

The Final Voyage Of The Liquid Sky

Primus

I been fightin' gravity since I was two. Questers of the prize
Blind men in the snow.
Some streak the skies
I choose to go below. Skin moves towards malignant
Worshiping the sun.
They clamber over corpses
To be the chosen ones. Drift along liquid sky. Descending through the darkness
To the vast terrain.
Down here on the bottom
You rarely hear the rain. Drift along liquid sky.

Songwriters

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