

Seal my tomb, in this time out room, through the noise, your dark whistle voice
Three bullet shells, and four bordered up from the outside

Push the panic button in, those memories of mine
I feel like spinning plates, couldn't stop them if I tried
And the ladders turn to snakes when I roll the dice...

Cause that's how it feels when I'm falling
The City is crawling out of my skin tonight
And one of these days will be nothing
But there ain't no stopping, the Decades are counting, the moment I'm stuck in

A fairground fish got a dying wish, to die at sea
Swept on the tide. So why don't we forget these lights and dreams
With our coins, scratch our goodbyes