

Blood Tied

Zola Blood

We're never going to get it back
So don't start slipping now
Holding it inside your hands
As the hours get spilled

Is it even real?
Do you feel it spinning?
Underneath our feet
Forming like a figment

Blood tied
Whether we try to fight or not
The outline
Will be just like it was before
In orbit
Until the dying of the sun
No say in
Whether we stay or when the ending comes

A memory that we have
That's older than our bones
Trying not to let it crack
From the weight of us

Is it even real?
Do you feel it spinning?
From The Seven Hills
To The River Lea

Blood tied
Whether we try to fight or not
The outline
Will be just like it was before
In orbit
Until the dying of the sun
No say in
Whether we stay or when the ending comes