

No Mythologies To Follow

MØ

Born free, hanging in the trees
And waiting for the duties coming for me
All we ever do is count the time, following something
Riddles in their diamond rings

Please cure the disease
Come on, baby, get a pretty picture of me
While the world is dreaming about gold
Digging in their holes, oh, digging in their sleepless dreams

You make me wanna spit on your honor
Go with the bus waiting 'round the corner
To seek the fire and my desires
If we could all just do as I do

Where, where do we go?
Where the, where the wind blows
We're the youth on our own
Waiting for our call
Where, where do we go?
Where the, where the wind blows
Generation with no mythologies to follow

Born free, who am I to be
When nothing in the world will have to rely on me?
I remember good old times, the starships in your eyes
Now we're just getting drunk and die

You make me wanna waste by our wonder
Only the gods save you when I'm gone
And we walk in fire like every riot
And we do not know what to do

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Generation with no mythologies to follow

We go on and we go on, go nowhere every day
We're trying to suppress that nothing matters anyway
Ride and ride until you're hollow
We got no mythologies to follow

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