

The Age Of Rockets "Fearsome Though We Are"

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rain hits the windshield
and tires give way
and for a moment
just a moment ...

and you whisper, you whisper
\"it's your anxiety\"

tell me why you're scared
tell me why you cannot sleep
and i won't do a thing

and shore lines spread out infinite
in four-four time with wasted breath.
their spinning heads
don't make a dent in you ...
and you whisper in my ears
\"it's your anxiety\"

fearlessly we brave the darkest streets that we know
living dead! we don't heed a word that they say!
fearsome, though we are ... i still have one on you

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