

Apollo "Undertow"

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UNDERTOW

The tier takes to the water it throws me out into the sea.
For long, I've been wondering what we're singing for,
what we're reaching for.

How long will it take to find what we're reaching for
what we're singing for?

This all seems so clouded now; just get me back to the
surface. Back to the surface.

I can't see where we're headed now, unless we want it
all. Unless you want it all.

Show me what is waiting at the top of our lungs.

And we'll sing out what's sitting at the tips of our
tongues.

Carefully we calm the sea. It's showing me what we can
be.

This time we have to push forward. We have to face
everything. This time we have to push through.

To satisfy our longings.

Show me what is waiting at the top of our lungs.

And we'll sing out what's sitting at the tips of our
tongues.

The waves come down.

With every push to the bottom we know that the only
place left to go is home.

The undertow it lets me go.

We're heading back to the surface, back to the surface.

We're heading back to the surface again.

Show me what we're singing for and I'll show you what
we are dreaming for.

(Dreaming for) the tide is pulling out; we're standing
up, and singing out loud.

We're singing out. This all seems so glaring now.

We're headed back to the surface.

Back to the surface. I can see where we're headed now.

Because we want it all, because we want it all.

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