

Pyongyang

Blur

I look down from my window
To the island where I'm held
Listen while you're sleeping
Darkness is itself Tomorrow I am disappearing
'Cause the trees are amplified
Never ending broadcasts
To which I do not despise Kid the mausoleum's fallen
And the perfect avenues
Will seem empty without you
And the pink light that bathes the great leaders is fading
By the time your sun is rising there
Out here it's turning blue
The silver rockets coming
And the cherry trees of Pyongyang
I'm leaving I feel like I'm floating
Persisting autotune
But never-ending roll on
To the palace of the doom
The temperature keeps falling
Soon there will be no lights
Just a red glow of glass coffins
Watched by someone through the night Kid the mausoleum's fallen
And the perfect avenues
Will seem empty without you
And the pink light that bathes the great leaders
Is fading
By the time your sun is rising there
Out here it's turning blue
The silver rockets coming
And the cherry trees of Pyongyang
I'm leaving (Soon there will be no light, someone through the night) Kid the mausoleum's fallen
And the perfect avenues
Will seem empty without you
And the pink light that bathes the great leaders
Is fading
By the time your sun is rising there
Out here it's turning blue
The silver rockets coming
And the cherry trees of Pyongyang

But I'm leaving

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