

We Can Breathe In Space, They Just Don't Want Us To Escape

Enter Shikari

And what comes next?
A chance to save ourselves...

Imagine magma encrusted in rock
And on the surface of this world
All eyes are on the clock
All our empires, our philosophies
Our practiced faiths, our revolutions
Our proud sciences are but a flickering
In one day of the lives of the stars

We can breathe in space
They just don't want us to escape
We can breathe in space
They just don't want us to escape

And what comes next
The constellations, yes, all 88 of them
A chance to save ourselves
Like the G8, they meet to procrastinate
Greetings, we are an infant species
Crawling into our own premature decline
The north star is chairing the meeting
He knows we're spoilt
And he's sniggering at our histories

We can breathe in space
They just don't want us to escape
We can breathe in space
They just don't want us to escape

The hollow proposals mean we'll migrate
But they'll bleed us dry until the 11th hour
And when dawn breaks I'll sit and stagnate
With this metric tonne on your shoulders
How do you cope
We are an infant species
Crawling into our own premature decline
The north star is chairing the meeting
He knows we're spoilt
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Let's prove the stars wrong
We've got to do this

I find it hard to believe that we are alone