

Noah

Birds in Row

(A road to darkness)
(A road leading into darkness)
(A road)

There's a road leading into darkness
It's got a rhythm, it's got a rhythm that no one can clap to
You think you're free until you answer the call and all the claps of some fools just cover it up
Come with me, come with me

You're the dentist with no front teeth telling me how to smile
How to brush it hard, brush it hard, and how to hide my insides
A black hole with a tongue and much pride
You're a monster, and you think you just offer enough
Come with me, come with me
Would you just come with me and see?
How all love is meant to disappear on a road paved with laments
Shredded bodies on shredded bodies
Shredded bodies on shredded bodies, dead bodies on both sides
And in the silence you hear the screams of all the true heroes who are done suffering for us
Come with me, come with me

We all lose a reason to smile when we take that one hike
To the top of the hill and down to the depth to the valley of the vile
You think you'll fix it with money?
You think you'll fix it with money?
Come with me, come with me

Wouldn't we know about the hidden costs this road would be paved for us to dance
And if we are too shy to dare, too shy to dare, there'd always be that one hand waving its money, waving the money, waving the money
Please, come with me

'Cause I'm not sure we should dance
The more we walk, the more it rains stories, stories, stories
About a deluge above our heads

How ridiculous we look, here, clapping our hands as the waters rise
Piled up clothes of those we lost, frail barricades for frail fates
They are candies inside the jaws sculpted on godly waves
You say we'd be free with the money
We'd be free with the money
Fold your paper into an ark
Godspeed Noah, I'm so glad you'll finally sink
For there's no way out from here, there's no way out from here
From a circle of pain to a circle of doubt to a circle of shame
First monuments of water hide the sun, then they break and hit
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And they'll take us all

Where oxygen runs dry and gold won't buy room for any of us
You think you'll fix it with money?
You think you'll fix it with money the will to give up and the big hole inside our chests?

I don't know how you dance, but it looks romantic somehow
The mesmerizing defence of what is left of our smiles, what is left of our smiles, what is left of our smiles

I don't know how you dance, but it looks romantic somehow
Two bodies under the rain, maybe kissing for the very last time
It sounds romantic somehow, echoes inside my brain murmuring again and again and again and again and again and again:

"You should have taken the money
Should have taken the money, you fool"

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Should have taken the money, you fool"

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