

Antarctica

The Bled

The rain begins, the tide it pulls
And it drags me down, [Incomprehensible]
Keep rolling in, keep rolling in

Alone you float, she won't let go
And it spins you out
Keep rolling in, keep rolling in, keep rolling in

Underneath a web of satellites
Concrete structures puncture holes in the sky
Nothing lives here and no one comes here anymore

Redesign me, I lost your grip
Peeled apart by the owed
Stick beside me on the road

Redesign me, I lost my grip
Peeled apart by the owed
Stick beside me on the road
She winks and glows

If I could run from this, I swear I'd take you with me
But this place has got the best of us again
And it won't just go away

We're driving in with our hearts half mast
And there's nothing left to say

Redesign me, I lost my grip
Peeled apart by the owed
Stick beside me on the road

Redesign me, I lost your grip
Peeled apart by the owed
Stick beside me on the road
Keep rolling in