

Strata Institute

"Verona Post"

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You're beautiful, don't let it get to your head.
Try to be different, but you end up the same instead.
Just a little bit of shade down over your dress,
And I could never show it, but,
You're like a constant flare,
When you stare, you stare,
Into the river air,
In rhythm with our escape.

Satellite to lift me up.
I had a light, but the fuse burnt out.
Felt right in the wake of the wrong,
This flight has crashed and burned.
'Cause I am the shiver you can't shake.

Solar field at the edge of your bed,
Pulls you closer till you're filled with sick intent.
Just a little bit of light down over your chest,
And I could never show it, but,
It's like mirrored steel,
Reflecting what you feel,
Move with the atmosphere,
In rhythm with our embrace.

Satellite to lift me up.
I had a light, but the fuse burnt out.
Felt right in the wake of the wrong,
This flight has crashed and burned.
'Cause I am the shiver you can't shake.

Satellite to lift me up.
I had a light, but the fuse burnt out.
Felt right in the wake of the wrong,
This flight has crashed and burned.
'Cause I am the shiver you can't...
'Cause I am the shiver you can't...
'Cause I am the shiver you can't shake.

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