

The Only Young Ones Left

Dark Suns

I woke up to find my body sleeping
With the pulse of the grass at naked feet
A boy and his balloon
Hallelujah voices calling out for me
All the stars build a map
I'm turning back
I've made the road by walking

Someone else blew an unheavenly trumpet

We felt as if embraced by a spell
And had already brought chaos back into paradise
Brought the chaos back onto the isle
The more I found out of you are the one I'm looking for
The less I dare to talk about
And brought the chaos back onto the isle

You are the only young ones left
You'll never grow up
So bring in the fact that you like her
Her perfectly imperfect home

You are the last ones under the sun
Lucky ones
Brought by the tide
Her perfectly imperfect home to find

Tell the trees and the flowers spread out on me
Growing out of my mouth
Growing where once my love prevailed

I keep on running
To deliver us from grief
Reversed the roles
Of Adam and his Eve