

We Can Breathe in Space

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
Cos all our empires, our philosophies, our practiced faiths, our
revolutions
our proud sciences, are but a flicker 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?
A chance to save ourselves?

The constellations yes all 88 of them
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 histories.

We can breathe in space, they just don't want us to escape
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the hollow proposals mean we'll migrate
but they'll bleed us dry until that 11th hour
and when dawn breaks i'll sit and stagnate
with this metric ton on your shoulders, how do you cope?

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The north star is chairing the meeting, he knows we're spoilt
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lets prove the stars wrong.
we've got to do this.
and I find it hard to believe that we're alone...