

(Something)

The Microphones

The foggy air around us was blinding
The foggy sea was loud behind it
Its foggy breath breathed its water into our lungs
And we curled up around it
And we were deafened by the sound of foggy waves' crash
It's still ringing in my ears
But my ears and lungs are nothing
Compared to my eyes, I saw something
In the sand that swept me off my feet
Oh, the blow

Oh it's pulling out in tide tows
And rising back in misty wave throws
Forever churning up its boiling strength
And with the faster that the car flies
Stick your head out of the window
And find it beating hard and sweet into my face
And in a moment when time slows
The air gets so wide and thick
And fuels a force that blows a hole right through the chest
Oh, the blow