in your arms

You've been hiding them in hollowed out pianos left in the dark

...

Your lips,

My lips,

Apocalypse

Go & sneak us through the rivers,

Flood is rising up on your knees

Oh please...

Come out & haunt me

I know you want me

Come out & haunt me

Sharing all your secrets with each other since you were kids

Sleeping soundly with the locket that she gave you clutched in your fist...

When you're all alone

I will reach for you

When you're feeling low

I will be there too