

## Revival

The Atomic Bitchwax

Well they're calling from the rocks again  
Flipping locks of blond and straw and brown and red  
I made corrections but the winds in your direction  
Severs all my connections  
Getting closer to the siren  
Float away from those horizons  
Well they look so pencil thin  
Against the blue and solar winds  
Cause I'm so far away

Oh revival

There's a city called revival made of blocks of poison ivory  
But it really doesn't matter anyway  
Now the water's rushing in up through the planks made out of sk  
in  
Throat knots up with fault  
Lungs filling with salt  
Getting closer to the siren  
Float away from those horizons  
Daughter, sister, Mother Earth  
Root up the trees caress the dirt  
Say today's for you and I  
I kiss your waves and fuck your sky.

Oh revival