

She

Stealing Sheep

She
She has gone
Now she's running
Now she's running after everyone

She has gone
I feel it in the air

I know it's all the same
Standing out in the rain
I know it's all the same
Standing out in the rain

Scale over mountains
Tin foil dreams
Litter in the sand
Jewels in your hand

Those rituals
And tales and trails
A constant cycle
There's no use in hiding from the sun

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Are we starting to think there's nothing there?
Starting to think that this is nowhere?
It's started taking over you

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