

# Into The Flood

Deepfield

I want to write your name into my flesh  
I want to be in love with myself again  
I want to bring it down  
I want to bring it down  
I believe that things are changing

Where is the gain in all the hell you bring  
In the search for something new?  
Because the birds won't sing when their cages stink  
So think of something else to say  
Because things are changing

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Your hands, held tight around  
The throat of what it is to live these days  
And we choke on the pain feed into our heads  
We're not gonna be here when you get back

I want to write your name into my flesh  
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For the best  
And all the rest into the flood  
All of me has to bleed  
But part of me has got to be alive