

True Adventures

British Sea Power

Turgid calls the winter charge
True adventures of awaking hearts
Nights are overwhelmed by gloom
We will see foxes in the moonValleys drop, mountains rise
Lift your head, brave the skies
All of the forgotten names
Lakes are forming on the pockets of your brainAnd there in the distant glow
A shadow on shadow
At once so strong and weak
In the sunken lines they speakYou think it's gone, my friend
But it comes back againSenescence or senility
How long until you sleep?
Discarded for all it's worth
Now it's quiet under this fresh earthValleys drop, mountains rise
Lift your head, brave the skiesYou think it's gone, my friend
But it comes back againAnd there is a final cry
A whimper and a sigh
And what was fast is slow
And what was brass is goldValleys drop, mountains rise
Lift your head, brave the skiesYou think it's gone, my friend
But it comes back again
You think it's gone, my friend
But it comes back again

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