

# LAMINAR FLOW

Apparat

There's a knock in the door  
Takin' things and it's gone

There's a noise in the trees  
Lost from the ears, laminar flow

Abandons a trace from the underworld  
Old fashioned greed in the skies  
You can taste the nights  
They don't hold it far from you  
Oh, couldn't see the lies  
And you know they want you

Meet me  
Meet me  
Meet me, yeah  
Hold up, stay  
Meet me