

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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