

Across The Map

Chaos Chaos

We can cross the Atlantic ocean
Draw a huge line, separate ourselves from things that die
'Cause the undergrowth grows up our sides sides if we stand still

We are driving across the map
As we move on
The things we crush upon

Blue fields at night
Back in the fight
Snow piled high
Like white fake flowers uh huh
Driven by dreams
So far it seems
Traced on a map
We cut ties of undergrowth
Hey!

On the move we prove we lose everything
Russia calls my name
On the move we prove we lose everything
Where is home in change?

You come to me
You go away
You come to me
You go away
You come to me hah you go away
You come to me now you go away