

The Final Incident

Frightened Rabbit

Primus

Miscellaneous

The Final Voyage Of The Liquid Sky

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
worshipping 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.

Lyrics provided by

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