

Biffy Clyro, Sounds Like Balloons

Ancient Rome

We built that fucker stone by stone
Our fingers bled, our feet were worn
But we stayed strong and carried on

Come on in

Do you want to touch my bulbous head?
With features wrapped and stretched to death
A tiny nose is all that's left

This is not

For your entertainment

The land at the end of our toes
Goes on, and on, and on, and on
The sand at the core of our bones
It blows on, and on, and on, and on

The land at the end of our toes
Goes on, and on, and on, and on
The sand at the core of our bones
Continues on

The basement's gone
It seems they've dug up all our land
The world was lowered man by man
Let's move the sky and not join hands

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Life still sounds like balloons
You chew and you chew and chew
Your teeth crumble to the floor
It's where they lay, it's where they lay

The past never really dies
I don't think we even try
There's no difference from
Where we wake or where we die

Balloons /4x

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Continues on