

droning chords and distant bells
humming over empty shells
holding on tight onto a dead sky
nomadic moves across a lawn
step by step into the dawn
holding on tight onto a dead sky

turn a deaf ear no matter what they might say
always, always
turn a deaf ear pushing you further away
always
always, always, always

droning chords and distant bells
to what's been over since the fall
holding tight to what's been felt
holding on tight onto a dead sky

turn a deaf ear no matter what they might say
always, always
turn a deaf ear pushing you further away
always
always, always, always