

## Enter My Silence

# "We Can Breathe In Space, They Just Don't Want Us To Escape"

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And what comes next?  
A chance to save ourselves...

Imagine magma encrusted in rock  
And on the surface of this world  
All eyes are on the clock  
All our empires, our philosophies  
Our practiced faiths, our revolutions  
Our proud sciences are but a flickering  
In one day of the lives of the stars

We can breathe in space  
They just don't want us to escape  
We can breathe in space  
They just don't want us to escape

And what comes next  
The constellations, yes, all 88 of them  
A chance to save ourselves  
Like the G8, they meet to procrastinate  
Greetings, we are an infant species  
Crawling into our own premature decline  
The north star is chairing the meeting  
He knows we're spoilt  
And he's sniggering at our histories

We can breathe in space  
They just don't want us to escape  
We can breathe in space  
They just don't want us to escape

The hollow proposals mean we'll migrate  
But they'll bleed us dry until the 11th hour  
And when dawn breaks I'll sit and stagnate  
With this metric tonne on your shoulders  
How do you cope  
We are an infant species  
Crawling into our own premature decline  
The north star is chairing the meeting  
He knows we're spoilt  
And he's sniggering at our histories

Let's prove the stars wrong  
We've got to do this

I find it hard to believe that we are alone

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