Comrades

The Trophy Fire

its time we had a drive no anchors at our sides well leave them far behind collect their dust
they mean nothing to me
ive had days when i couldnt see the setting sun and you held my head up and gave me lungs i dont look to the sky just to my side and ride on
sometimes weve got our homes but have got nowhere to go rust on copper sides of coins we flip to change our minds
ive had days when i couldnt see the setting sun and you held my head up and gave me lungs i dont look to the sky just to my side and ride on
ive passed bottles in the dark when the lights went out and we sailed together through seas of doubt
i dont look to the sky just to my side and ride on

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