

There it was, the land of decay
We should pack our things and run away
Rest in the quicksand
Shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand
Sink slowly now, take flight
Let silence take this empty light
Take a deep breath as we go, as we go

Wanting higher
Wanting higher up
Wanting higher
'til morning forces us to climb back down
I'd rather stay, I'd rather let us drown

Wanting higher
Wanting higher up
Wanting higher

With a harsh, unpleasant hello
The paranoia I've learned to live with although
I will never shake what's there behind
Your songs are still playing in my mind
All the white only turns to blue
Look after me and I'll look after you
Take a deep breath as we go, as we go