

Retrograde

Cartel

I'm out of faith
I'm in retrograde
A dizzy pattern in a cheap parade
And I'm losing touch but I'm I'm not ashamed
Of what I say or how nice I play
I'm a trojan horse made of paper mache,
What has been ever comes 'round again

And I'm under arrest
(I'm under a arrest)
I'm shutting down
I'm unimpressed
(I'm not impressed)
But I've done my best
An undecided heart makes such a mess

I'm out of place
I'm a different state
A little scattered by a bitter fate
And I'm losing touch but I'm, I'm not afraid
I'll be okay just in a different way
I have no remorse I have no more shame
Oh nothing ever ends before it begins

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(I'm under arrest)
I'm shutting down
I'm unimpressed
(I'm not impressed)
But I've done my best
An undecided heart makes such a mess

Well I'll be going 'round and 'round this cycle won't slow down
I'm looking for the centre of this life I've found
What has been ever comes 'round again

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