

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