

## London Lost Its Fog

Rosaline

We've been randomly assigned this disease  
By the ones that will sell us the air that we breathe  
And replace the sun with machines  
Back and forth my traffic light eyes blink both in time  
"you'll be fine" (you'll be fine)  
Our beliefs are our disease, the sun was replaced by machines  
With nothing to hold onto, our love has nothing  
Hostility exposes the sadness of vertical memory  
Oh, our love is sadness  
Back and forth my traffic light eyes blink both in time  
"you'll be fine" (you'll be fine)  
Our beliefs are our disease, the sun was replaced by machines