

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