Sleeping, The "Retiring Spies"

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So I guess that's why you're sleeping with the lights on. And I take it that you're crashing satellites. I'm assuming that you're undercover's open, But I'm recognizing something isn't right. Well, I'm hoping that your footsteps wane and suffocate.

And I'm craving that your presence split and stray. If you're keen enough to destroy all your enemies, You can carry on and concentrate this way.

First come up with a plan.
Pull them into your sights then let go.
Fire every single weapon you have,

But be sure to keep it smooth like steady water. Can't lose control and drown before the sand. You're aware this is your last chance at a new life. I'll imagine that you're far from sinking in.

This is the only way.
You're running out of time.
I know that you're tired, all of your patience wearing thin.
This is the only way.

When it's over, make a break for the crowd. Vanish into the open and let go. Silence every single villainous mouth,

But you gotta keep it smooth like steady water. Can't lose control and drown before the sand. You're aware this is your last chance at a new life. I'll imagine that you're far from sinking in.

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You're running out of time.
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