

Feathers

Fanfarlo

Take the time to count the cracks and lines in the four walls
The cell that follows you wherever you go
And the black swans

Now the only chance is here and the motorway looks clear

The cells are ticking and the spine is ready to kick in
All wrapped up and tied up little demons sing us what we don't
know

With the industry in place we can hold out for a while

It is the singer in the river is the siren on the rock
Before the time you wake up feeling nothing at all

It is the singer in the river is the siren on the rock
Before the time you're washed up feeling nothing at all

They're covered in feathers and they look so good in the sunlight
It's only the sawdust trickling from their sleeves that you'll
notice

With the industry in place we can look the other way

It is the singer in the river is the siren on the rock
Before the time you wake up feeling nothing at all

It is the singer in the river is the siren on the rock
Before the time you're washed up feeling nothing at all