Mutilated World

Thomas Giles

The planet seems to know our names
A flame that lifts our days away
Stuck to the age of our dreams
Sifting down amongst the ground we once embraced
I cannot feel the night, I cannot sense the day
Praise the mutilated world
I cannot feel the night, I cannot sense the day
Praise the mutilated world
I cannot feel the night, I cannot sense the day
Praise the mutilated world
I cannot feel the night, I cannot sense the day
Praise the mutilated world
Enrinched with a taste of rain
Dripping from those who fade away
Gripped by the day of our dreams
Creeping down amongst the ground we once disgraced
This won't dry
(A simple smile)
That glazed our eyes
(A simple task)
This won't speak
(They know our names)
They drag them deep
(This won't dry)
I cannot feel the night, I cannot sense the day
(Glazed our eyes)
Praise the mutilated world
(This won't speak)
I cannot feel the night, I cannot sense the day
(Drag them deep)
(This won't dry)
I cannot feel the night, I cannot sense the day
(Glazed our eyes)
Praise the mutilated world
(This won't speak)
I cannot feel the night, I cannot sense the day
(Drag them deep)

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