

**b**

**iamamiwhoami**

There it was, the land of decay  
We should pack our things and run away  
Rest in the quicksand  
Shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand  
Sink slowly now, take flight  
Let silence take this empty light  
Take a deep breath as we go, as we go

Wanting higher  
Wanting higher up  
Wanting higher  
'til morning forces us to climb back down  
I'd rather stay, I'd rather let us drown

Wanting higher  
Wanting higher up  
Wanting higher

With a harsh, unpleasant hello  
The paranoia I've learned to live with although  
I will never shake what's there behind  
Your songs are still playing in my mind  
All the white only turns to blue  
Look after me and I'll look after you  
Take a deep breath as we go, as we go