# Look Outside

**IAMX**

Look outside, the wilderness
The wilderness is calling our names
The blackest skies, the daunting stars
The desert sun, melting our cold hearts

If you feel like the spark has gone
We just need a place where we can belong

Look outside at the raw beauty
The good work of a billion years
The blackest wine in front of me
Drink up, little boy
And wash down your tears

Los Angeles, you took care of me
I raise my broken glass to your sanctuary

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Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!