

Dan Deacon "Lots"

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Head south headstrong
Wake each grey dawn
Hold on weakness
No prints princess
Mother my nest
Once choice to make
Get ready to go

Feel like we've been here before
Without a choice and insecure
Of where we'd be without this net around
Yet we've always hated it

Now we stand a chance to break the chains
And break lance that cuts into the heart
And burns the essence of our dreams desire

No hope in sight
Held on too tight
Skylines burnt down
No crops dust cloud
Blind dogs run deep
Pale surf, cold feet
Once choice to make
Get ready to go

Cold throne, no sire
Black earth past fire
Flushed out regret
No past, no sense
Brave days ahead
None rest, none yet
Once choice to make
Get ready to go

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