

Sleeping, The "Deafening The UK"

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Disappeared, lost and jaded.
Eyes heavy, straining.
About time I made my way back home.

This god-damned state is sinking.
It's got its style but I'm nothing without my coast.
I can feel my city glistening.
I miss her breeze and the way she caressed my lips.

So stay right there, I'm not waiting.
I'm coming back home.

What's the use in hiding when you're down?
Pick yourself off the ground.

Disappeared. Lost and jaded.
My whole body's singing.
About time I made my way back home.

I can see my city glistening.
I am nothing without her skin.
Her diamond skin.

What's the use in hiding when you're down?
Pick yourself off the ground.

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