

I thought things would take off
But they cooled down
Your voice on the phone
I hear traffic behind

Violent rain
Outside looking out
Looking up
Fragments of sky
Looking to leave
Transmit and deceive
Kill off the fortune tellers

You say that woe is always on your mind
You drag me back in for a breath of comfort
No longer telling wrong from right
The ghostlike horizon of your eye

I hear things aren't well
Since you sold me out
I remember you clear
Your rituals of doubt
With city lights from 1988
Sprinkled like dust
On your window pane

You say that woe is always on your mind
You drag me back in for a breath of comfort
No longer telling wrong from right
The ghostlike horizon of your eye

Maelstrom
I'm drifting away
I'm staying under
You fall back to aged ideals
Controlled by thunder
Ruled by dishonour
Come feel
I am not real

Woe is always on your mind
You drag me back in for a breath of comfort
No longer telling wrong from right
The ghostlike horizon of your eye