

Martigan "7th Floor"

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We wonder why the sky explodes
We quote a prayer that no one knows
To keep tradition as beloved
'cause a motion with a fatal draft

We rather deny the mortal saga
We re-exchange opinion
We're slaves to our thoughts
We're slaves to changes
Been forced on a row
Been straight forgiven

The last exchange for years is done
The silent movement that's to come
The last exchange for good is done
The final fever that's to come

We gather where the fountain flows
We quote a prayer that no one knows
To keep tradition as beloved
'cause a motion with a fatal draft

We rather deny the mortal saga
We re-exchange opinion
We're slaves to our thoughts
We're slaves to changes
Forced on a row
Been straight forgiven

The last exchange for years is done
The silent movement that's to come
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