

Plastic People

Atomship

Time entails the sun to hesitate, clinging on and off again.
Picture all the children as they walk on by clean into the front yard.

Falling in and out of sync with him in the ground, I see.
Promises I have broken, shadows creep along the window.

The window sill, drowned by the rain.
Swallow the pill, it kills the pain.

Freeze frame capture it.
The stars fell from the sky, in my hands they pulsate.
Into the night they're shattered on the front line.
The devil knows where they hide.
In the ground he passes by and the devil cries.

The window sill, drowned by the rain.
Swallow the pill, it kills the pain.

Plastic people, paper skies.

The window sill, drowned by the rain.
Swallow the pill, it kills the pain.