

London Lost Its Fog

Rosaline

We've been randomly assigned this disease
By the ones that will sell us the air that we breathe
And replace the sun with machines
Back and forth my traffic light eyes blink both in time
"you'll be fine" (you'll be fine)
Our beliefs are our disease, the sun was replaced by machines
With nothing to hold onto, our love has nothing
Hostility exposes the sadness of vertical memory
Oh, our love is sadness
Back and forth my traffic light eyes blink both in time
"you'll be fine" (you'll be fine)
Our beliefs are our disease, the sun was replaced by machines