

Snakes

Bastille

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Snakes are patting our hills
Followed from the grass
I keep keeping them away
Running from the soldiers can not last

If I'm not ready
Life will just eat me whole
If I'm not steady
Maybe I'll lose control

But it's easier to bury
My head in the sand sometimes
Yes, it's easier to bury
My head in the sand sometimes
Yeah, I know, I know, I know
It's not the right way to go
But I'm afraid that the ground will just swallow me whole

Now, the sky is living dark
Come and see the polar start to roar
Tomorrow we'll be picking up the case
We gotta have the zones we can not hold (?)

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