

Crime In Stereo "Third Atlantic"

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Our grave danger built of lights and motors strikes the
locals hypnotic
as we swept the sick off of our infested ship in a
dazzling display of logic.
We drink the water we sail on.
So drink it up sailor, sail on.
We are all wrong.

Bullet trains are bringing home the soldiers to find
their families trampled
with the weight of the fiber optics placed inside the soil
samples.
Surveillance for the chapel door.
Oh lord, keep safe our imperfect form.

There is no port from the storm.
No shelter from the wrong that I've brought along and
I've caused it all.
There is no port from the storm.
No shelter from the wrong that I've brought along and
I've caused it all.

We are all wrong.

I've seen so little light in the grip of constant night.
Track my life by satellite
cause lord I'm lost
Our seasons at an end.
We'll burn every single bridge to keep this ship sailing
on.

There is no port from the storm.
No shelter from the wrong that I've brought along and
I've caused it all.
There is no port from the storm.
No shelter from the wrong that I've brought along and
I've caused it all.

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