

# Spinning Over the Island

## Funeral for a Friend

It falls apart  
Clockwork hearts, running out  
Rusted needle in the vein  
We all fall down

We find our place, in circuitry  
We worship our gods, the TV screens  
We substitute, our lives for another

It's kill or be killed  
It's our nature  
To give up control  
It's our failure

Like young lovers planting seeds  
It's anarchy, head down in shame  
Seasons come and seasons go and  
We grow old, never learn from our mistakes

Around the crown, we all fall down  
Rusted people all in vain, corroding in the rain  
A well-made dream, flog it down, destroyed it for you  
Your time well spent, a living lie that covers everything

It's kill or be killed  
It's our nature  
To give up control  
It's our failure

Like young lovers planting seeds  
It's anarchy, head down in shame  
Seasons come and seasons go and  
We grow old, never learn from our mistakes

Never

Cross the river, down we go, hold me under  
Hold your breath, and play the part, race towards the finish line  
Cross the river, down we go, hold me under  
Hold your breath, and play the part, race towards the finish line

Race towards the finish line  
What's mine is yours and yours is mine

Race towards the finish line  
What's mine is yours and yours is mine  
Race towards the finish line  
What's mine is yours and yours is mine

Race towards the finish line

And hope is something you have lost  
The past is holding on and on  
And hope is something you have lost  
The past is holding on and on and on