

Faithless (The New Chromatic)

There's a black car mumbling and a grumbling through the town
He's got the tattooed knuckles on the wheel
And the faceless stranger counting bricks and tossing bones is in your ear

Naked we go
Faceless we follow
Faithless we go down

And the word is thrumming and a coming from the ground up
There's a new contender in the ring
And the new chromatic is the sum of all your wishes and your fears

Naked we go
Faceless we follow
Faithless we go down

And they're creeping from the woodwork
And it's dripping from the cupboards
And they're screaming from the rooftops
And it's coming down in buckets
And they're running from the kitchens
On vendettas born of loneliness and fear

Naked we go
Faceless we follow
Faithless we go down

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