

All the times you said to me:
"I don't like where this is going."
I couldn't tell anyone but you could feel it in the air

Close the door behind you
Don't let the cold air out

Aching hearts know what they need
Salted landscapes are decisions
And every word you hear me breathe, it was chosen for a reason

Open up the air vents
The gas is seeping in
We're here for the duration
So call your next of kin