

I miss my friends, who's names I can't pronounce  
I miss the place where hope was to be found  
Blue clouds over Europe  
Now's the right time to get up  
And I just want to incinerate

24/365

I feel the need to be on fire

24/365

I've been holding it back for way too long

So can you hear this aimless call to arms  
Into the night we'll go setting off alarms  
Our hope is gone, it's official  
It disappeared without a signal  
And now is the time to incinerate

I miss my friends, who's names I can't pronounce  
I bless the ones who are sure to stick around  
Blue clouds over Europe  
Now's the right time to get up  
And all I want is to incinerate