

Sunder

Nicolas Jaar

Right behind my eye
Right behind my eye
Right behind my eye
Another stage running down my eyes

Now I see right behind my eyes
Now I see right behind my eyes
Now I see right behind my eyes
Now I see right behind my eyes
Now I see right behind my eyes

The old you could tell me
And the old you could tell me
And the old you could tell me

A win is a win but a loss is the death of a twin that we borrow
Right behind my eye, right behind my eye
A win is a win but a loss is the death of a twin that we borrow
Yeah, we borrow, yeah, we borrow

Forming vapors behind my eye
Vapors right behind my eye, right behind my eye
Right behind my eye, right behind my eye
Vapors right behind my eye, right behind my eye
Vapors right behind my eye, right behind my eye

And now I see right behind my eyes
And now I see right behind my eyes
And now I see right behind my eyes
And now I see right behind my eyes

In the words of a prophet, sunder
In the shape of the first and last, sunder
In the springs of the church of sin, sunder
In the blood of the hands that laugh, sunder, sunder, sunder
In the blood of the hands that last, sunder, sunder

Does the lock seek erosion?
Does a loss seek revenge of sin?
Right behind my eye
Right behind my eye

We borrowed from the page of St. Maurice (Sunder)
Named the mountain an Egyptian saint (Sunder)
Drank the water from the church of springs (Sunder)
Does a loss seek revenge of sin?
Right behind my eye
Right behind my eye
Right behind my eye
Right behind my eye
Right behind my eye
Right behind my eye

Is there blood in the court?
Is there blood on the ceiling?
Do we need to be still?
Do we need your dominion?

Is there blood in the court?
Is there blood on the ceiling?
Do we need to be still?
Do we need to be still?

Is there blood in the court?
Is there blood on the ceiling? (Do we need to be still?)
Do we need to be still? (Do we need to be still?)
Do we need your dominion? (Do we need to be st-)