

Statics

They Ate Isengard

The air is crystal cold and ground shimmers from the snow
And the silence as we speak make way for all these wires in the sky,
At night their bedroom sets on fire as the streetlights lights outside
 Cold, cold, cold, in your arms I find warmth
Warmth, warmth, I don't wanna stay here anymoreThe rain turns all our roads into ice and we slip
 Because there's no one here to fix this glitch
 That continuously appear in front of our eyes,
 Eyes, eyes, your eyes are full of lies,
 Lies, lies, lies quiet like a corpseCorpse

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