

Sickle, sickle, set me aside
Burn the bridge, no mercy tonight as they run
To retrograde love
And I know the spectre is calling
Mountains are falling below into replication

And I lay to waste my life
Halcyon days and nights
So I could be one of them
I could be one of them

Promises buried twice
Down where they won't survive
So I could be one of them
Gripping to relevance

These silhouettes will drive me crazy

Brittle sparrow, pale by design
Delicate, they corner my mind
Feel them run, I'm feeling them run
Precious is the retrograde in power
With no emotion
It brings devotion and starts to fade

And I lay to waste my life
Halcyon days and nights
So I could be one of them
I could be one of them

Promises buried twice
Down where they won't survive
So I could be one of them
Gripping to relevance

(I could be one of them) These silhouettes will make me contemp
late
(I grip to relevance) Will I fit or will I fade away?
(I could be one of them) Burning bridges as devotions fade
(I grip to relevance) Irrelevance is imminent
I could be one of them