

## The Dissociatives

### "Ends Of The Earth"

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The machinery must be coming lose in my head  
I have the perfect lover the perfect life I am blessed  
Wanting more, always wanting more  
Who wants to be free?  
Who wants to be free?

At the ends of the earth will I ever be satisfied  
Can I cure this possession? This obsession, In my mind  
I search for something more

The quicksand sparkles in this hourglass diamond  
crush  
You can't belong to a wandering eye, pull me down  
Wanting more wanting more  
Who wants to be free, who wants to be free

At the ends of the earth will I ever be satisfied  
Can I cure this possession? This obsession, In my mind

I search for something more

When I was young and pure  
I'd never take my love from you  
In this life and in the next  
You would have all promise kept

Who wants to be free?  
Who wants to be free?

At the ends of the earth will we ever be satisfied  
Can we cure this possession? This obsession, In our  
Minds  
At the ends of the earth will we ever be satisfied  
Can we cure this possession? This obsession, In our  
Minds  
My search for something more  
I search for something more

