

Third Atlantic

Crime In Stereo

Our grave danger built of lights and motors strikes the locals
hypnotic
as we swept the sick off of our infested ship in a dazzling dis
play of logic.
We drink the water we sail on.
So drink it up sailor, sail on.
We are all wrong.

Bullet trains are bringing home the soldiers to find their fami
lies trampled
with the weight of the fiber optics placed inside the soil samp
les.
Surveillance for the chapel door.
Oh lord, keep safe our imperfect form.

There is no port from the storm.
No shelter from the wrong that I've brought along and I've caus
ed it all.
There is no port from the storm.
No shelter from the wrong that I've brought along and I've caus
ed it all.

We are all wrong.

I've seen so little light in the grip of constant night.
Track my life by satellite
cause lord I'm lost
Our seasons at an end.
We'll burn every single bridge to keep this ship sailing on.

There is no port from the storm.
No shelter from the wrong that I've brought along and I've caus
ed it all.
There is no port from the storm.
No shelter from the wrong that I've brought along and I've caus
ed it all.