

Broken Magic

Wildlife

The glowing satellite
The Roman candle
The gloves come off and lose their cool
It's getting hard to try
Put back the pieces
The fragments off a broken moon

This is the last one, this is the last one
This is the last one coming home

And all the loneliness
Is hard to swallow
Call your demons into my arms
Lead me down to slaughter
You're awful, kind
Nothing kind can stop a fool from choosing a fool

This is the last one, this is the last one
This is the last one coming home
This is the last one, this is the last one
This is the last one coming home

Crumble in the pocket
A valentine
Terrified to lose it
Terrified to break in two

Wash over me
I want nothing to keep us alone

This is the last one, this is the last one
This is the last one coming home
This is the last one, this is the last one
This is the last one coming home