

Bats

The Joy Formidable

The idea
Is the fuel for a spirited life
An idea, just a thought
If it's wrong or right
Pull us in, pull us close and then pull ahead
Don't be told, don't let it go, don't say it's something he said.

We'll simmer down
Like grey coals on a dying pit
I'll look at you and we'll roll our eyes. Expected.
Torrential waves bringing wishy washy in their boats
Here they come. You let them in. Now enjoy the flood.

No. It's not me. It's them.

The hunger rays have turned to a different mark
The devils trill, make me full with a beautiful wife
I want to be just like her when I die
I want to be, I want to be but I don't want to try.

No. It is me. I'm not them.

We keep hanging on [x10]

I've got a voice but the question keeps holding me back
I've got a voice but the mess is drowning us out
I've got a choice but the choices are getting weaker
I had a reason but the reason went away (5x)

We keep hanging on [x26]