

# Battle "Oxygen"

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Plan this journey to the end. The pressure is offensive.  
Something caught inside, but nothing you could revive.  
Scratch your name in fairy lights, in the letter of the  
law.

When you're so polite, it makes me move like Superfly.

No matter what you sell, I still buy it, I still buy it.  
Your devastating eyes justifies it, justifies it.

No, no, no, I demand to stop!

Oxygen,  
Travelling in oxygen,  
Straight to the heart of it,  
And then I forget everything I am breathing in.  
Never had an eyewitness - nobody sees you floating  
through  
Oxygen.

Plan this journey to the end.  
Before, you were a friend

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