

This Ain't No Place For Animals

Hands Like Houses

The gasoline is mixing with the oxygen in this carousel, the silence is so surreal.

I've been misled down empty streets to a heart that never beats
,
Of a body that I can't keep.

And we're blessed with these, these horrors for highways.
This city turns, no longer content to just brush shoulders.
Have we lost our touch?

A light goes on, we throw our blankets aside.
It's been hours now and we still know nothing.
The scars just don't heal the same when we collide.

We'd never say that we step to the other side to keep up from brushing shoulders,
When its collisions we need to remind us that we're alive.

I'd never say that you make me sick, but you're turning all the questions to cancers.
Someone call in the emergency and we'll peel back the dressings so we can see.
The kind of things that the surgeons see when the bloodwork won't give us the answers.
They'll never tell us, because they don't know what's killing us.

Our hearts at a million miles an hour as we brace for the impact, it makes time stand still.
Forcing momentum into a moment, so for a split second, I see your face.
In between all the broken glass hanging like a mobile.
This is a picture we'll never quite forget.

The surgeons pick, they pick at my body.
Their fingers dance, they dance all around me.
Hold still while they pick at my body, while they dance all around me.

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Breathe your anaesthetic words, to slow us down.
Tear back the skin to find, to chase a pulse back home.

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