

Snowy Atlas Mountains

Fionn Regan

We came down by the factory
Industrial yarns where my father did work
When I was a boy I went too far
I lost the tread in the darkest of space If I become antique you'll collect me
If I become cheap then you'll respect me
My jumper is soaked in pig's blood
I'm coming out looking for you If you pull a hatchet I'll pull something to match it
How about your wife? I will give her a good life
My vehicle is in your drive Hey, I'm not that low
The wolves came on the radio
Transmitted through a portal
In the snowy Atlas mountains

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