

Faultlines

Suede

With the sunrise burning into your green eyes,
Adam and Eve on faultlines greet the golden dawn.
Is it birdsong or is it just the car alarms
Making us feel so young, naked as the faun?

Celebrate the pale dawn, celebrate the birdsong,
Celebrate, this is your time,
Although we live in the wreckage and on the faultlines.

And everything we own is not everything we are,
With every word we breathe, we live, we live again.

And you love me more than I deserve to be,
The palace of cards you built for me is all just paper now.
Is it birdsong or is it just the car alarms
Making me feel so young and savage like the dawn?

Celebrate the pale dawn, celebrate the birdsong,
Celebrate, this is your time,
Although we live in the wreckage and on the faultlines.

And everything we own is not everything we are,
With every word we breathe, we live, we live again.

Celebrate, there is no fear now,
There is no fear now for us to feel.
Celebrate, there is no fear now,
There is no fear now for us to feel,
For us to feel.