

Out There

Lomelda

I was a kid
Staring at the telephone lines
As we drove by them
The trees were gone
Burned down in the night I guess
There was nothing left out there

Your voice of ash whispers from the car stereo
When I breathe I choke
I don't know
Here I sit in darkness
Waiting for what's out there

I don't know what's out there

Elliott, what have you done to us?
Elliott, what have you done?