

# The Great Escape

BT

You talk to me  
With the language of the sea  
Of sand hot in the sun

With the cries of night creatures  
I dimly understand  
In your great escape  
In your great escape  
It's your chance to take  
Make your great escape

Your binary words  
Glow in my darkness  
Your darling hangs in the air  
And in me chemicals run  
In my blood just by looking  
You take my free will and throw it away

And I feel your warmth  
As the sparks fly upwards  
From the burning of all of your bridges

In your great escape  
In your great escape  
It's your chance to take  
Make your great escape