

Matt Mays

"Dull Knife"

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Dull knife, stuck in the night
Turning with the tide every time I close my eyes
Dull knife, stuck in the night
Burning like a light lit held up to my life

Giant star, take up the sky
Beyond the great powers of Indian ocean
Dead south, sleep on the sea
A million acres of blue water cut into my head

Until our time it has come
Find us... in this vicious life we live
Give us grace, give us speed

The... road, and... arrest
And it go too much unsaid inside
Off the coast, arrive with the best
Keeping them killer rides close to the vest
... close cigarettes, a 5 strings guitar and a lightning
stove
The... run in the night, fast than a gunshot
Shadowing a new fight

Until our time it has come
Find us... in this vicious life we live
Give us grace, give us speed x 2

[Guitar solo]

Until our time it has come
Find us... in this vicious life we live
Give us grace, give us speed
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Give us grace, give us speed
Give us grace, give us speed
Give us grace, give us speed.

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