

You could've been raised in africa  
We lacked in our vigor  
Been an "x" on the calendar  
Losing our cool in antarctica  
So i put my coat on ya  
The breeze was light burgundy

I learned to stand in Istanbul  
So I send you my Morse code,  
Till you capture the syllables.  
Subtracting the fees under carried time  
Somewhere over the Great Divide  
Blacked like a candlestick

You could've been raised in Africa.  
We lacked in our vigor, been an "x" on the calendar.  
Losing our cool in Antarctica, so I put my coat on 'ya,  
the breeze was light burgandy.

I have an army suited and ready for you  
to simply take a bite and steer.  
We're more than prepared to fight this unfair.  
All you need do is tease your taste and steer.

Your crimes are not mine or theirs  
Weary from the wear you invent  
I forget for some time  
I've been underground and dug to the sound of your breath