

Memeo

Delphic

Get it and go, let's hide in the city
Old lady won't, with the modest home drone
Tell her sorry but I have to go
It's life without living
And I'm feeling the low
But a memory, echoing, something from the future sings

Memeo- I'm sick of the sun is setting low
Memeo- I'm sick of the sun is setting low

Oh, these fractions of fevers, are killing bone
Dynamite and cyanide alike
Won't fracture the feeling
I'm ready to go
But a memory, echoing, something from the future sings
Something from the future sings

Memeo- I'm sick of the sun is setting low
Memeo- I'm sick of the sun is setting low

Taking it too far
Pushing and they're pulling and they're tearing me apart
Bring me back around
Like my (?) continue the heart
(?) they're taking it too far
Come and bring me back around

Every waking night I'm tearing up the walls
Thought I saw the light but never heard the call
I'm dizzy and the highs leave me high below
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Memeo- I'm sick of the sun is setting low
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