

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