

Bastille, Oblivion

When you fall asleep with your head upon my shoulder.
When you're in my arms but you've gone somewhere deeper.

Are you going to age with grace?
Are you going to age without mistakes?
Are you going to age with grace,
Or only to wake and hide your face?

When oblivion is calling out your name,
You always take it further than I ever can.

When you play it hard, and I try to follow you there.
It's not about control but I turn back when I see where you go.

Are you going to age with grace?
Are you going to leave a path to trace?

But oblivion is calling out your name,
You always take it further than I ever can.

When oh oblivion is calling out your name,
You always take it further than I ever can.