

Glide

Snowmine

could have seen the seas, them all,
Cities, an afterthought.
Can we pay no mind to the weather?
I'm swept by the wave
I'm racing down the barrel of this gun
And I wish that I could slow
But at least we're racing down there together.
And I roll backwards as the wheel that pulls me down
Faster than the wind blows us from the ground
As we glide.
And I roll backwards as the wheel that pulls me down
Faster than the wind blows us from the ground
As we glide away.
There's something to hear
Wild and deep
That swallowed me.
It's the current above,
The surface fading miles and miles each day
Until forever.
And I roll backwards as the wheel that pulls me down
Faster than the wind blows us from the ground
As we glide.
And I roll backwards as the wheel that pulls me down
Faster than the wind blows us from the ground
As we glide away.
As we glide away
As we glide away.