

Cover me in cold light
Wake up with a sore throat
A sore throat

Drive your car to work
Down gray highways isolate
Your pain
Your pain

You will grow to be
Untouched, unphased
By the light that changed
By the way things change

You will grow to me
Detached in the mirror
Oh my god
Oh my god
Oh my god
Oh my god
Oh my god
Oh my god
Oh my god
Oh my god