

Strung Out "Analog"

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Analog

Through the coolest haze
of this dreamlike maze
it has begun
and all I wanted you near

With these wounds I bled
a perfect tone of red
in isolation
through the swollen eyes

Of the dying, and my waking dreams
we're all dying to become what we swore we never
would

Now I watch and mourn in bloom

You take the way you know
I'll take the road unknown
and meet you there
at the end of time

We are frequency
we are tragedy
we are the love
we need to keep us here
We are the dying, we are the hungry ones
we are the waiting forever faithful
when I see you on the other side
I will not be the same
as I was when I was yours

How I wanted you near

We are the dying, we are the lonely ones
we are the heartache forever waiting
when I see you on the other side
I will not be the same
as I was when I was yours

We've got the anger, fear and isolation,
exiled to this place.

We've got the pain, separates the tragic years
I've gone through all this waste
and when we finally separate ourselves,
the world we choose to leave behind
I will not be the same
as I was when I was yours.

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