

My God

Bombay Bicycle Club

All the highs are downwards
All your fumbled words are spent
Paying no attention
To the thoughts of your dear friends No point louder
The sound of my power
Sinking deeper
Further each hour
My God When our flower's fading
When our stem begins to fold
I will take off quietly
Like a bird that flees the cold No point louder
The sound of my power
Sinking deeper
Further each hour
My God

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