

Myopia (vk.com/recoverymusic)

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
"I'm beginning to get glimpses of what is called real life"
(Yes, they're lost in myopia)
(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? "I'm beginning to get glimpses of what is called real life"
He says, meaning misfortune
"I'm beginning to get glimpses of what is called real life"
He says, meaning misfortune As the Emperor
Watches his numbers plummet
They hear him scream "They're living in denial (of science!)"
They're happy to defile (silence!)"
"They're living in denial (of science!)"
They're happy to defile (silence!)" "I'm beginning to get glimpses of what is called real life"
He says, meaning misfortune 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? "I'm beginning to get glimpses of what is called real life"
He says, meaning misfortune
"I'm beginning to get glimpses of what is called real life"
He says, meaning misfortune As the Emperor
Watches his numbers plummet
They hear him scream "They're living in denial (of science!)"
They're happy to defile (silence!)"
"Yeah, they're living in denial (of science!)"
They're happy to defile (silence!)"

Songwriters

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