

A More Agreeable Form Of Escapism

In:aviate

We drink the colors from the sky.
We inhale the sun, we exhale its light.
Infatuation fills your lungs,
open your eyes swallow the sun.
The death of a day, the birth of a night.

We take situations and turn them into explanations.
Hello mystic man, what's this I hear
about you being able to reach god's ear?
Hello, mystic man?

We illuminate the sky by parachuting light
above the ocean breathing tides.
Infatuation leaves your lungs,
close your eyes, shut out the sun.
The death of a day, the birth of a night.

We take situations and turn them into explanations.
Hello mystic man, what's this I hear
about you being able to reach god's ear?
Hello, mystic man?

Hello, Mystic man!
Hello, Mystic man!