

Natural State

Cults

Could it be a losing sight?
What you think is necessary in the night
Certain words we didn't write
You can blame the sanctuary on the light

Oh, denial
Oh, denial
Oh, denial
Oh

Swimming backwards to the sun
We were hoping that the rain would never come
Close your eyes and far we run
But we're leaving and we'll never be at home

Oh, denial
Oh, denial
Oh, denial
Oh

Oh, denial
Oh, denial
Oh, denial
Oh