

## Ugly Luck

Citizen

The choir aches, the trumpets sting our hearts  
Expected fate of everything, we need to know the source  
The flesh is aged, we shudder with every budge  
And if I remain, then lead me in  
We live through written words, words

I am vague to you; a fly on the wall  
Your stardust in the whisk - the lonesome dawn  
I am a trick to you; a deserted thought  
Adrift in the mist - ugly luck

Violent shakes; if I'm caught then I'm done  
The sirens rang, the masses fled  
There's nothing left for us  
The choir aches, we need to know the source

If I remain, then lead me in  
We live through extinct words  
Our words  
Our words  
Our words

I am vague to you; a fly on the wall  
Your stardust in the whisk - the lonesome dawn  
I am a trick to you; a desolate howl  
Absence of the wish - too far gone  
I'm too far gone

I am vague to you; a fly on the wall  
Your stardust in the whisk - the lonesome dawn  
I am a trick to you; an exhausted want  
I don't know where you've been or where you are  
Or where you are