

Defeat The Low

Balance and Composure

Breathe me in
I am the ghost of better past lingering deep down
South of here
Where we know his face
But not the name of a brother drowned in his last years
Have you been skipping stones across the lake ablaze
For your own damn sake
Open wide
It's this taste we've all been tasting in our tongues and in our minds

And take that head of yours and stick it through the clouds
You've been buried underneath our world
With all your selfish doubt

Feel the heat dripping from our dirty tongues
Gathering flames now
Just last year we felt the hell of a sneaky spark
Let it burn us to the ground
There's a hole in all there is to see in these waking days
And it's all fake
Open wide
The taste we've all been tasting in our tongues and in our minds

And take that head of yours and stick it through the clouds
You've been buried underneath our world
With all your selfish doubt
By the time you turn the clocks all back
You'll be covered in all the leaves
It's a shame you didn't look around
Oh, all the things you'd see

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