

Spinning Over the Island

Funeral for a Friend

It falls apart
Clockwork hearts, running out
Rusted needle in the vein
We all fall down

We find our place, in circuitry
We worship our gods, the TV screens
We substitute, our lives for another

It's kill or be killed
It's our nature
To give up control
It's our failure

Like young lovers planting seeds
It's anarchy, head down in shame
Seasons come and seasons go and
We grow old, never learn from our mistakes

Around the crown, we all fall down
Rusted people all in vain, corroding in the rain
A well-made dream, flog it down, destroyed it for you
Your time well spent, a living lie that covers everything

It's kill or be killed
It's our nature
To give up control
It's our failure

Like young lovers planting seeds
It's anarchy, head down in shame
Seasons come and seasons go and
We grow old, never learn from our mistakes

Never

Cross the river, down we go, hold me under
Hold your breath, and play the part, race towards the finish line
Cross the river, down we go, hold me under
Hold your breath, and play the part, race towards the finish line

Race towards the finish line
What's mine is yours and yours is mine

Race towards the finish line
What's mine is yours and yours is mine
Race towards the finish line
What's mine is yours and yours is mine

Race towards the finish line

And hope is something you have lost
The past is holding on and on
And hope is something you have lost
The past is holding on and on and on