Riddled with Ticks

This Is the Kit

Riddled with ticks, and squinting to see
We shook ourselves
We shook ourselves, we shook ourselves free

And whipped by the wind
Sand-stung and scree
We headed for, we made our way, we rolled into the sea

I know what is true
I know what is truth
I know what is truth, what is truth, what is truth

And I will fight you, I will fight you
Will fight you, will fight you, will fight you –
Will lose

Then patches of heat in between the breeze
We dried ourselves, we dressed ourselves
We set ourselves free

And honest and true
His beauty was you
Will blame me, as I will blame you

And I will fight you, I will fight you
Will fight you, will fight you, will fight
You will lose

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We shook ourselves
We shook ourselves, we shook ourselves free

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