

The Crowd

Holy Holy

In your dreams you hunt the zombie crowd
I know 'cause I was there as well
Your shotgun running out of shells
The windows will not hold them back, will not hold them back

And you don't have to plan your apology
When you wake and you dream that you strangled me
When you wake and you are horrified
By what you found in your sleeping mind

You dreamt of chases, you dreamt of giant waves
You dreamt your childhood friends danced faceless on the stage
You dreamt you killed in desert storms
To decorate your uniform
You died and were reborn
You died and were reborn

And I won't plan my apology
When I wake from a night of infidelity
When I wake and I'm horrified
By what I've found in my sleeping mind