Oh the Saviour

Temples

Mr. Sound's just like a fountain
Only goes where the rhythm takes him
Only goes where the sun don't shine
On his own to a paradiseMr. Sound flows like a mountain
Like a volcano erupting
On a boat, on the molten lava
Standing up like a wild impala
Standing down like a weekend martyr
Living life at the speed of lightMr. Sound's just like a fountain
Only goes where the rhythm takes him
Only goes where the sun don't shine
On his own to a paradise
Mr. Sound flows like a mountain
Like a volcano erupting
On a boat, on the molten lava
Standing up like a wild impala
Standing down like a weekend martyr
Living life at the speed of lightOh, the saviour, the saviour, the saviour
Foul behaviour, behaviour, behaviour
When the shadow sleep isn't slept
We appear that we have a little left
In tuneMystic man stands like a countess
Like a king dressed in a corset
On a carpet that's red all over
He becomes just a little less sober
Here's a plan for the distant future
You're alive not like a computer in the future
Take a sip from the detox, dandy
Have a taste in the open pantry
Remember when you were small, free the entry
Living life at the speed of lightOh, the saviour, the saviour, the saviour
Foul behaviour, behaviour, behaviour
When the shadow sleep isn't slept
We appear that we have a little left
In tuneEveryone's got everything wrong
Every man wants every woman
In a patch with a pent up story
We reflect and remind what words meanIn the night we open our ears
To the visual sound of the fear

Mr. Sound in the open diary
Take a look with your eyes closed open
Standing down like a weekend spokesman
Living life at the speed of lightOh, the saviour, the saviour, the saviour
Foul behaviour, behaviour, behaviour
Oh, the saviour, the saviour, the saviour
Foul behaviour, behaviour, behaviour
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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