

The Final Voyage Of The Liquid Sky

Primus

I been fightin' gravity since I was two.

Questers of the prize

blind men int he snow.

Some streak the skies

I choose to go below.

Skin moves towards malignant

worshipping the sun.

They clamber over corpses

to be the chosen ones.

Drift along liquid sky.

Descending through the darkness

to the vast terrain.

Down here on the bottom

you rarely hear the rain.

Drift along liquid sky.

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