

Pacifier "Stations"

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These stations are empty
So distant I just can't seem to touch them
Most of the time
You can find safety in the smooth clear surface
As cool as a breeze
As helpless as this vacant civilisation
And the air we breath
In long, slow breaths
It got us picking up our power
We're free

Feeling free

Well I run out of eyes and I run out of hands
And I'm moving through spaces I don't understand
But the last thing you feel before the end of your fall
Is the start of a new life

Show us how to feel
Gotta fear of flying
Been failing for years and now I'm sick of trying
Salvations gotta gun
No answers there for me
No sins left to pay
Lets blow this guilt away

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