

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Submarine

Par Feeder

Album : Black/Red

Riding on the carousel of pain

And my mind is playing tricks again

But it's so hard now to pretend

Find the words in my defense

We, we got out in a submarine heading south

So that we could get out

Of the rat race

From the bottom to the top

Raised to the surface from the dark

Some nights we cried ourselves to sleep

When we lived amongst the trolls and freaks

We, we got out in a submarine heading south

So that we could get out

Of the rat race

That feeling when I held you in my arms

As we sailed away

The sorrow and the poison in our lives

Nothing left to break

It's alright

We're gonna make it alright

So hold tight

Or it all remains the same

It's alright

We're gonna make it alright

So hold tight

Or it all remains the same

Same

If we hold on

We'll sail beneath the ocean

We'll live under the sea

We'll watch the mermaids swimming

Find peace, tranquility

We'll sail beneath the ocean

We'll live under the sea

We'll watch the mermaids swimming

Find peace, tranquility

And we, we got out (got out) in a submarine heading south

So that we could get out

Of the rat race

So that we could get out

Of the rat race

Too much work now just won't make us an wiser

Only fill our heads with thoughts we can't decipher

Too much work now just won't make us an wiser

Only fill our heads with thoughts we can't decipher

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