

# Get Up, Get Up, Get Up

Barcelona

Five days after black and red collide.  
The motion sickness past, I'll be the first to stand.  
Behind that weathered door, I thought it would be safest.  
My head is dizzy now, I thought we'd overcome.  
We might not make it home tonight.

Crawling on the ash, she's pitiful.  
She lost her sense of light; she has to hold my hand.  
Had I known we might be two kids without their jackets.  
My fear would come alive, I wouldn't loathe her now.  
She might not make home tonight.

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