

Oblivion

Bastille

When you fall asleep,
with your head,
upon my shoulder.
When you're in my arms,
but you've gone somewhere deeper.

Are you going to age with grace?
Are you going to leave a path that joins?
Are you going to age with grace?
Or only to wake and hide your face.
Well..oh, oblivion.
Is calling out your name.
You always take it further,
than I ever can.

When you play it harder,
and I try to follow you there,
It's not about control,
But I turn back when I see where you go.

Are you going to age with grace?
Are you going to leave a path that joins?
Well..oh, oblivion.
Is calling out your name.
You always take it further,
than I ever can.
Oh and oh oblivion,
is calling out your name
You always take it further,
than I ever can.