

Canterbury

"11,12"

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We don't live we're tired with aching muscles. We don't live we're tied up; they've tied us up to strings. I've come full circle in my head it doesn't seem that detailed. We don't live we're tired; we're always sleeping. We don't live we're tied up, well here we go again.

On the run and I'm tired but I'm restless. It's catching up I can feel it when the wind blows. Maybe all that I need is to surrender and feel some burn from the fire in the unknown.

Now my love, it's time to grow old a rich man. Now my dear, come if you want on an adventure.

They don't live they're tired with angry voices. They don't live they're tied up; they'd cut them if they ran. I'm wasting time, that's all I have, so it's more like I'm wasting life. They don't live they're tired; I've seen them sleeping. Just wake up, wake up, you're living in a dream. I'm the seeds that will one day be a jungle, I'm the clouds that will one day bring you thunder, I'm a ghost, you're the house that I'm haunting, you're the flame, I'm the fire in the unknown.

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