

# Out Of The Walls

Tom McRae

Wake up, love,  
think I've lost control,  
the shadows are on the march,  
I can't fight them all,  
cos they come out of the walls,  
they come out of the walls.

And take me down, love.  
Down, love.  
Down to the ground.

Wake up, love,  
bring the candles raise up the torch,  
pour water in the ink of night,  
wash this darkness from my thoughts,  
cos it comes out of the walls,  
it comes out of the walls.

And takes me down, love.  
Down, love.  
Down to the ground, down to the ground.

Wake up love,  
think I've lost control,  
the shadows are on the march and I can't fight them all.