

I come carrying a bunch of dread things,
Every last one likes to mumble and sting.
I've got a chisel buried deep inside a rock,
One or two sheep have run away from the flock.

It's still light out, let's shoot down the sun and then
I will show you all the things the past dragged in.

Blue light, blue fame, blue spark,
Trying for survival.
It's known my name from the start,
From the moment of arrival.

Flood memories tearing me apart,
Train rhythm of a dark blue heart, c'mon.

Me and you equals three not two
'Cause of the uninvited guest in blue.
Right from the drop, why try to fight?
Listen to the ghost rider blowing "dark night".

Burning hands have got hold of my guts again,
I'll keep talking, try to hold the embers in.

Blue light, blue fame, blue spark,
And they're trying for survival.
It's known my name from the start,
From the moment of arrival.

Flood memories tearing me apart,
Train rhythm of a dark blue heart.

Blue light, blue fame, blue spark,
Trying for survival.
It's known my name from the start,
From the moment of arrival.

Flood memories tearing me apart,
Train rhythm of a dark blue heart.