

Crime In Stereo

"Almost Ghostless/Above The Gathering Oceans"

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We wade out into it, Dawn of the century.
We're way out, we raise up our arms and wave them in
disbelief.
And like brothers we march each other right off,
torches lit on the shore.
Midway between the forks in the long face of constant
war.

There's a love common to us all
And there's trouble coming from the opposite shore
It's above us. I can feel it coming
We wait out each other, drawn through the centuries
We're here now
We raise up our arms and wave them in disbelief
We're drawing in tight the tiny circles of space
in the constant effort to erase
The constant war on your face

(Despite our deceit) Hidden away, still we breathe.

There's a love coming to us all.

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