

# 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

And I'm under arrest  
(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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