

## **Craicmore**

### **"World We Know"**

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The mention of God, makes me strange,  
The battle of words, and the wars we wage,  
And the castles of time, we build up straight,  
Just to run out of room, and we build sideways.

Sometimes I feel, my blood runs cold  
And the conscious stain, won't wash away,  
Tell me what are we waiting for and the acid rain,  
Right through my veins, tell me what are we waiting for.

And I'm catching a bird, and it makes me feel,  
Like I'm talking to her, through the atmosphere,  
And I know that I'm right, but can't let go,  
The beauty in flight, and the world we know.

Sometimes I feel, my blood runs cold.

And the conscious stain, won't wash away,  
Tell me what are we waiting for.  
And the acid rain, right through my veins,  
Tell me what are we waiting for.

We're so far gone,  
But we can't let go.  
We're so far gone,  
That my blood runs cold.

The conscious stain,  
Won't wash away,  
Tell me what are we waiting for.

The acid rain,  
Right through my veins,  
Tell me what are we waiting for.  
The hurricanes and tidal waves,  
Tell me what are we waiting for.  
The conscious stain,  
Won't wash away,  
Tell me what are we waiting for

