

Suspirium

Thom Yorke

This is a waltz thinking about our bodies
What they mean for our salvation
The little clothes that we stand up in
Just the ground on which we stand
Is the darkness ours to take?
Bathed in lightness, bathed in heat
All is well, as long as we keep spinning
Here and now, death still behind a wall
When the old songs and laughter we do
Are forgiven always and never been true
When I arrive, will you come and find me?
Or in a crowd, be one of them?
Wore the wrong sign back beside her
No tomorrow's at peace

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