

Bastille, Pompeii

I was left to my own devices
Many days fell away with nothing to show

And the walls kept tumbling down
In the city we love
Great clouds roll over the hills
Bringing darkness from above

But if you close your eyes,
Does it almost feels like
Nothing changed at all
And if you close your eyes,
Does it almost feels like
You've been here before?
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?

We were caught up and lost in all of our vices
In your pose as the dust settles around us
And the walls kept tumbling down
In the city we love
Great clouds roll over the hills
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But if you close your eyes,
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And if you close your eyes,
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Oh where do we begin?
The rubble or our sins?

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