Sweet Disaster

Whitehorse

Galileo was bluffing
It's just a mess out here
There's no compass to guide us
Through the flashes of violence and fearPinball and a motor hum
Black kettle in a riptide
Sand bleeds through our fingers
If time sands stood still in lineYou will get the best of me
Worlds collide into recipe for disaster
Sweet disasterBirthmark on a crow's foot
Kilimanjaro or bust
There are no mountains to move here
You just do what you say what you mustYou will get the best of me
Worlds collide into recipe for disaster
Sweet disasterYou will get the best of me
Worlds collide into recipe for disaster
Sweet disaster, sweetLight years and a pocket watch
You can't get close enough
To the rhythm of solitude
Ashes to ashes to dust

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