

Take it back

The Qemists

We're gonna take it back!

This despotic commotion breeds the rise of the ocean,
We're beginning to choke on the wake of a boat set sail,
Crouching with my cracked cranium in my hands,
I gaze down at the earth to dredge up escape plans.
It feels like the morning air is throwing ice picks at my face,
But this is the day that we have to stand tall and embrace.

I know we're gonna lose control
Yeah lose control
Timings of the essence
I know we're gonna lose control
Yeah lose control
Haunted by your presence

I know we're gonna lose control
Yeah lose control
I know we're gonna surge on this one
I know we're gonna lose control
Yeah lose control
Yeah our time ain't begun

We're gonna take it back!