

We're too late, we're too late
Release the rigging

No one uses the phone anymore
The tracks are wrecked and the odometer's ticking
The edge is pushed and the lines are melting
Too scared to look at what I hear outside
Release

We're too late

Protect, embrace, engulf
Remember the summer in Abaddon
Protect, enslave, in love
Remember the summer in Abaddon

Way offside and I'm almost empty
I'm cracked and stripped like a domino's crush
Send a tell if you're ever near me
I'm A.F.K and I can't get by
Release me

This vessel's underway
Secure the rigging, we're headed south
Tack the sails, man the posts
We're headed south into the wind

Protect, embrace, engulf
Remember the summer in Abaddon
Protect, enslave, in love
Remember the summer in Abaddon

(We're too late)

Protect, embrace, engulf
Remember, the summer, in Abaddon
Protect, enslave, in love
Remember, the summer, in Abaddon

No one hears you fall to the floor
The mirror's broke and the newtonian's clicking
The finds are pressed and the veins are pumping
Too far gone to do more than breathe
Release me

This vessels underway
Headed south

Miles and miles of telephone poles
Fallen and tossed around
I can't talk to you anymore
And I miss you
And I miss you
Not in a Slint way, but I miss you

Seldom to touch far away from here
Even if I'm released

I can't talk to you anymore
And I miss you
Not in a Slint way, but I miss you