

Myopia

Enter Shikari

Drip drip drop - bit by bit
it's the dulcet sound of the glacial melt
Accompanied by the Beluga, singing about the hand
they've been dealt The Emperor and the Arctic Fox listen intently "I'm beginning to get glimpses of what is
called real life"
He says, meaning misfortune
"Yes, they're lost in myopia" Surrounded by ostriches with mouths full of sand
Their teeth grind the grains, but their faces don't contort
Perplexed, I am unable to breathe in their skin We are all vertebrates but where is their backbone now? As the
Emperor watches his numbers plummet
They hear him scream: "They're living in denial of science
They're happy to defile, silence" Deprived is the polar bear, grasping at straws
To safeguard dividends they depend on disbelief
Perplexed I am unable to breathe in their skin We are all vertebrates but where is their backbone now?

Songwriters

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