

I miss my friends, who's names I can't pronounce
I miss the place where hope was to be found
Blue clouds over Europe
Now's the right time to get up
And I just want to incinerate

24/365

I feel the need to be on fire

24/365

I've been holding it back for way too long

So can you hear this aimless call to arms
Into the night we'll go setting off alarms
Our hope is gone, it's official
It disappeared without a signal
And now is the time to incinerate

I miss my friends, who's names I can't pronounce
I bless the ones who are sure to stick around
Blue clouds over Europe
Now's the right time to get up
And all I want is to incinerate