

The Fine Art of Hanging On

The Leisure Society

In the madness and island,
Another lame animal,
Defeating the odds with
A fistful of Avalon.
The pages of angels
Narrating the downfall,
The blood in the veins is all that we've ever known. If there's nothing above us,
And nothing below us,
And nothing between us,
Then how do I get over that?
A failure, a saviour,
The fine art of hanging on,
Has whipped us to lift a life from the remnants. And we put it all together,
a port in the eye of the storm.
Does it pain you that the flame we thought would grow
Now burns so low? We were boarding the tall ships,
Eclipsing oblivion,
Deciding it all sang
A whole new significance.
It's made in the waiting,
afloat on a reservoir.
It's borne us to form a start from an ending. And we put it all together,
born in the eye of the storm.
Does it pain you that the flame we thought would grow
Now burns so low? Does it pain you that the flame we thought would grow
Now burns so low?

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