

Heart is running low
Vanquished and confined
As we walk through the corridor
Measuring the dark
Until the meter says we can't take no more

You feel good about it
You say
You need to feel good about it
Still ridden with spite
Language is defied
As we walk through the corridor

We sing to the night
Abolishing the promise
Our constellation is so far from reach
I'm fading from your sky
The shutdown is complete
You turned away despite my loving

Time is burning slow
You beckon on the way
As you walk through the exit door
While estimating the losses rising
The venom in the glass says I need more
Yeah

You still feel good about it
You say
You need to feel good about it
Still ridden with spite
Language is defied
As we walk through the corridor

We sing to the night
Abolishing the promise
Our constellation is so far from reach
(I touched your ember with a little bit of my wing)
I'm fading from your sky
The shutdown is complete
You turned away despite my loving

In a room, Marriott, New York
Checking in to be held by you
Then checking out
Direction is shuffled back to nil
Caught in your maze still

We sing to the night
Abolishing the promise
Our constellation is so far from reach
(I touched your ember with a little bit of my wing)
I'm fading from your sky
The shutdown is complete
You turned away despite my loving