

Air

Frente!

We are the sad people those scared eyes insane unseen
An island inside inside out minds unbeing dead isn't being alive
What's wrong with the air?
The red line when the sky ends the pretty ugly lives
Can't take your car to heaven can't take god for a drive
Unbeing dead isn't being alive
What's wrong with the air?
In mourning for the morning, you laughed yourself into the afternoon
You thought was endless you wanted to be weightless
You didn't want to wait
What's wrong with the air around you?