

# New Model Army, Breathing

Into a new place, pulling myself back  
Tasting smoke and blood and burning in my lungs  
I'm lying on my left side, I don't know if I can move  
But I can hear myself breathing, I can hear myself breathing

Then into a new place - this is where I die  
And all the noise is gone and there is only calm  
Deep beneath the city waiting for the fire  
Any second now  
But the fireball never comes and so we turn back to ourselves  
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing  
In the pitch black tunnels with all the weight above  
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing

Then into a new place shouting men with torches and tools  
Stumbling from the wreckage in a starlight of shattered glass  
The wounded and the shell-shocked, the blackened and the burned  
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing  
Climbing ever upwards like the rising of the dead  
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing

I can hear myself breathing, I can hear myself breathing  
I can hear us all breathing, I can hear us all breathing