

Kodiak

The Ghost Of Paul Revere

My ears fill with water, hollowing the sound
And the door in which you were going, it was opening and it was
closing
And it was closed

North

Kodiak, we're all heading north
I was born with nothing
But I'll die with you

My heart upon the anchor, conviction like a martyr
And the fog that it blurred our edges, has now slowly come to focus
And it is short, it is short

North

Kodiak, we're all heading north
I was born with nothing
But I'll die with you