Naked Empire "Bottom Feeders"

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Come, meet me there in the sky search the stars what we'll find deep inside, endless time to ask a god why we're . . .

here
we breath
can see
ourselves
why breezes blow
why we grow old

take, me away so far away to any place outer space ask the earth why we're . . .

here
we breath
can see
ourselves
why breezes blow
why we grow old

to face our destinies, so find a soul and sell it cheap, time's short and we're knee deep, so face it, teach me to believe or fake it, just assure me please or fake it, just assure me please or fake it, just assure me please.

here we breath

can see ourselves why breezes blow why we grow old

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