

Prague

White Sea

Dear friend just undress me
I am like glass in your hands
Write it down, wish it hard, slip the gate
And we'll run for the line
We go weak in the knees
When we know how it's gonna end
Dear friend just undress me
I am like glass in your hands
Write it down, wish it hard, slip the gate
And we'll run for the line
We go weak in the knees
When we know how it's gonna end
They don't know what we know
And they can't see what we see
All the things that we could be
You come to split me in two
Still never close enough
On the lip of the world
As we head to the cosmic dust
We go weak in the knees
When we know how it all will end
They don't know what we know
And they can't see what we see
All the things that we could be
They don't know what we know
And they can't see what we see
All the things that we could be

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