

Dead City Sunday

"The Remaining Year"

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Blue sky's...

With these beautiful surroundings I shut my eyes.

Where the people are hounding and scrounging at the streets.

When a sudden pause leave me breathless and I can't see

Straight... See straight.

(Sighs Now)

It's the moment of truth of what we hope for.

Confusion surrounds as our souls will soon fall to the floor,

But it makes no difference, makes no difference.

High above the altitude of a mountain top

Where the water will flow.

It's down a cold river rapid, down a cold river rapid I go.

Waiting to push me away.

(Sighs Now)

It's the moment of truth of what we hope for.

Confusion surrounds as our souls will soon fall to the floor,

Confusion surrounds as our souls will soon fall to the floor

But it makes no difference, makes no difference.

Quiet down.

Look now.

See where we are (See where we are).

So picture this moment to live only in your dreams.

Longer.

(Sighs Now)

It's the moment of truth of what we hope for.

Confusion surrounds as our souls will soon fall to the floor,

Confusion surrounds as our souls will soon fall to the floor

But it makes no difference, makes no difference.

Your piece's fall into your hand's
So dig me a hole into the ground

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