

Breathing

New Model Army

Into a new place, pulling myself back
Tasting smoke and blood and burning in my lungs
I'm lying on my left side, I don't know if I can move
But I can hear myself breathing, I can hear myself
breathing

Then into a new place - this is where I die
And all the noise is gone and there is only calm
Deep beneath the city - waiting for the fire
Any second now...
But the fireball never comes and so we turn back to
ourselves
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing
In the pitch black tunnels with all the weight above
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing

Then into a new place - shouting men with torches and
tools
Stumbling from the wreckage in a starlight of shattered
glass
The wounded and the shell-shocked, the blackened and the
burned
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing
Climbing ever upwards like the rising of the dead
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing

I can hear myself breathing, I can hear myself breathing
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing