

Versus The Mirror "Barracuda Capital Of The World"

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children twisting through the trees
unconscious and unguilty
here we're alone

a final confession as i ask for a high drive
before i take this plunge i wipe my eyes dry
crack the window like a rib
let our heat escape
pain the sky

stand in line for the next great adventure
no one takes steps like me

the next generation has abolished all the pioneers of
this golden age
and acclaimed the harmony in all this beautiful
disharmony

stand in line for the next great adventure
no one takes steps like me
comfort is a word of the past
and damnation is my kind of free

send me the sunset
or the history of torture
it's being without this faith that brought this together

stand in line for the next great adventure
no one takes steps like me
comfort is a word of the past
and damnation is my kind of free

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