

Crime in Stereo, Third Atlantic

Our grave danger built of lights and motors strikes the locals hypnotic as we swept the sick off of our
We drink the water we sail on.
So drink it up sailor, sail on. We are all wrong.
Bullet trains are bringing home our soldiers to find their families trampled with the weight of the fiber
Surveillance for the chapel door.
Oh lord, keep safe our imperfect form.
There is no port from the storm.
No shelter from the wrong that I've brought along and I've caused it all.
We are all wrong.
I've seen so little light in the grip of constant night.
Track my life by satellite cause lord I'm lost.
Our season is at an end.
We'll burn every single bridge to keep this ship sailing on.