we are the serpents that crawl through the night we are the veins of this town we are the valleys in metropolitan light and we drown we are tunnels that swallow the noise we are the lungs of this town we are the trains for the sleepwalking on their way home and we walk in the open fire we step back for the 9 to 5 parade and we swallow the autumn light again show me the way when you're pulling me under show me the sun though the dark of my road bury me deep in the path that I wander to blind us they stand - together alone we are the dome for processions at dawn we wear the darkest of crowns we are the pulse of the tide and the ghosts underground we are the voice of the unending grey

we sing the saddest of songs follow our signs and we guide you to where you belong

and we walk in the open fire we're the ground for the 9 to 5 parade and we swallow the autumn light again

show me the way when we're pulling me under show me the sun though the dark of my road bury me deep in the path that I wander to blind us they stand - together alone