

Teach Me to Know

Lone Bellow, The

First born carry promise of the old born
Youâ€™re the same but somehow different
Theyâ€™re the produce of the lie
It breaks in and you never see it come then
Seems like every of them moan there
Like a secret you canâ€™t tell

And you get carried away, carried away
Carried away, carried away

Iâ€™ve been thousand years into the future
Almost nothing of it seemed sure
Things so rarely stay the same
Right here in this bad and simple seconds
Leaving out all of your best guesses
Someoneâ€™s calling out your name

And you get carried away, carried away
Carried away, carried away

Teach me to know my number of day
Hold out my heart from getting carried
Teach me to know my number of days
Hold out my heart from getting carried
Teach me to know my number of days
Hold out my heart from getting carried
Carried away
Carried away, carried away

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