

Bt

"The Great Escape"

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You talk to me
With the language of the sea
Of sand hot in the sun
With the cries of night creatures
I dimly understand

In your great escape
In your great escape
It's your chance to take
Make your great escape

Your binary words
Glow in my darkness
Your darling hangs in the air
Could you make chemicals run
In my blood just by looking?

And take my free will and throw it away
And I feel your warmth
As the sparks fly upwards
From the burning of all of your bridges

In your great escape
In your great escape
It's your chance to take
Great escape
Make your great escape

In your great escape
Make your great escape
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It's your chance to take
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