I Got

Young The Giant

In the night where I live,
There's strange force in your kiss oh
All's divine in desire
With an ire of philosophy,
Burning scrolls in the naked heat,
Oh how coy is your little boy. No!
Cause I know it don't read that well. Yeah!
I got buried
No it won't be long before I rise in
I got buried
No it won't be long. Yeah!
In the night where I live,
Your children sway they fuel the kitch
Raise their glass to Soviet cries in the ward,
And in shadows

Outright, in times of old,
Fumes are falling, smell them burn,
Like always, yes always.
Now here!
Cause I know it don't read that well.
And I know, only time will tell me
I got buried
No it won't be long before I rise in.
I got buried
No it won't be long before I rise in song
And I know it don't read that well, yeah
I got buried
No it won't be long before I rise in.
I got oh buried
Oh no
Cause I know I got you

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